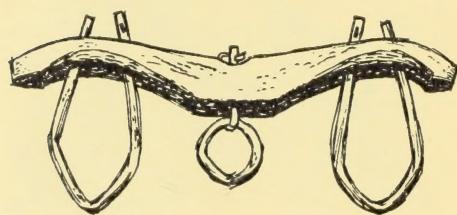


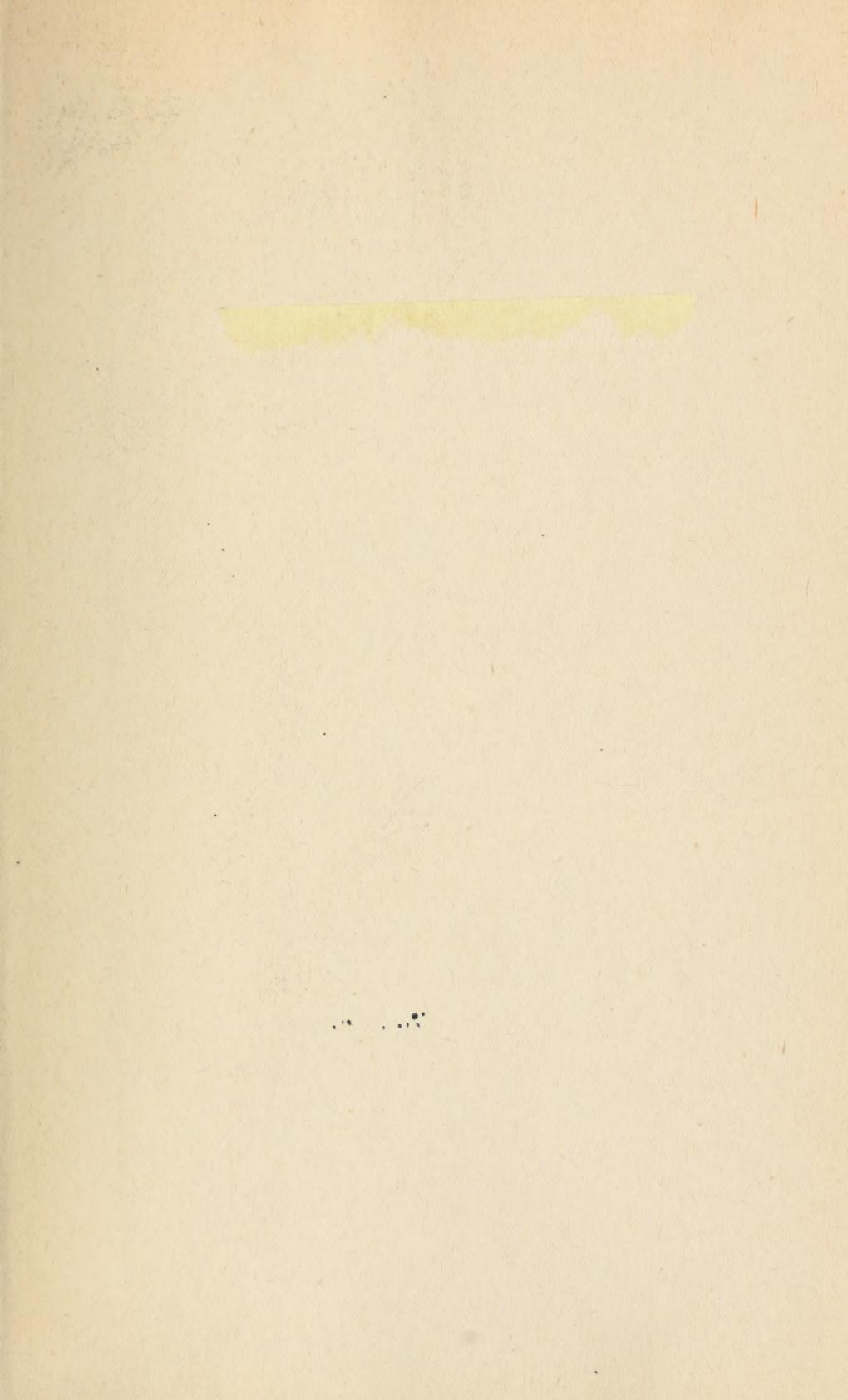
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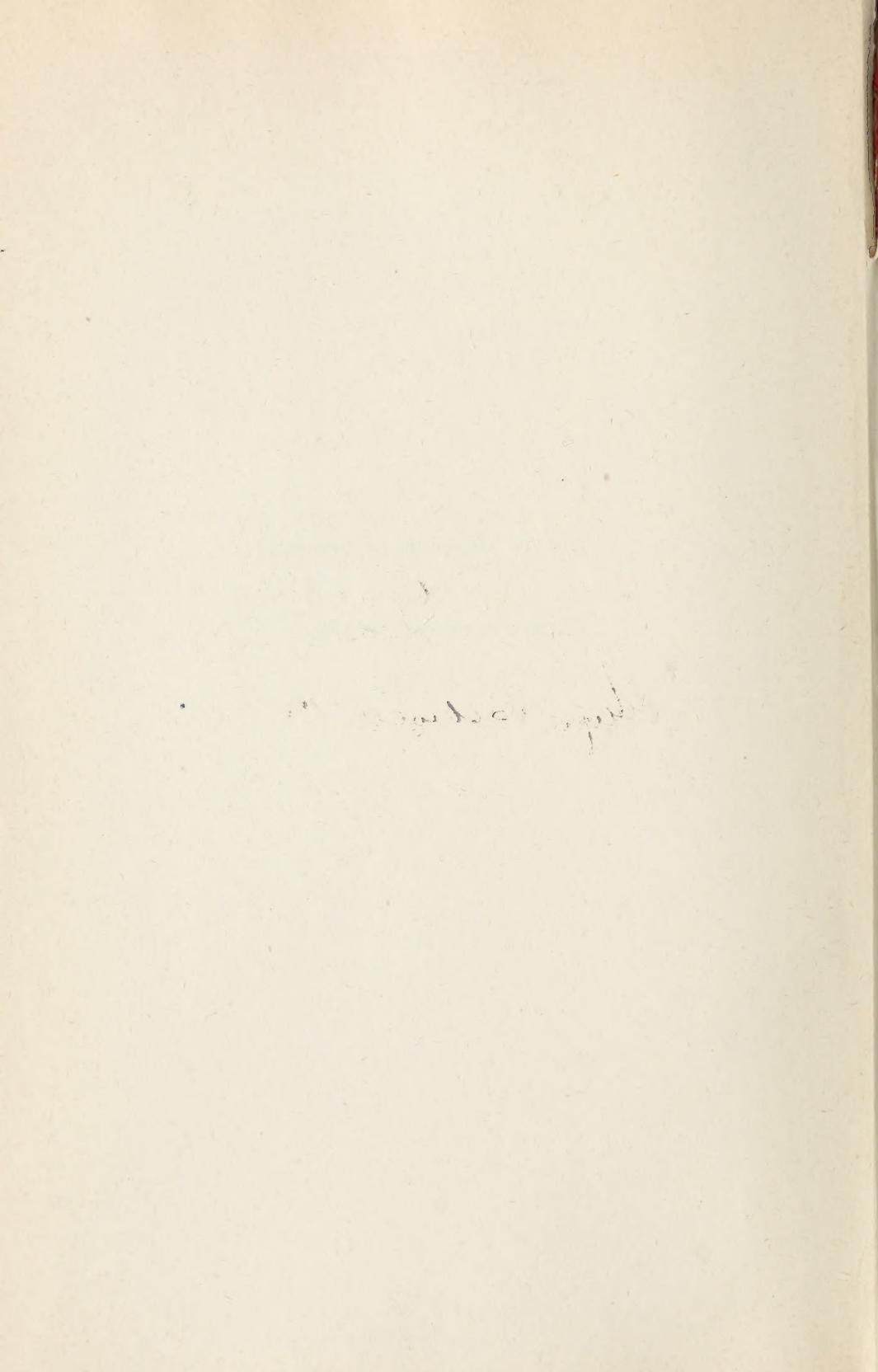
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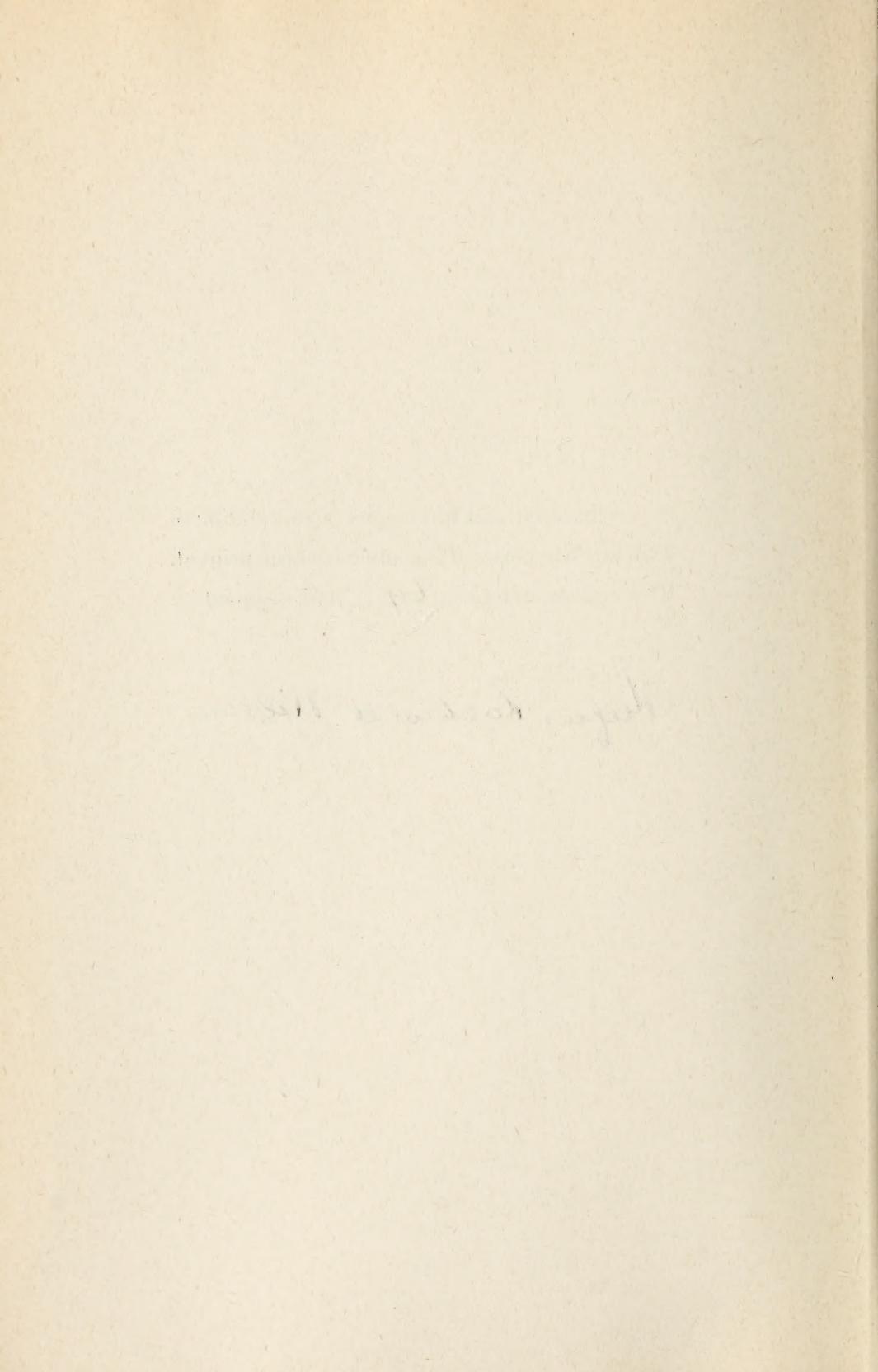
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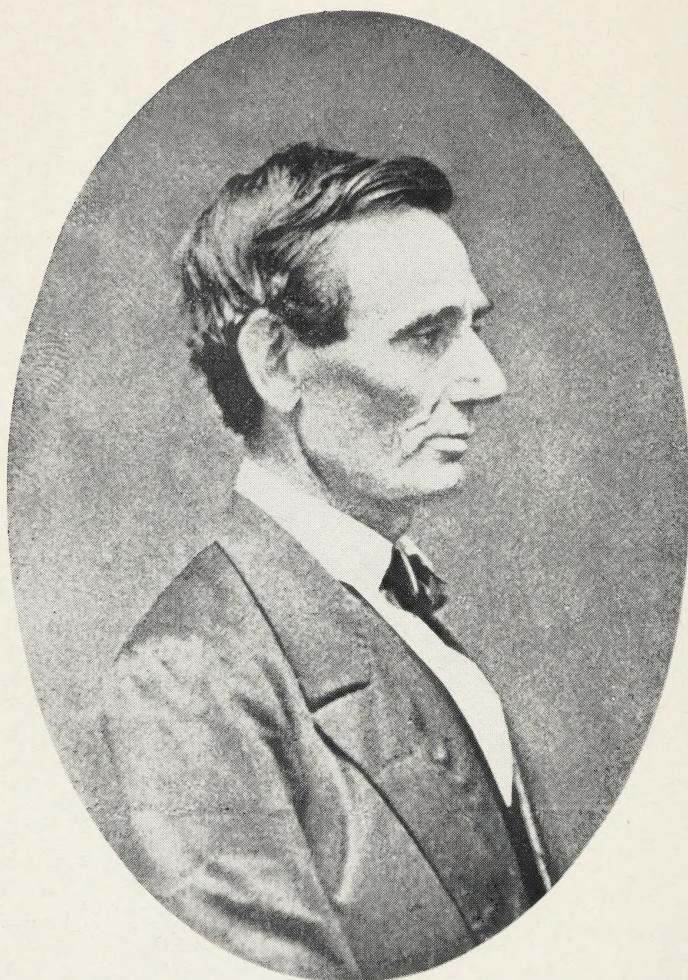
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A rare photograph believed to have been made in Springfield, just after Lincoln was nominated. The original plate is in the Tarbell Collection at Allegheny College.

Intimate Memories of Lincoln

Assembled and Annotated by
RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

A Companion Volume
to
LINCOLN AMONG HIS FRIENDS

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To the Memory
of
The Editor's Grandparents
James Wilson and Rufus Rockwell,
Who Shared Lincoln's Faith
in the Common Man

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INTRODUCTION

IN JULY, 1942 the editor published a volume entitled *Lincoln Among His Friends*. For it he assembled and edited some fifty articles providing first-hand information about Mr. Lincoln. So gratifying has been the reception accorded *Lincoln Among His Friends* that its editor has here assembled a second volume, *Intimate Memories of Lincoln*, made up of other first-hand reminiscences to the number of more than four score, not a few of them hitherto unpublished, which throw new and revealing light on nearly every phase of a memorable career.

Hawkins Taylor and Robert L. Wilson, friends of Mr. Lincoln's New Salem days, tell how he first came into notice as a man of parts. Joshua Fry Speed, clearly the most trusted of all of Mr. Lincoln's early friends; Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, daughter of one of his early associates at the bar, and William H. Herndon and his mother recall his first years in Springfield. Mr. Lincoln as his fellow townsmen knew him and as other lawyers measured him are set forth by David Davis, Abram Bergen and others, and each of the remaining chapters, it is believed, contains matter of interest to every Lincoln student. Thus Milton Hay, Clint Clay Tilton, Thomas Lewis, Mrs. Anna Eastman Johnson, Henry G. McPike, and Dr. James Miner supply revealing glimpses of Mr. Lincoln and his contemporaries at their ease or in action.

Joseph Wilson Fifer, in his time governor of Illinois, gives an arresting account of the conditions which produced Mr. Lincoln's famous "lost" speech, and led to his debates with Douglas, and of the political revolution of which they were a part, while Abram E. Smith, Noah Brooks, Leonard Wells Volk, William O. Stoddard, Hamilton Busbey, and Martin P. S. Rindlaub recall first meetings with him on the eve of high station—meetings which in most cases won him devoted followers. Thomas J. Pickett writes in an intimate and interesting way of how a group of Illinois county editors helped to clear the way for Mr. Lincoln's first nomination. William H. Smith, William Dickson, Charles Caverno and Albert D. Richardson tell of Mr. Lincoln's visits to Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin and Kansas in the months when he was a hopeful but not yet an avowed aspirant for the Republican nom-

ination for President. In turn George Haven Putnam, Richard C. McCormick and Gabriel L. Smith describe from varying points of view his journey to New York in February, 1860, and the address at Cooper Union that helped to shape history.

The recollections of Richard Price Morgan, one of Mr. Lincoln's oldest friends, supply a graphic account of the Decatur convention of May 9, 1860, and the unexpected birth of the rail splitter legend. Isaac Hill Bromley recalls the impression the convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln made on one of the most brilliant and keen-minded editors of his period, and Leonard Swett, a Lincoln manager, writes a friend in frank and lively fashion of what went on behind the scenes in that historic gathering. Ellis H. Roberts, Frank Fuller, Charles A. Barry and Alban Jasper Conant recall visits to Springfield in the summer of 1860, and Samuel R. Weed, a St. Louis reporter, writes of the most memorable election day and night in that city's history.

Joseph Gillespie, a long-time friend of Mr. Lincoln who refused to accept office from him, describes a visit with him during his last anxious days in Illinois, and Andrew J. Provost reveals how a President-elect did his own thinking on his way to Washington. There are opposing and suggestive accounts of Mr. Lincoln's prudent methods as a cabinetmaker by Thurlow Weed and Gideon Welles. Recollections of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Charles Aldrich, Robert Rantoul, Jr., General James Grant Wilson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George W. Julian, Levi S. Gould, and others give life and color to the first months of the Lincoln administration. John P. Usher, Mr. Lincoln's second Secretary of the Interior, measures in old age his chief's quiet and easy dominance of self-willed and masterful men, and his secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, write with delightful yet reverent intimacy of life in the White House when the fate of the nation was trembling in the balance.

General James Harrison Wilson, Thomas Hopkins, Senator James F. Wilson and others contribute effective strokes to a presidential portrait, and Robert T. Lincoln in a hitherto unpublished letter to Josiah Gilbert Holland tells why he did not know his father. Chauncey M. Depew, Cornelius Cole, James M. Winchell, James M. Scovel and Alexander K. McClure cite noteworthy instances of a shrewd President's adroit handling of critical situations. Alexander Woolcott recounts a story which in age Justice Holmes delighted to tell his intimates of how in a critical hour a youthful officer gave rough orders to his commander-in-chief, and General Egbert L. Viele is drawn

upon for a diverting account of the unexpected fashion in which Mr. Lincoln played a part in the capture of Norfolk.

In a chapter devoted to memories of Mr. Lincoln as the war ran its course Andrew Carnegie recalls how Mr. Lincoln pardoned a deserter because he had been good to his mother; General Daniel E. Sickles the President's strong faith in the triumph of the right; General Oliver O. Howard an interview with him which led in after years to the founding of Lincoln Memorial University; Edward Rosewater the unconventional manner in which he welcomed word of the fall of Vicksburg, and Charles A. Dana how, "serene as a summer morning," he received in 1864 the news of his re-election. And Edward D. Neill, after January, 1864, a White House clerk, tells how his chief, master of men and events, calmly faced the daily round during his last days as President.

Finally Mr. Lincoln's merciful response to the needs of those who came to him for aid live again in the recollections of Thomas B. Bancroft, Moncure D. Conway, Cordelia A. P. Harvey, and Hannah Slater Jacobs. There are reprinted three British estimates of Mr. Lincoln which took informing shape in the war years, those of Edward Dicey, Goldwin Smith and Lady Agnes Macdonnel, and there is also included the Marquis de Chambrun's sympathetic story of his memorable days and talks with Mr. Lincoln when his guest at City Point on the eve of Lee's surrender.

It has seemed fitting to the editor to preface the collection with an account of some of his own experiences and contacts as a Lincoln student, and to close it with a chapter captioned Nancy Hanks Asks Questions About Her Boy in which Robert Lincoln O'Brien, long editor of The Boston Herald, in apt and telling paragraphs defines what the Lincoln saga means to the men and women who came to maturity in the years immediately following his death.

R.R.W.

Elmira, N. Y.
Memorial Day, 1945

CHAPTER I

LEARNING ABOUT MR. LINCOLN

SIXTY years of learning about Mr. Lincoln have made possible the present volume, and perhaps it will not be regarded as out-of-place if, as a prelude to what is to come, I recall some of the steps in this process of learning. I fail to remember a time when I was not an admirer of Mr. Lincoln, for when I was a growing lad in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, I was brought in almost daily contact with fighting veterans of the era in which Mr. Lincoln was the central figure, and moving and alive were the tales of camp and field which in their leisure hours they delighted to relate to inquiring boyhood.

But the story of those days which I love best to recall has to do with one of my mother's brothers, Rufus Clarence Rockwell, who never saw service at the front. It was told me by one of his friends long after the grave had claimed him. My uncle, to whom many phases of the Lincoln administration were anathema, was in Philadelphia on business on June 16, 1864, and with the friend in question attended the opening of a fair of the Sanitary Commission. Mr. Lincoln had come from Washington to be present at the opening and to speak words appropriate to the occasion. At the appointed hour he entered the hall in which a great throng had already assembled, and, with sad and troubled face, made his way to the speakers' platform. My uncle, who was also a tall man, raised himself on tiptoes above those about him and intently studied the worn and rugged features of the President as the latter made his slow advance up the aisle. Then my uncle sank back to a place in the crowd, and with quiet earnestness remarked to his comrade: "Tracy, if any one ever says to you that Abraham Lincoln is not an honest man, you tell him for me that he is an infernal liar." The village doctor from up-state Pennsylvania did not change his deep-seated belief that strife between the sections was a foolish and needless thing; but never again did he criticize Mr. Lincoln, or permit the latter's integrity of purpose to be questioned in his presence.

It was in 1889, when a very young man and an ambitious assistant editor of *The Elmira (N.Y.) Telegram*, that I became an alert and persistent student of Mr. Lincoln's career. An honored resident of

the Elmira of that period was the late Theodore C. Northcott, afterward widely known as the owner and developer of the Luray Caverns in Virginia. Mr. Northcott was born and reared at Athens in Menard County, Illinois, not far from the New Salem of Mr. Lincoln's early manhood. His father was long an intimate and trusted friend of Mr. Lincoln, and the son as a lad often saw and talked with the future President—contacts which thereafter had first place in his memories of the past and were reverently cherished by him until his death in 1941 at the great age of ninety-seven years.

Occasion arising for me to make a trip to the Middle West, Mr. Northcott gave me a letter of introduction to William Henry Herndon, of Springfield, for nearly a score of years Mr. Lincoln's law partner and, with perhaps a single exception, his most intimate friend. Mr. Herndon, then at work on his life of Mr. Lincoln, gave me a hearty welcome, and I had several interesting talks with him. Time has dimmed and blurred my recollection of many of the things Mr. Herndon told me, but I clearly recall his account of his last talk with Mr. Lincoln the Sunday afternoon preceding the latter's departure from Springfield never to return.

They met, as the junior partner told the story, in the shabbily furnished, second floor office they had shared during most of the years of their association. They ran over and arranged for the handling of certain unfinished matters, Mr. Lincoln indicating the procedure he thought should be followed in some of them, after which he assembled and made into a package a few books and papers he proposed to carry with him. Then, crossing the room, he threw himself on a sofa that had seen long and hard service, and, after a brief silence, launched into reminiscences of the lawsuits, some piquant and others amusing, in the conduct of which they had had a part. Again there was silence. Herndon had been given to drinking bouts, and Mr. Lincoln had endured his lapses patiently and without complaint. But now he broke out with this blunt, unexpected inquiry:

“Pardon my curiosity, Billy, but would you mind telling me how many times you have been drunk since we have been partners?”

To this question Herndon returned as prompt and frank an answer as he was able to frame—and there was no further discussion of an unfortunate habit. A moment later Mr. Lincoln rose, gathered up what he planned to take with him, and with Herndon at his side descended to the street. There he paused and glanced for an instant at the sign of the firm, swinging on rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway. “Let it hang there, undisturbed,” he said. “Give our clients

to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live I am coming back some time, and we will go right on practicing law as if nothing had happened."

Then, with a warm handshake and a fervent "Good-bye," the active association of the greater and the lesser man came to an end. But in one of my talks with him Herndon did not hesitate to express his belief that Mr. Lincoln had questioned him about his fondness for liquor in the hope, secret and unexpressed, that he would promise to abstain from its use in the future—this as a prudent prelude to his appointment to an office in keeping with his undoubted ability. Perhaps he was more than half right. Perhaps also a timely turn in the road would have saved him from a bleak and troubled old age. Be this as it may, I owe William H. Herndon a debt of gratitude, for his enthusiasm and loyalty helped to make me an ardent and life-long Lincoln student.

And through the years it has been my good fortune to learn about Mr. Lincoln in unexpected places and in unexpected ways. Edward Judd, son of Norman B. Judd and himself a lawyer of parts with a vein of shrewd, dry humor which old friends recall as an inseparable part of the man, passed his latter days in Seattle. Dining with him one night when a resident of that city our talk fell upon Mr. Lincoln and those who in the early months of 1860 companioned with him in his rise to greatness. "We all agree now," said Mr. Judd with a smile, "that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln was a divinely ordained event, that the hand of God was in it; but let me tell you, my friend, in confidence, that there was some mighty good politics in it, too.

"When in mid-March, 1860 Mr. Lincoln returned to Illinois from a trip to New York and New England, in the course of which he had given his historic address at Cooper Union, it was with a growing belief that there was a fair chance that in the end he might be the Republican nominee for President. Seward and Chase then bulked largest in the popular mind, but there was a possibility, so shrewd a politician as Mr. Lincoln was quick to foresee, that they might kill one another off, when their followers came to close quarters in the convention, and thus the way be opened for him to secure Republican leadership in the nation. With such an outcome in mind, Mr. Lincoln as soon as he was back in his Springfield office, resumed in a quiet but effective way the work he had begun before his Eastern trip to secure an Illinois delegation to the national convention, fully and definitely committed to his candidacy.

"Before he left for the East he had written my father in character-

istic fashion that while he was in a position where it would not hurt much for him not to be placed on the national ticket, it would be harmful to him not to secure the Illinois delegates to the convention. 'Can you help me a little,' he concluded, 'in your end of the vineyard?' Back from the East he again turned to my father for assistance. Our home was in Chicago, and Northern Illinois, the old Whig end of the state, was strong for Seward. Father nevertheless, was able to lend Mr. Lincoln prompt and effective aid. Not only did he see to it that a fair sprinkling of delegates from Northern Illinois to the state convention were favorable to his candidacy, but as the Illinois member of the Republican national committee he had already succeeded in persuading that body to select Chicago as the meeting place of the national convention.

"Nor did this end father's labors. Two or three days before the assembling of the convention on May 16, 1860, he returned home late at night, and, assuming that my mother was asleep, before he made ready for bed, lighted a lamp on a table in the far corner of the room and busied himself with pencil and paper. At the end of half an hour, mother, who was awake, got out of bed and crossed the room to see what father was doing. As she approached him, father, unconscious of her presence, remarked to himself:

"'By cracky, Abe's nominated.'

"'What do you mean, Norman?' asked mother.

"Whereupon, father, flourishing the sheet of paper on which he had been at work, delivered himself in this wise: 'The national committee met this afternoon and assigned to me the seating of the delegates in the convention, and, sure as shooting, Abe's nominated.'

"Then father proceeded to give reasons for the faith that was in him. What he had been at work upon was a diagram of how he proposed to seat the delegates on the morrow. The state delegations committed to Seward he planned to seat in the front of the hall. Those favorable to Lincoln's candidacy, in whole or in part, were to have seats in the center. To delegates supporting other candidacies than those of Seward and Lincoln or still in doubt as to how they would vote, he assigned whenever possible the rearmost rows of seats. Thus, when the balloting began, the Seward men would be isolated from the groups last named, while the supporters of Lincoln would be admirably placed for missionary work among them. Father's plan was followed without change of any sort and with the results he had jubilantly predicted to my mother. Seward led on the first ballot, but thereafter steadily lost ground, while such good use did the Lincoln

men make of the opportunity father had shaped for them that their candidate gained seventy-odd votes on the second ballot, and on the third carried off the nomination with votes to spare."

How Ward Hill Lamon of robust and picturesque memory also played a fateful part in Lincoln's first nomination was told me by another Seattle lawyer, John P. Hartman, who had it from his former preceptor, Alexander Hamilton Conner, in turn a lawyer and editor in Indianapolis and later a resident of Kearney and an eminent member of the Nebraska bar. There was a large delegation of New York roughs, headed by Tom Hyer, the pugilist, and financed by Thurlow Weed, working for Seward at Chicago. These, and others like them, filled the Wigwam toward evening of the second day of the convention in expectation that the balloting for a nominee would shortly begin. Lamon and some of his friends found it out, and planned to check their game.

This they did by filling the Wigwam next morning with Lincoln shouters to the exclusion of the Seward men. Conner, then one of the editors of an Indianapolis newspaper, was attending the convention and intent on giving whatever aid he could to the Lincoln cause. A man named Hersey, a former resident of Indianapolis, with whom Conner was on a more than friendly footing, was the printer of the tickets of admission to the convention hall. In this way Lamon was able to secure a large supply of extra tickets which, all through the night, were signed with the names of officers of the convention by a group of young men mustered for the purpose. These tickets were then distributed to Lincoln men who filled the seats of the Wigwam long before the Seward sympathizers arrived at the usual hour after, with a band and banners, proudly parading the streets of Chicago.

The convention resumed its work and Lamon and Conner, from their seats on the platform, led the rafter-shaking cheers of the Lincoln men at each mention of their candidate's name, cheers that helped not a little to his nomination on the third ballot. Lamon, halting in Springfield the following day, told Mr. Lincoln how and in what measure he and his friend Conner had contributed to a desirable result, and Mr. Lincoln, Hartman assured me, without delay sent Conner a grateful note of thanks. A few years ago through a friend I made long and diligent search for this note, in the end to learn from Conner's daughter, the last surviving member of the family, that it had been destroyed by her mother after her father's death. Mrs. Conner, her daughter told my friend, was moved to this action by the regretful belief that the note did her husband and

Lamon no credit. Perhaps their methods were not strictly ethical ones, but those of the Seward men could be pleaded in their defense. At any rate, Mr. Lincoln made Lamon marshal of the District of Columbia, in order to have an old and trusted friend near him in case of need, and he had been only a short time President when he appointed Conner postmaster of Indianapolis.

Paul M. Angle somewhere remarks, in strict keeping with the facts, that "Mr. Lincoln was always doing something for somebody." I had not been long a student of Mr. Lincoln's career before I was given striking proof of his good-will and of his ever ready desire to help those in need—this in a talk with Calvin Fairbank, one of the half-forgotten heroes of the anti-slavery movement. In 1837, Fairbank then in his twenty-first year, was a resident of the village of Hume in Western New York, and preparing for the ministry. In April of the year named his father sent him down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers to Cincinnati with a raft of lumber, and on this trip he was brought for the first time in angry and protesting contact with the evils of slavery.

To young Fairbank's thinking the shortest way was the best way to right a wrong, and so in the following seven years, during which period he was graduated at Oberlin, he guided no less than forty slaves, men, women and children, from Kentucky to Ohio and other free states. Then he was arrested, tried and on conviction sent to the Kentucky penitentiary where he remained until pardoned in 1849 by Governor Crittenden. Again Fairbank became a freer of slaves by the underground route, but had only guided seven more to the North when he was arrested, tried, and convicted a second time, and in March, 1852, sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor in the state prison at Frankfort.

There during a twelve-year period he received on his bared body more than 35,000 stripes laid on with a strap of half-tanned leather, this for failure to perform the impossible tasks set for him—generally weaving hemp—but an unusual constitution and great muscular strength enabled him to survive the abuses to which he was subjected, and at long last came relief. Let him tell the rest of the story as in 1889, in hale old age, he told it to me. "It was not until 1864," said Fairbank "and then at the instance of Mr. Lincoln that I was given my freedom. Among those whose friendship I had gained during my years in prison was Richard T. Jacobs, a wealthy planter but a foe of slavery, who had married a daughter of Thomas H. Benton. Jacobs talked about me with his brother-in-law, John C. Fremont,

and the latter in turn told my story to Mr. Lincoln, who, as the sequel proved, was deeply impressed by it.

"Early in 1864 General Speed S. Fry was sent from Washington to Kentucky with orders to enroll all negroes whom he found fit for military service. Thomas E. Bramlette, then governor of Kentucky, attempted to prevent General Fry from carrying out his orders, as Mr. Lincoln had expected he would, and was ordered to Washington. Jacobs, who was lieutenant-governor, became acting governor. On the latter's first day in office General Fry said: 'Governor, the President thinks it would be well to make this Fairbank's day.'

"'That's so,' was the reply; 'I promised him four years ago that if I was ever able to help him I would do so, and now I will make my promise good.'

"Next day Jacobs sent me a free and full pardon. Taking into account my two convictions I had spent seventeen years and four months in prison. On the morrow I crossed the Ohio, and when I found myself on free soil I knelt down and kissed the ground. Since 1849 Oberlin, Ohio, had been my legal residence, and there on Election Day in 1864 I cast the first Republican vote of my life, and in so doing contributed my mite to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. In January following it was my proud and unexpected privilege to preach in the Afro-American church at Washington of which Henry Highland Garnett was pastor. My audience included Mr. Lincoln and his family, most of the members of his Cabinet, Chief Justice Chase, and a score of members of the Senate and House, and when my sermon was ended I gave the President heartfelt thanks for what he had done for me. He was a very great man, and until my last hour I shall hold him in grateful and reverent memory."

I have here set forth some of the ways in which during the earlier years of a long life I learned about Mr. Lincoln. I shall not again meet and talk with those who knew him, for time has claimed the last of them, but at frequent intervals there comes to me new and welcome proof of what his life and example have meant to men in all lands

Before me as I write lies a moving extract from a volume by Nels Hokanson entitled *Swedish Immigrants in Lincoln's Time*. It is from the diary of Captain Axel Johan Uggla, born in 1797 and an industrialist of Hallefors, who on receipt of the news of the President's death makes this entry: "Why should the death of a man thousands of miles away lie so heavily on my heart and soul? I have never seen him. I never heard of him until six years ago, but I feel that I not

only knew him but that he was my friend. One day, when men are ready to be honest, he will be looked upon as the great American and one of the great men of all lands and all times."

This Swedish captain, who had never seen Mr. Lincoln, was a sober yet accurate measurer of human worth. Across the years which separate his era from our own, the thoughtful student recognizes in Abraham Lincoln the supreme example of the frontier American. He had love for and sympathetic understanding of his fellows, coupled with the self-reliance of the man who makes his own way in the world. His were the saving gift of humor and the gentleness and integrity which are inseparable traits of the true gentleman. He knew how to shape means and associates to decisive ends, and he had also an exceptional gift of expression. His speeches and state papers had the eloquence of a problem in Euclid, persuading because they proved.

Last and most important of all, Mr. Lincoln had a continuing capacity for growth which, setting him apart from and above other leaders of his generation, enabled him to meet and master every problem of statecraft presented to him. He was still growing when Booth's bullet gave him to the ages.

CHAPTER II

HOW LINCOLN WON HIS FIRST ELECTION TO OFFICE

(Hawkins Taylor was born in Kentucky in the same year as Abraham Lincoln, and at an early age moved to Illinois where he took up land near New Salem. There he began a mutually helpful association with Lincoln, and sealed a friendship ended only by the death of the greater man. In 1836 Mr. Taylor removed from Illinois to Iowa where he served as a member of the territorial legislature, and thereafter for more than a generation was prominent and influential in the politics and business affairs of that state. In 1860 he was one of the original Lincoln men of Iowa, and at the Chicago convention of that year contributed effectively to the nomination of his friend who in due course made him postoffice inspector for the State of Kansas. Mr. Taylor's memories of Lincoln and of pioneer days here reprinted appeared originally in a *Genealogy of the Descendants of John Walker of Wigton, Scotland*, of whom he was one.)

I married in the spring of 1834, built me a log home, and commenced housekeeping. I had a prairie team and broke prairie and farmed my land by turns. The election in Illinois at that time was on the first Monday in August. I lived near (New) Salem where Mr. Lincoln lived and was greatly attached to him, and on the morning of the election I started at sunrise for the election precinct on Lake Fork, eighteen miles distant. The road was a mere bridle path most of the way, up the bottom of Salt Creek. The prairie grass was higher than I was on my pony, and the result was that I was wet to the skin most of the way. The whole people in that part of Illinois were for Jackson. It was before Canada Peck and Stephen A. Douglas had inaugurated the caucus system in the state. Candidates ran on their own personal popularity. Sangamon County embraced the present counties of Logan, Menard, Christian and a large part of DeWitt and Cass. The county was entitled to four members in the Legislature, and there were over twenty candidates in the field wanting the office, all running independent of party. There was a little junta in Springfield that assumed to run the Jackson party in the county.

The junta had sent out to every precinct in the county, tickets hav-

ing four names on them as the true representatatives of Jacksonism. These tickets were sent to Lake Fork precinct, but they disappeared before the polls were opened, and, while all the voters were strangers to me, I soon made myself known and useful. There was a supply of blank tickets, and I filled up one hundred and eight of the one hundred and eleven votes polled, and I got Mr. Lincoln's name on each ticket that I filled up. Not one of the voters had ever seen Mr. Lincoln, and few of them had ever heard of him. I let each man name whom he pleased for governor and the other state officers, but not one of them could name four members for the Legislature, and then I would get in Mr. Lincoln's name. Mr. Lincoln had made no canvass of the county, as he had no horse to ride and no money, but he had in almost all the precincts of the county, friends that he had made as a soldier in the Black Hawk War of 1832, who took an interest in him at the polls, and the result was that he led the ticket in the county by several hundred votes. This was his first election to office.

(Mr. Taylor in another place in his reminiscences says:)

On the 9th of August I had an attack of bilious fever, and for days my life was given up by my friends. I finally recovered, but was confined to my bed two months, and from that time up to the end of the year I had chills and night sweats. I was living on Salt Creek, about two miles from Irish Grove, in the open prairie, and about the last of October I was awakened by the roaring of a prairie fire. It was as light as day in the house, as the cracks between the logs had not been pointed up. I was wet with sweat but put on my clothes to make ready for defense. The fire was about twelve miles down Salt Creek and seemed to be about one hundred feet high. The grass was perfectly dry, and from two to eight feet high, and the low bottom unsettled was about six miles wide, gradually narrowing until it was about three miles wide where I lived. A strong wind was driving the fire at race-horse speed.

It was the most terrific and grandest sight that I ever saw. The fire moved along like waves of the ocean, sometimes forty to sixty feet high, and then sinking down to less than half that height. I saw at once that nothing could prevent the burning of my house and other buildings but to fire against the fire, and at once I commenced firing along the path leading up to Irish Grove. Two neighbors at Irish Grove were awakened by the roaring of the fire, and seeing my danger commenced firing along the path from the Grove. They met me just in time to stop the great fire. In the spring of 1835 a man by the

name of Wright came out from New Jersey and bought me out, paying me four hundred dollars for my forty acres of timber and my claim and farm. I then bought land adjoining Irish Grove (about twelve miles from New Salem) but I had not recovered my health. It was then as common in Illinois to prepare for the sickly season, commencing the latter part of July and continuing through August and September, as it was to prepare for winter.

In 1860 the Iowa convention for the election of delegates for the Chicago convention was called to meet at Des Moines during the session of the Legislature. John A. Kasson was chairman of the Republican state committee. He was a Seward man, and there had been worked up a sort of Seward craze in the fashion of the Blaine craze in 1880. Iowa was entitled to eight delegates, and if that delegation had been united for Seward, he would doubtless have been nominated at Chicago. The friends of Seward had arranged their delegates, and they were defeated by the friends of Lincoln by organizing the outsiders in favor of a delegation of thirty-two. This united the boys who were not of the selected number, and who had a chance to be delegates if the larger number was adopted. The result was that Seward had but two and a half votes from Iowa in the convention. Alvin Saunders, an old neighbor of Lincoln's, then senator from Henry County, and later United States Senator from Nebraska, and the writer, contributed largely to this result.

The night after the convention (opened) I wrote Lincoln that he would get a large part of the delegates for President if put in nomination, or all of them for Vice-President. It happened that the evening after getting that letter, Dr. Ritchie, an old resident of Lee County, and then a citizen of Hamilton, Illinois, across the river from Keokuk, called on Mr. Lincoln at his home in Springfield. The doctor was an enthusiastic friend of Lincoln for President, and when he told Mr. Lincoln where he lived, Lincoln said he had that day received a letter from an old friend telling him that at least a part of the Iowa delegation would support him for President if a candidate, and all of them for Vice-President if not a candidate for President, when Mrs. Lincoln spoke up in a hard, bitter manner and said: "If you can not have the first place, you shall not have the second."

This was in keeping with Mrs. Lincoln's determination to make her husband President of the United States. Poor, noble, ambitious Mrs. Lincoln. Few women have been more unjustly accused than she has been. I once saw her stop her carriage when leaving the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church (in Washington) and take up and

send home in her carriage Mrs. Newton, an old Quaker lady, but poor and not in society, who was on foot when there was a drizzling rain. She was a kind-hearted, generous, though foolishly proud woman.

I was twice in Springfield during the winter of 1860 and '61. Mr. Lincoln was overrun, night and day, while I was there by people that wanted office for themselves or friends, or to defeat the appointment of men that they did not like. Thurlow Weed had just been there in the interest of Seward, and to make sure that Simon Cameron did not get a place in the cabinet, or even have the good will of Mr. Lincoln. Julian, of Indiana, was there while I was there to hit Cameron, and make sure that Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, did not have a place in the cabinet, or other recognition. The second time that I was at Springfield, Mr. Lincoln made an appointment and met me at my room in the hotel, where he talked freely about the torture that was being laid upon him by the swell mob then, and that had been in Springfield. Amongst others several self-constituted delegates had been, or were there then, from the South, mainly from Kentucky, his birthplace, telling him that as President, if he let slavery alone, he would have no trouble, but that if he attempted to interfere with slavery his administration would be in great danger and short-lived.

At about the darkest days of the Rebellion when the earnest men of the North were exceedingly impatient at the apparent want of energy and earnestness on the part of the generals in the field, Senator Sumner went to the White House, finding with Mr. Lincoln John W. Forney, then the Secretary of the Senate and also proprietor and editor of the Philadelphia Press and the Washington Chronicle.

The Senator told Mr. Lincoln that he came to induce him at once to issue an emancipation proclamation, freeing the slaves within a short time, if the rebels did not lay down their arms. Mr. Lincoln objected to the issuing of such a proclamation at that time, and took great pains to convince Sumner that it should not be done. Sumner was imperious and rather offensively earnest. Mr. Lincoln bore it a long time, and Sumner, getting more offensive in his manner, Mr. Lincoln stretched out his long arm, and, in loud, earnest tones, said: "Mr. Sumner, I will not issue a proclamation freeing the slaves now." Mr. Sumner at once sprang to his feet and, without a word, rushed out, slamming the door after him.

Forney left the White House in the deepest despair. He knew Sumner's imperious nature, and he had never seen Mr. Lincoln anything like mad before, and it was at a time in the Rebellion that he feared

all was lost if a rupture occurred between the President and Mr. Sumner. He left and went to his room without speaking to anyone, and spent several exceedingly unhappy hours. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a messenger from the White House found him at his room and handed him an invitation to dine that evening at the White House with the President and Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Lincoln, after giving Sumner time to cool off, had called on him at his room. What took place there Forney never knew, but he said he never saw Sumner in such high good spirits as he was that evening at dinner. As Forney expressed it, "It was the happiest dinner that three men ever enjoyed." The Emancipation Proclamation was not then issued (but was at a later period), and from the reconciliatory dinner until his death, Mr. Lincoln had no more earnest friend than Senator Sumner.

I have read with great interest extracts from Porter, Lamon and others on Grant and Lincoln. I was often in Washington during the Rebellion and knew as well as any outsider could the ins and outs of the Washington end of the military line. All are for Grant now, but up to the capture of Vicksburg Grant had few friends in Washington but Lincoln, and none in Congress but Washburne that I ever heard of, and I have not a doubt in my mind that but for Washburne, Grant never would have been reinstated in command after his suspension. Washburne retired himself to private life by his desertion of Grant in 1880, but during the whole time Grant needed friends at Washington during the Rebellion, Washburne made Grant's care his very life work. This I know of my personal knowledge. Washburne was a man of immense will-power, and had a commanding influence in Congress. He and Lincoln were old anti-slavery friends, and he convinced Mr. Lincoln that the stories of Grant's drunken habits were false; he also satisfied Lincoln that Grant was a better commander than any of the ones proposed as his successor, and Mr. Lincoln, in his usual dogged tenacity to his own convictions, held on to Grant and put down the Rebellion.

But it was a terrible fight, for outside of Lincoln and Washburne, Grant had no influential friends in power, except Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior Department, who on the strength of a letter from an old Indiana friend, then paymaster at Vicksburg, made a bitter fight for Grant just before the Vicksburg surrender, when there was a powerful raid made upon him by John A. McClernand of Illinois, and contributed much to keep Grant in command.

Two things saved Grant: the one, and main one, was that little

attention was paid to the Western armies. The Potomac army and the capture of Richmond engrossed the public mind. In Congress, and, in the War Department, all the great generals were supposed to be in McClellan's army, and none of them wanted to go West. Then there was no one to succeed Grant that could be agreed upon.

A few months before the Vicksburg surrender I met Colonel Dewey, of Iowa, at St. Louis. He was just from Vicksburg and was full of praise of Sherman, and seemed to have none for Grant. I said to him; "Colonel, I take it that you think Sherman should have Grant's place?" The Colonel answered promptly: "I do not. The two together are perfect, and each needs the other. Sherman has the dash, and Grant the dogged, thoughtful hold-on, and I would be sorry to see a change made at this time." And that was the feeling of Mr. Lincoln.

CHAPTER III

WHEN LINCOLN BECAME THE PARTNER OF JOHN T. STUART

(Past question and for a long period of years Joshua Fry Speed was the friend and comrade who enjoyed in fullest measure the confidence and good-will of Abraham Lincoln. Born in 1814 near Louisville, fifth of the ten children of well-to-do parents, Mr. Speed became in due course a student at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, but left school while still in his teens to enter upon a business career, and in 1835 became a general merchant in the growing village of Springfield. There he shortly began the close and mutually helpful friendship with Mr. Lincoln which continued unabated until the latter's death.

In 1842 Mr. Speed returned to Kentucky to marry Miss Fanny Henning and for nine years was a farmer a few miles from Louisville. In 1851 he became a resident of that city and until his death in 1882 was a leader in its business life and public affairs. Aside from a single term in the Kentucky Legislature, Mr. Speed, as self-effacing as he was able and clear-sighted, steadily refused public office of every sort. His elder brother, James Speed, however, served as Mr. Lincoln's second attorney-general, and, devoted from the first to the Union cause, Joshua Speed in turn was drafted by his old friend for many important and delicate missions, all of which, at the cost of many trips to Washington, he discharged with signal tact and success.

In 1880 Mr. Speed put on paper his recollections of Mr. Lincoln first made public as a lecture, and after his death in 1882 published as a pamphlet for private distribution among his friends. There are here reprinted the outstanding parts of this pamphlet. It should be added as a note to his reference to Mr. Lincoln's religious views in early manhood that Mr. Speed ended his days a devoted Christian and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.)

The spring of 1835 found me a merchant in the then village of Springfield, with one thousand two hundred inhabitants, now a great city of twenty thousand inhabitants. *Then* the population was sparse, the settlements being near the timber, and around the prairie, no one dreaming that those vast prairies would ever be entered, but that they would be held by the Government, and used perpetually as

grazing fields for their stock. They had then no roads across them, save those made by the movers, then coming from the States south and east, principally Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, and New York. These came with long trains of wagons covered with white sheets, filled with women and children, beds, bedding, and light furniture, all bound westward. The movers were of all grades and classes of society, from the cultivated ladies and gentlemen with ample means to the poor man who owns not more than his clothes, and who chopped wood and did work in the camp and drove the oxen as compensation for the privilege of moving with the train. *Now*, as I saw the State a few days ago, long lines of railroad trains have taken the place of the wagon trains; the iron rail has taken the place of the wagon rut, and the steam-engine has usurped the place of the ox-team.

Never shall I forget the grand prairie as I first saw it, in the fall of 1834. *Then*, covered with grass as high as our wheat, waving in the breeze and resembling the billows of the ocean as the shadows of the fleeting clouds passed over it. Sometimes the prairie was lit up by the burning grass, and, as the flames were seen in the distance, like a ribbon of fire belting the horizon, it would almost seem that the distant clouds were on fire. *Now* you have cultivated fields, large farms with stately houses, and cities and towns with their numerous factories and mills, and every kind of modern building. It is pleasing to see this progress. Then everything was plenty and everything cheap. Now everything plenty, but everything is dear. Springfield, the capital of the State, is as near to New York now as she was to St. Louis then.

In the spring of 1836 I first saw Abraham Lincoln. He had been a laborer, a flatboatman, a deputy surveyor, and for one term a member of the legislature. I heard him spoken of by those who knew him as a wonderful character. They boasted that he could outwrestle any man in the county, and that he could beat any lawyer in Springfield speaking.

In 1836 he was a candidate for re-election, and I believe I heard the first speech he ever made at the county seat.

At that time there were but two parties, Whig and Democrat. Lincoln was a Whig and the leading man upon the ticket. I was then fresh from Kentucky, and had heard many of her great orators. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that I never heard a more effective speaker. He carried the crowd with him and swayed them as he pleased. So deep an impression did he make, that George Forquer, a man of much celebrity as a sarcastic speaker and great state

reputation as an orator, rose and asked the people to hear *him*. He commenced his speech by saying that this young man would have to be taken down, and he was sorry that the task devolved upon him. He made what was called one of his slasher-gaff speeches, dealing much in ridicule and sarcasm. Lincoln stood near him with his arms folded, never interrupting him. When Forquer was done, Lincoln walked to the stand, and replied so fully and completely that his friends bore him from the courthouse on their shoulders.

Lincoln studied and appropriated to himself all that came within his observation. Everything that he saw, read, or heard, added to the store of his information—because he thought upon it. No truth was too small to escape his observation, and no problem too intricate to escape a solution, if it was capable of being solved. Thought; hard, patient, laborious thought, these were the tributaries that made the bold, strong, irresistible current of his life. The great river gets its aliment from the watershed that feeds it, and from the tributaries naturally flowing into it. Lincoln drew his supplies from the great storehouse of nature. Constant thought enabled him to use all his information at all times and upon all subjects with force, ease, and grace.

As far as he knew, and it was only by tradition, his ancestors came from England with Penn and settled in Pennsylvania. Thence they drifted down to Virginia; thence to Kentucky, where Lincoln was born on the 12th of February, 1809, on the banks of Nolin Creek, in what was then Hardin County, now Larue. He went from Kentucky to Indiana, where he lost, as he always called her, his "*angel mother*," at ten years of age. From Indiana, with his father and stepmother, he went to Illinois.

Leaving his father and stepmother in Macon County, he pushed on to Sangamon County, and stopped at New Salem, on the Sangamon River, where he became a boatman and made two trips to New Orleans. While a flatboatman he studied that subject, as he did everything else, and invented a machine for lightening flatboats over shoals, a model of which is in the Patent Office now.

He resided at New Salem about eight years. The society was rough; the young men were all wild, and full of fun and frolic. All the manly sports that pertained to a frontier life were in vogue there, running, wrestling, jumping, gander-pulling and horse racing. In all the games and races, in which he was not engaged, he was always selected as one of the judges. From the justness of his decisions on all occasions he was called Honest Abe. As he grew older, and until his death, his sobriquet was "Honest Old Abe."

In the spring of 1837 he took his license as a lawyer. Then began the real battle of life. Leaving the field of his youthful sports, pleasures, and pains, where he was the leading man, he came to a bar then considered the best in the State, and perhaps as good as any in the West. He entered with diffidence upon his new career, coming in contact with Logan and Cyrus Walker, older than he and men of renown, John J. Hardin, E. D. Baker, Douglas and Browning, all near his own age. They were all educated men, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. They had read many books, and studied law, many of them with able lawyers. He had read but few books, but had studied those. They were such as he borrowed from his friend, John T. Stuart, with whom he formed a partnership. He studied them at his humble home on the banks of the Sangamon, without a preceptor or fellow student. With such preparation he came to the bar. From this time forward he took a leading position in the State.

It was in the spring of 1837, and on the very day that he obtained his license, that our intimate acquaintance began. He had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, with no earthly property save a pair of saddlebags containing a few clothes. I was a merchant at Springfield, and kept a large country store, embracing drygoods, groceries, hardware, books, medicines, bedclothes, mattresses, in fact everything that the country needed. Lincoln came into the store with his saddlebags on his arm. He said he wanted to buy the furniture for a single bed. The mattresses, blankets, sheets, coverlid, and pillow, according to the figures made by me, would cost seventeen dollars. He said that was perhaps cheap enough; but, small as the sum was, he was unable to pay it. But if I would credit him till Christmas, and his experiment as a lawyer was a success, he would pay then, saying, in the saddest tone: "If I fail in this I do not know that I can ever pay you." As I looked up at him I thought then, and think now, that I never saw a sadder face.

I said to him: "You seem to be so much pained at contracting so small a debt, I think I can suggest a plan by which you can avoid the debt and at the same time attain your end. I have a large room with a double bed upstairs, which you are very welcome to share with me."

"Where is your room?" said he.

"Upstairs," said I, pointing to a pair of winding stairs which led from the store to my room.

He took his saddlebags on his arm, went upstairs, set them down on the floor, and came down with the most changed countenance. Beaming with pleasure he exclaimed: "Well, Speed, I am moved!"

Mr. Lincoln was then twenty-eight years old—a lawyer without a client, no money, all his earthly wealth consisting of the clothes he wore and the contents of his saddlebags. For me to have seen him rise from this humble position, step by step, till he reached the Presidency—holding the reins of government in as trying times as any government ever had—accomplishing more during the four years of his administration than any man had ever done—keeping the peace with all foreign nations under most trying circumstances—putting down the most gigantic rebellion ever known—assassinated at fifty-six years of age—borne to his final resting place in Illinois, amid the tears of the nation and of the civilized world, and even his former foes in arms acknowledging they had lost their best friend—seems more like a fable than fact.

From the commencement of his political career he was the acknowledged standard bearer of the Whig Party in the State, and his supremacy was never questioned. As a lawyer, after his first year, he was acknowledged among the best in the State. His analytical powers were marvelous. He always resolved every question into its primary elements, and gave up every point on his own side that did not seem to be invulnerable. One would think, to hear him present his case in court, he was giving his case away. He would concede point after point to his adversary until it would seem his case was conceded away. But he always reserved a point upon which he claimed a decision in his favor, and his concession magnified the strength of his claim. He rarely failed in gaining his cases in court.

Mr. Lincoln was a social man, though he did not seek company; it sought him. After he made his home with me, on every winter's night at my store, by a big wood fire, no matter how inclement the weather, eight or ten choice spirits assembled, without distinction of party. It was a sort of social club without organization. They came there because they were sure to find Lincoln. His habit was to engage in conversation upon any and all subjects except politics.

One evening a political argument sprang up between Lincoln and Douglas, which for a time ran high. Douglas sprang to his feet and said: "Gentlemen, this is no place to talk politics; we will discuss the questions publicly with you."

A few days after the Whigs held a meeting, and challenged the Democrats to a joint debate. The challenge was accepted, and Douglas, Lamborn, Calhoun, and Jesse R. Thomas were selected by the Democrats; Logan, Baker, Browning, and Lincoln were selected by the Whigs. Such intellectual giants of course drew a crowded house.

The debate took place in the Presbyterian church, and lasted for eight nights, each speaker taking one night. Like true knights they came to fight in intellectual armor clad. They all stood high, and each had his followers, adherents and admirers. This was in January, 1840.

Mr. Lincoln delivered this speech without manuscript or notes. It filled seven columns in the Sagamon Journal, and was pronounced by all who heard it as exactly what he had said. He had a wonderful faculty in that way. He might be writing an important document, be interrupted in the midst of a sentence, turn his attention to other matters entirely foreign to the subject on which he was engaged, and take up his pen and begin where he left off without reading the previous part of the sentence. He could grasp, exhaust, and quit any subject with more facility than any man I have ever seen or heard of.

Lincoln had the tenderest heart for any one in distress, whether man, beast, or bird. Many of the gentle and touching sympathies of his nature, which flowered so frequently and beautifully in the humble citizen at home, fruited in the sunlight of the world when he had power and place. He carried from his home on the prairies to Washington the same gentleness of disposition and kindness of heart. Six gentlemen, I being one, Lincoln, Baker, Hardin, and others were riding along a country road. We were strung along the road two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and crab apple trees. A violent windstorm had just occurred. Lincoln and Hardin were behind. There were two young birds by the roadside too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and wailing as a mother ever does for her babes. Lincoln stopped, hitched his horse, caught the birds, hunted the nest and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and while our horses were drinking Hardin rode up. "Where is Lincoln?" said one. "Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest." In perhaps an hour he came. They laughed at him. He said with much emphasis: "Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well tonight, if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears." This is one of the flowers of his prairie life. Now for the fruit.

The last time I saw him was about two weeks before his assassination. He sent me word by my brother, James, then in his Cabinet, that he desired to see me before I went home. I went into his office about eleven o'clock. He looked jaded and weary. I stayed in the room until his hour for callers was over; he ordered the door closed, and, looking over to where I was sitting, asked me to draw up my

chair. But instead of being alone, as he supposed, in the opposite direction from where I sat, and across the fireplace from him, sat two humble looking women. Seeing them there seemed to provoke him, and he said: "Well, ladies, what can I do for you?" One was an old woman, the other young. They both commenced talking at once. The President soon comprehended them. "I suppose," said he, "that your son and your husband are in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania. Where is your petition?" The old lady replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I've got no petition; I went to a lawyer to get one drawn, and I had not the money to pay him and come here too; so, I thought I would just come and ask you to let me have my boy." "And it's your husband you want?" said he, turning to the young woman. "Yes," said she.

He rang his bell and called his servant, and bade him to go and tell General Dana to bring him the list of prisoners for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

The General soon came, bringing a package of papers. The President opened it, and, counting the names, said: "General, there are twenty-seven of these men. Is there any difference in degree of their guilt?" "No," said the General. "It is a bad case and a merciful finding." "Well," said the President, looking out of the window and seemingly talking to himself, "these poor fellows have, I think, suffered enough; they have been in prison fifteen months. I have been thinking so for some time, and have said so to Stanton, and he always threatened to resign if they are released. But he has said so about other matters, and never did. So now, while I have the paper in my hand, I will turn out the flock." So he wrote: "Let the prisoners named in the within paper be discharged," and signed it. The General made his bow and left. Then, turning to the ladies, he said, "Now ladies, you can go. Your son, madam, and your husband, madam, is free."

The young woman ran across to him and began to kneel. He took her by the elbow and said, impatiently: "Get up, get up; none of this." But the old woman walked to him, wiping with her apron the tears that were coursing down her cheeks. She gave him her hand, and looking into his face said: "Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln; we will never meet again till we meet in Heaven." A change came over his sad and weary face. He clasped her hand in both of his, and followed her to the door, saying as he went: "With all that I have to cross me here, I am afraid that I will never get there; but your wish that you will meet me there has fully paid for all I have done for you."

We were then alone. He drew his chair to the fire and said: "Speed,

I am a little alarmed about myself; just feel my hand." It was cold and clammy.

He pulled off his boots, and, putting his feet to the fire, the heat made them steam. I said overwork was producing nervousness. "No," said he, "I am not tired." I said: "Such a scene as I have just witnessed is enough to make you nervous." "How much you are mistaken," said he. "I have made two people happy today; I have given a mother her son, and a wife her husband. That young woman is a counterfeit, but the old woman is a true mother."

Lincoln was fond of anecdotes, and told them well. It was a great mental relief to him. All great thinkers must have mental relaxation. He did not know one card from another, therefore could not play. He never drank, and hated low company. Fault has been found by some fastidious persons with his habit of story-telling—in other words, with his method of illustration by means of anecdote. It is said this was undignified. A fable, a parable, or an anecdote, is nothing more than illustrating a real case by an imaginary one. A positive statement embraces but one case, while a fable, a parable, or an anecdote may cover a whole class of cases.

I have often been asked what were Mr. Lincoln's religious opinions. When I knew him, in early life, he was a skeptic. He had tried hard to be a believer, but his reason could not grasp and solve the great problem of redemption as taught. He was very cautious never to give expression to any thought or sentiment that would grate harshly upon a Christian's ear. For a sincere Christian he had great respect. He often said that the most ambitious man might live to see every hope fail; but, no Christian could live to see his fail, because fulfilment could only come when life ended. But this was a subject we never discussed. The only evidence I have of any change was in the summer before he was killed. I was invited out to the Soldier's Home to spend the night. As I entered the room, near night, he was sitting near a window intently reading his Bible. Approaching him I said: "I am glad to see you so profitably engaged." "Yes," said he, "I am profitably engaged." "Well," said I, "if you have recovered from your skepticism, I am sorry to say that I have not." Looking me earnestly in the face, and placing his hand on my shoulder, he said: "You are wrong, Speed. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier and better man."

I am indebted for the following to Judge Gillespie, one of Mr. Lincoln's most trusted and intimate friends, who occasionally went to

Washington to see him. Wanting no office, he was always welcome. The Judge says, "Mr. Lincoln once said to me that he could never reconcile the prescience of the Deity with the uncertainty of events. But he thought it would be profitless to teach his views."

The Judge adds: I asked him once what was to be done with the South after the rebellion was put down. He said some thought their heads ought to come off; but, said he, if it was left to me, I could not tell where to draw the line between those whose heads should come off, and those whose heads should stay on. He said that he had recently been reading the history of the rebellion of Absalom, and that he was inclined to adopt the views of David. Said he: "When David was fleeing from Jerusalem Shimei cursed him. After the rebellion was put down Shimei craved a pardon. Abishai, David's nephew, the son of Zeruiah, David's sister, said: 'This man ought not to be pardoned, because he cursed the Lord's anointed.' David said, 'What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that you should this day be adversaries unto me. Know ye that not a man shall be put to death in Israel.' "

This was like his anecdotes, and was illustrative of what he thought would come about. He would be pressed to put men to death because they had rebelled. But, like David, he intended to say: "Know ye that not a man shall be put to death in Israel."

Mr. Lincoln's person was ungainly. He was six feet four inches in height; a little stooped in the shoulders; his legs and arms were long; his feet and hands large; his forehead was high. His head was over the average size. His eyes were gray. His face and forehead were wrinkled even in his youth. They deepened in age, "as streams their channels deeper wear." Generally he was a very sad man, and his countenance indicated it. But when he warmed up all sadness vanished; his face was radiant and glowing, and almost gave expression to his thoughts before his tongue could utter them. If I was asked what it was that threw such charm around him, I would say that it was his perfect naturalness. He could act no part but his own. He copied no one either in manner or style. His style was more florid in the published speeches of his early life than his later productions.

I have often thought of the characters of the two great rivals, Lincoln and Douglas. They seemed to have been pitted against each other from 1836 till Lincoln reached the Presidency. They were the respective leaders of their parties in the State. They were as opposite in character as they were unlike in their persons. Lincoln was long and ungainly, Douglas, short and compact. Douglas, in all elections,

was the moving spirit in the conduct and management of an election; he was not content without a blind submission to himself. He could not tolerate opposition to his will within his party organization. He held the reins and controlled the movement of the Democratic chariot. With a large State majority, with many able and ambitious men in it, he stepped to the front in his youth and held it till his death.

Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, shrank from any controversy with friends. Being in a minority in the State he was forced to the front, because his friends thought he was the only man with whom they could win. In a canvass his friends had to do all the management. He knew nothing of how to reach the people except by addressing their reason. If the situation had been reversed, Lincoln representing the majority, and Douglas the minority, I think it most likely Lincoln would never have had a place. He had no heart for a fight with friends.

Mr. Lincoln was a man of great common sense. He was a common man expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the Nation, judged of its disease, and was ever ready with a remedy. He had an abiding faith in the good sense and intuition of the people. Wendell Phillips aptly described him as the Indian hunter, who lays his ear to the ground and listens for the tramp of the coming millions.

I have often been asked where Lincoln got his style. His father had but few books—the Bible, Esop's Fables, Weem's Life of Washington, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. These he almost committed to memory. From these I suppose he got his style. His mind was not quick, but solid and retentive. It was like polished steel: a mark once made upon it was never erased. His memory of events, of facts, dates, faces, and names, surprised everyone.

I have alluded to Mr. Lincoln's firmness. Perhaps in America no such contest has ever taken place as that between Lincoln and Douglas. Each was the chosen leader of his respective party. Each had been nominated by conventions as candidate for the United States Senate. They were to stump the State as the chosen representatives of the principles of their respective parties. Mr. Lincoln, after accepting the nomination, was to make his opening speech, which he did to a crowded house in Springfield on the 17th of June, 1858. Before he delivered it he called a council of his friends, twelve in number, and read it slowly and deliberately to them. In that speech he says, “‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect to see the house fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It

will become all one thing or all the other." Eleven of his friends objected to this part of it and strenuously urged him to leave it out. Mr. Lincoln sat still a moment, then, rising, strode rapidly up and down the room and said: "Gentlemen, I have thought much upon this, and it must remain. If it must be that I go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth. This nation cannot live on injustice—a house divided against itself cannot stand. I say it again, and again."

He there evinced a firmness where principle was involved, but any of those present could have controlled him in the conduct and management of the campaign. In the management of the fight he would have nothing to do, but in the principles upon which he would make it he would be supreme.

I have given some of my reminiscences in the life of Abraham Lincoln. As President his acts stand before the world, and by them he will be judged; as a man, honest, true, upright, and just, he lived and died.

CHAPTER IV

“WHATEVER THE EMERGENCY — HE WAS EQUAL TO IT.”

(Robert L. Wilson was an early friend long held in high regard by Abraham Lincoln. He was born of Scotch-Irish parents in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1805, but passed his boyhood and early manhood in Ohio, graduating in 1831, at Franklin College in that State. Later he taught school and studied law in Kentucky, and in 1833 with his young wife settled at Athens, then in Sangamon now in Menard County, Illinois.

There Mr. Wilson quickly won notice as a man of parts and in 1836 was elected one of the seven representatives of Sangamon County in the Illinois House of Representatives, and, with the two senators, made up what was known as the Long Nine who served in the Legislature of 1836 and 1837 and led by Lincoln secured the removal of the state capital from Vandalia to Springfield. In 1840 Mr. Wilson became a resident of Sterling in Whiteside County, where he was elected five times circuit court clerk and also served eight years as probate judge. He was in Washington when Sumter fell and enlisted as a private in a battalion commanded by Cassius M. Clay, which guarded the imperilled capital until the arrival of northern troops. Then he returned to his home in Sterling and helped to raise a company of which he was offered and declined the captaincy.

Mr. Wilson was back in Washington on July Fourth, 1861, and three days later tendered his services to President Lincoln in any capacity where he could be useful. “Wilson,” said the President, “before I left Springfield I made out a list of old friends that I might appoint to office. I have appointed all down to your name. Now what do you wish?” Mr. Wilson made the reply that he thought he could discharge the duties of quartermaster. “I can do better than that for you,” said the President, and made him paymaster. Colonel Wilson served in that capacity with signal efficiency until mustered out in November, 1865. He passed his last days in Sterling, dying in 1880 full of years and honors.

Colonel Wilson’s memories of Lincoln he embodied in the letter here reprinted which on February 10, 1866, he sent to William H. Herndon. The original of this letter is now in the Huntington Library

at San Marino, and every Lincoln student will welcome access to its contents, which afford revealing glimpses of the shaping years of a great career.)

I became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in May, 1834. He then was living at New Salem, Sangamon County, Illinois; he assisted Sam Hill, a merchant doing business in Salem, part of his time; part of his time he was engaged in surveying land, holding an appointment as Deputy County Surveyor, under John Calhoun, then County Surveyor. Mr. Lincoln was well known all through that part of the county (now Menard County) as a surveyor.

At that early period the settlers made it a point to secure choice lots of timber land to go with their prairie land, often not entering the prairie part of the farm until it had been under cultivation long enough to make the money off the land to enter it. But the timber lots had to be surveyed for the purpose of entering them, and also to protect from trespass by cutting. To accomplish this, lines would be run and clearly marked.

Mr. Lincoln had the monopoly of finding the lines, and when any dispute arose among the settlers, his compass and chain always settled the matter satisfactorily. He was a good woodsman, at home in the dense forest. He was a genial, fun-loving young man, always the center of the circle where ever he was. Every one knew him, and he knew every one. His stories and fun were fresh and sparkling, never tinctured with malevolence; he never told a story about an acquaintance with a view to hurt or hold up to ridicule, but purely for fun. The victim always enjoyed it as much as any one else, esteeming it rather a compliment, than a sarcasm, being entirely destitute of malice.

Mr. Lincoln at this time, was about twenty-four or five years old—six feet four inches high in his stockings, some stoop shouldered; his legs were long, feet large; arms long, longer than (those of) any man I ever knew. When standing straight and letting his arms fall down his sides, the points of his fingers would touch a point lower on his legs, nearly three inches, than was usual with other persons. I was present when a number of persons measured the lengths of their arms on their legs, as here stated, with that result; his arms were unusually long for his height, and the droop of his shoulders also produced that result. His hands were large and bony, caused no doubt by hard labor when young; he was a good chopper; the axe then in use was a great clumsy tool, usually made by the country blacksmith, weighing about

six pounds, the handle being round and straight, which made it very difficult to hold when chopping, requiring a grip as strong as was necessary to wield a blacksmith's sledge hammer. This and running barefoot when young among stones, and stumps, accounts for his large hands and feet.

His eyes were a bluish brown, his face was long and very angular; when at ease (there was) nothing in his appearance marked or striking, but when enlivened in conversation or engaged in telling, or hearing some mirth-inspiring story, his countenance would brighten up, the expression would light up, not in a flash, but rapidly the muscles of his face would begin to contract, several wrinkles would diverge from the inner corners of his eyes, and extend down and diagonally across his nose; his eyes would sparkle, all terminating in an unrestrained laugh in which every one present, willing or unwilling, was compelled to take part.

In the spring of 1836, the citizens of New Salem and vicinity, brought out Mr. Lincoln as their candidate for the legislature. About the same time the people of the neighboring town of Athens presented my name also as a candidate on the same ticket. The different portions of the country brought (out) their candidates until the ticket was full.

Sangamon County was then about as large as the State of Rhode Island. The county under the apportionment law then (in force) was entitled to seven Representatives and Two Senators. The Whig ticket for that election were: Abraham Lincoln, John Dawson, Wm. F. Elkin, Ninian W. Edwards, Andrew McCormick, Dan Stone and R. L. Wilson; the senators, A. G. Herndon and Job Fletcher. The Democratic Party had a full ticket in the field. Prominent among them was John Calhoun, who (afterward) became conspicuous in the Kansas embroglio, a man of first-class ability but too indolent to be a leader; hence he occupied a subordinate position in his party.

The campaign commenced about six weeks before the election, which under the old constitution was held the first Monday of August, appointments being made and published in the Sangamon Journal and the State Register, the organs of the parties. We traveled on horseback from one grove to another—the prairies then were entirely unoccupied. The speaking would begin in the forenoon, the candidates speaking alternately until all who could speak had his turn, generally consuming the whole afternoon. The discussions were upon national and state questions, prominent among which were the subject of a national bank, and the tariff, and a general system of

internal improvement, by the State; and the finishing (of) the Illinois and Michigan Canal, then in process of construction.

Mr. Lincoln took a leading part, espousing the Whig side of all those questions, manifesting skill and tact in offensive and defensive debates, presenting his arguments with great force and ability, and boldly attacking the questions and positions taken by opposing candidates.

The Saturday preceding the election, the candidates were addressing the people in the courthouse in Springfield. Dr. Early one of the candidates on the Democratic side made some charge that N. W. Edwards, one of the Whig candidates, deemed untrue. (Accordingly Edwards) climbed on a table so as to be seen by Dr. Early and every one in the house, and at the top of his voice told Early that the charge was false. The excitement that followed was intense, so much so, that fighting men thought a duel must settle the difficulty. Mr. Lincoln by the programme followed Early. He took up the subject in dispute and handled (it) fairly, and with such ability, that every one was astonished, and pleased. So that the difficulty ended there. Then (for) the first time, developed by the excitement of the occasion, he spoke in the tenor intonation of voice that ultimately settled down into that clear, shrill, monotonous style of speaking, that enabled his audience, however large, to hear distinctly the lowest sound of his voice.

This election was on the first Monday of August, 1836, and resulted in the election of the whole Whig ticket, (Sangamon County had been up to this election *uniformly* Democratic.) the Whigs carrying the County by about four hundred majority. Just before the meeting of the Legislature, which was on the first Monday of December, 1836, a mass convention of the people of the county met at Springfield, and passed resolutions instructing the members from the county to vote for a general system of internal improvement. In the evening after the temporary organization of the House, a committee of delegates from nearly all the counties in the State, convened in the hall of the House and organized with Col. Thomas Mather of the State Bank as President, and after two days debate and deliberation, passed resolutions instructing the Legislature to pass a general system of internal improvements, by authorizing the making of railroads passing through nearly every county of the State, and also to improve the navigation of all streams declared, and to be declared navigable; and to accomplish all this, to authorize the making of a loan of ten millions of dollars; issue bonds; sell them; and pledge the faith of the State for their redemption. The House organized, by electing General

James Semple, speaker by a strict party vote, David Prickett, clerk. The Senate, after a long contest organized by the election of Mr. Davidson over General Whiteside. Mr. Lincoln served on the Committee of Internal Improvements in the House; was an industrious, active, working member.

The Internal Improvement bill, and a bill to permanently locate the seat of government of the State, were the great measures of the Session of 1836 and 37. Vandalia was then the seat of government; had been for a number of years. A new state house had been just built. Alton, Decatur, Peoria, Jacksonville, Illiopolis and Springfield were the points seeking the location if removed from Vandalia. The delegation from Sangamon were a unit, acting in concert in favor of the permanent location at Springfield. A bill was introduced at an early day in the session, to locate by a joint vote of both Houses of the Legislature. The friends of the other points united to defeat the bill, as each postponement of the location to some future period would give strength to their location. The contest on this bill was long, and severe; its enemies laid it on the table twice, once on the table till the Fourth of July, and once indefinitely postponed it. To take a bill from the table is always attended with difficulty; but when laid on the table to a day beyond the session, or when indefinitely postponed, requires a vote of reconsideration, which always is an intense struggle. In these dark hours, when our bill to appearance was beyond resuscitation, and all our opponents were jubilant over our defeat, and when friends could see no hope, Mr. Lincoln never for one moment despaired, but called his colleagues to his room for consultation. His practical common sense, his thorough knowledge of human nature made him an overmatch for his compeers, and for any man that I have ever known.

We surmounted all obstacles; passed the bill, and by a joint vote of both houses, located the seat of government of the State of Illinois at Springfield, just before the adjournment of the Legislature, which took place on the 4th day of March, 1837. The delegation acting during the whole session upon all questions as a unit, gave them a strength and influence that enabled them to carry through their measures, and give efficient aid to their friends. The delegation was not only remarkable for their *number*, but for their *length*, most of them measuring six feet and over; it was said at the time that the Delegation measured fifty-four feet high, hence they were known as the *Long Nine*; so that during that session and for a number of years afterwards, all the bad laws passed at that session of the Legislature

were chargeable to the management and influence of the Long Nine.

I have often during my connection with Mr. Lincoln in the social circle alone, or as a member of the Legislature, sat for hours and listened to his delineation of character; he appeared to possess but little malice or ill feeling against others; he had no animosities as other men have, although wary and vigilant in guarding his own rights, and the rights of his constituents. He was very slow to believe that men prominent in life would stoop to do a dishonest or dishonorable act.

He was, on the stump and in the Legislature, a ready debater, manifesting extraordinary ability in his peculiar manner of presenting his subject. He did not follow the beaten track of other speakers, and thinkers, but appeared to comprehend the whole situation of the subject, and take hold of its first principles. He had a remarkable faculty for concentration, enabling him to present his subject in such a manner that nothing but conclusions were presented.

He did not follow a system of ratiocination deducing conclusions from premises, laid down, and eliminated; but his mode of reasoning was purely analytical; his reasons and conclusions were always drawn from analogy; his memory was a great storehouse, in which was stored away all the facts, acquired by reading, but principally by observation, and intercourse with men, women and children, in their social, and business relations; learning and weighing the motives that prompt each act in life, supplying him with an inexhaustable fund of facts, from which he would draw conclusions, and illustrating every subject however complicated with anecdotes drawn from all classes of society; (thus) accomplishing the double purpose, of not only proving his subject by the anecdote, but the anecdote itself possessing so much point and force, that no one ever forgot, after hearing Mr. Lincoln tell a story, either the argument of the story, the story itself, or the author.

In 1838, many of the Long Nine were candidates for re-election to the Legislature. A question of the division of the County was one of the local issues. Mr. Lincoln and myself among others, residing in the portion of the county sought to be organized into a new county, and opposing the division, it became necessary that I should make a special canvass, through the northwest part of the County, then known as Sand Ridge. I made the canvass; Mr. Lincoln accompanied me; (and he) being personally acquainted with every one, we called at nearly every house. At that time it was the universal custom to keep some whiskey in the house, for private use, and (to) treat friends.

The subject was always mentioned as a matter of etiquette, but with the remark to Mr. Lincoln, "You never drink, but maybe your friend would like to take a little." I never saw Mr. Lincoln drink; he often told me he never drank, had no desire for drink, nor the companionship of drinking men. Candidates never treated anybody in those times, unless they wanted to do so.

Mr. Lincoln remained in New Salem until the spring of 1837. He then went to Springfield and into the law office of John T. Stuart as a partner in the practice of law, and boarded with William Butler. During his stay in New Salem, he had no property other than what was necessary to do his business, until after he stopped in Springfield. He was not avaricious, to accumulate property, neither was he a spendthrift; he was almost always during these times hard up. He never owned land. The first trip he made around the circuit after he commenced the practice of law—I had a horse, saddle and bridle, and he had none. I let him have mine. I think he must have been careless, as the saddle skinned the horse's back.

While he lived in New Salem, he visited me often; he would stay a day or two at a time; we generally spent the time at the store in Athens; he was very fond of company, telling or hearing stories told was a source of great amusement to him. He was not in the habit of reading much; never read novels. Whittling pine boards and shingles, talking and laughing constituted the entertainment of the days and evenings.

In a conversation with him about that time, he told me that although he appeared to enjoy life rapturously, still he was the victim of terrible melancholy. He sought company and indulged in fun and hilarity without restraint, or stint as to time; still when by himself, he told me that he was so overcome with mental depression, that he never dared carry a knife in his pocket; and as long as I was intimately acquainted with him, previous to his commencement of the practice of law, he never carried a pocketknife. Still he was not misanthropic; he was kind and tender in his treatment of others.

In the Summer of 1837, the citizens of Athens and vicinity gave the delegation, then called the Long Nine, a public dinner, at which Mr. Lincoln, and all the other members were present. He was called out by the toast "Abraham Lincoln, one of Nature's Noblemen." I have often thought that if any man was entitled to that compliment it was he. In the Spring of 1840, I emigrated to Sterling, and did not see much of Mr. Lincoln, until he was elected President of the United States. I went to Washington City in February, 1861, and remained

there nearly all the time, until October following; during that time I saw much of him.

He was a new man, comparatively among politicians; as a matter of course, each faction of his own party intended to control his administration, and under ordinary circumstances would have succeeded. His predecessor had entered the presidential chair as the head of a party; that was not true of Mr. Lincoln; he was comparatively unknown. Old politicians looked upon him with the same distrust, and want of confidence, that regular army officers look upon officers in the volunteer arm of the service, and they supposed they would control his administration, not only as a matter of right, but they thought he would be compelled to lean upon them for support; but he was not the man they bargained for. Many men who had made up their minds to serve their country were disappointed.

The army of officers to be appointed at the commencement of each Presidential term is a bitter pill. First the Cabinet appointments; then begins the scramble, each member of the Cabinet, members of Congress, Governors of States and all leading politicians, each having a budget of appointments, and the rush on the President is alarming; he is beset to appoint some one of the family or some political pimp to whom they were under obligation, that could not be disregarded.

I was with the President one day when Mr. Grow, from the Wil-mot district in Pennsylvania came in, and in an excited manner demanded of the President the reason why he did not appoint his brother-in-law, to one of the judgeships in one of the New Territories. Mr. Lincoln excused himself by saying that he had forgotten his brother-in-law, at the time the appointment was made, but assured him that his friend should have an appointment at an early day. Mr. Grow was very angry, and talked, as it looked to me, impertinently. Mr. Seward came in, and took part defending Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Grow used threats that surprised me. After Mr. Grow and Mr. Seward had retired, and we were alone, Mr. Lincoln was troubled and said he had then been President five months, and was surprised anybody would want the office; he went on to speak about the duties; he said when he was inaugurated, he supposed that although he realized that the labor of administering the offices of the nation would be arduous, and severe, and that he had made up his mind, and would do it, all the duties were rather pleasant and agreeable except making the appointments. He had started out with the determination to make no improper appointments, and to accomplish that result he imposed upon himself the labor of an examination into

the qualifications of each applicant. He found to his surprise that members of his Cabinet, who were equally interested with himself in the success of his administration, had been recommending parties to be appointed to responsible positions who were often physically, morally and intellectually unfit for the place. He said that it did appear that most of the Cabinet officers, and members of Congress, had a list of appointments to be made, and many of them were such as ought not to be made, and they knew, and their importunities were urgent in proportion to the unfitness of the appointee; he said he was so badgered with applications for appointments that he thought sometimes that the only way that he could escape from them would be to take a rope and hang himself on one of the trees in the lawn of the Presidential house—looking out at the trees through the window at the same time.

I was with him one day in his office; parties were coming in, and doing business with him; he would send a card to the department with which the business was being transacted. I remarked to him, "This reminds me of the office of the Justice of the Peace." "Yes," says he, "but it is hardly as respectable." He then went on to say that when he first commenced doing the duties, he was entirely ignorant not only of the duties but of the manner of doing the business; he said he was like the Justice of the Peace, who would often speak of the first case he had ever tried, and called it, his "great first case least understood."

The night after the first Bull Run Battle, accompanied by Mr. Hanchett, representative from Wisconsin and Mr. McIndoe now a member, and the successor of Mr. Hanchett, now deceased, (I) called at the White House to get the news from Manassas—as it was called—(this) after having failed to obtain any information at Mr. Seward's, and other places where we had sought it. The excitement was intense. Stragglers were coming in, but knew nothing except (that) there had been a great fight, and they had made their escape, but did not know that any one else was so lucky. Messengers were coming in, bearing dispatches to the President, and Secretary of War, but outsiders knew nothing but rumors and no two agreed. We having arrived there, were told that Mr. Lincoln was at the Secretary of War's office. We started for that place, but met parties who had just come from there, and said there was a great crowd around the building, but outsiders knew nothing. We sat down to rest, and while we were sitting, Mr. Lincoln accompanied by Mr. Nicolay, his private secretary, came along; and being the only one

acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, it was proposed that I should join the party, and ask of him the news. I did so. He said it was contrary to army regulations to give military information to parties not in military service. I said to him then: "I don't ask for the news; is it good, or is it bad?" Placing his mouth near my ear he said in a sharp shrill voice: "*damned bad.*" This is the only time I ever heard Mr. Lincoln use profane language—if indeed it was in that connection profane. When I became fully acquainted with the details of the fight, I became satisfied that, used at that time, and in qualification of the nature of the news, that no other word would have conveyed the true meaning of the word bad.

The labor caused by the breaking out of the war at the commencement of his administration, imposed on Mr. Lincoln more work than one man could do. He adopted no hours for business, but did business at all hours, rising early in the morning, and retiring late at night, making appointments at very early and very late hours. He never had any time for rest and recuperation.

The ante-rooms were crowded all the time from morning till night, with men, women and children—all anxious to see Mr. Lincoln to ask some appointment, or to see and talk to him; and some to ask his advice about their private affairs. That crowd swayed and jostled against each other every day. Members of the Cabinet and General McClellan, were admitted, whenever they came, and it did appear that they had to get his common opinion about anything they did; as they would call on him sometimes two or three times each day, and remain a long time in consultation about the duties of the several departments.

In 1862, after General McClellan fell back on the Potomac, and the prospects were very dark, and uncertain; Mr. Lincoln wrote letters urging McClellan to strike and advance and take Richmond. I was that summer with the army under Buell and Halleck. The matter of placing Mr. Lincoln at the head of the army in the field, was generally advocated outside the regular army influence. It was conceded that he was not a military man, but he had proved to the world that he was equal to the emergencies of the times, and no man in the army appeared to be. That was the great trait of his character, all through his life. Whatever the emergency might be, he was equal to it, not only disappointing his friends, but also, I have no doubt himself often.

CHAPTER V

THE HERNDONS TALK OF PIONEER DAYS

(There are here reproduced the informing parts of an article by Charles H. Dall which under the title *Pioneering* originally appeared in the April, 1867, issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Dall, a writer and lecturer of parts, visited Springfield in November, 1866, and the talks he then had with William Henry Herndon and the latter's mother gave him material for the article he wrote for the *Atlantic*—an article which makes it plain that from the first Herndon cherished the belief that he had been the dominant influence in shaping the anti-slavery views and career of his more conservative partner. Mr. Dall reporting Herndon also throws new and perhaps authoritative light on the source of the funds which enabled Lincoln to become for a time the owner of a German weekly newspaper in Springfield.)

Here in Springfield two men met, prepared, it would seem, by the Divine Hand, and held apart till the right moment, who were to wield such an influence over each other and over mankind—who were to love each other with such passion, trust each other with such implicit faith—as had hardly been since the days of the Paladins. These men, too, were to represent the two orders of poor whites;—the one born of good blood, but impoverished in his ancestry by a law of primogeniture, which the State of Virginia refused to repeal, yet born under the shelter of all legal helps and certainties, in a family which made a home, with a mother tender, devoted, and dignified, who honored God and freedom; the other born of that “poor white trash” which could not dare look back—a race desperate, peculiar, undescribed, careless of legal restraints, scarce conscious of family centres, emigrating in hordes, kind-hearted, but with their hand against every man, as every man’s was against them.

Yet it was this stone, which any cunning builder of us all would have rejected, which was already bearing the Divine signet, marked “Head of the Corner!”

The history of William Henry Herndon cannot be indifferent to a nation which honors Abraham Lincoln, for these two men for twenty-five years complemented each other; and if the passionate idealism of

the one had not leavened the plodding, conscientious intellectual processes of the other, we might never had the Proclamation of Emancipation.

William Herndon was the grandson, on both sides, of men who had fought in the War of the Revolution. In 1781, his grandfather, Colonel Day, "desiring that no man should ever again call him master," emancipated his slaves in Western Virginia, and emigrated into Kentucky. He had received his small patrimony while the law of primogeniture was still in force; and when he parted with his slaves, he was compelled to work. One of his brothers had married the youngest sister of Patrick Henry, and the two families went together. "I was too young," said old Mrs. Herndon, when she told me the story, "to remember much of the first hardship we encountered; but I know that we were comfortable then, compared to what I was afterwards in Illinois. We had to work, but not roughly, for there were slaves in the neighborhood who could be hired; and, wild as our life was, I grew up, like other Southern girls, without much care. When my husband asked me to come to Illinois, I consented, of course. I thought all places were alike."

And what was Illinois in 1826, when the Herndons first came to it? I will tell you, in the very language of a pioneer; for it is fit that we should see it, if we can, with his eyes.

"We settled first on the Sangamon. My father took the ferry; in his first ploughing he turned up horns of the elk that would have arched in a doorway. I have seen their curves meet over the head of a man seven feet high. There, too, I once fled at night from the Indians. I saw the savage lift my mother's long hair and threaten to scalp her. I was but five years old, yet I shall never forget that. Make mother tell you."

"We were none of us likely to forget," said the dignified Virginian, from her invalid's seat by the fire. "We had to go ninety miles to mill at first, and thought ourselves fortunate when it came to be only forty. It was a cool October evening. My husband had been gone since daybreak, and there had been rumors of Indian slaughter not far off. At nightfall I saw the red men coming. I had to think quick. 'Where is your man?' said the foremost as he came up to me. 'In the woodland,' I answered. "Some folks," continued Mrs. Herndon, speaking with great deliberation, and in a musing mood,—"some folks say they never told a lie. I told a lie that night. 'Go after him,' replied the man. I turned back to the house to get my baby, and he thought I meant to cheat him. In a moment he had drawn out my

comb, and, lifting my long hair, made a quick, warning sign with his scalping knife. I heard William scream; his eye had caught the gleaming steel. I ran back to the house, put him through some open boards at the back, and told him to run to the wood for his life. I seized my shawl, and, hiding my baby under it, started after him. The Indians watched me, till the trees hid my retreating figure. Then they began to suspect. They mimicked my husband's voice—a baby's cry—the voices of the neighbors. Still I kept on. I found William in the wood. I had only a mile and a half to go to our next neighbor's; but, what with him and the baby, it was late at night when I got there. They were all in bed, but sleeping with one eye open for fear. I cried out, and asked if they would take me in. 'Yes,' they said; 'but they could not open the door; no one could tell how near the red men were. I must crawl up over the logs.' In those days, we used to barricade doors and windows, and set our guns in the crevices of the logs, but leave an open hole in the roof, near the chimney. So I climbed the low roof, let my baby down through the hole, handed Will to my neighbor, and dropped in myself."

"We only stayed a few years at the Sangamon," resumed William Herndon; "and I well remember how we moved up to the ridge where Springfield now is. The whole way was clear bog; father made a small board cart, into which he threw the chickens, the little pigs, and the young children. He and I and mother walked beside the cart, which had two wheels. We skipped from hill to hill; and when the wheels of the cart stuck or floundered, we lifted them out of the mud and balanced them somehow on one of the hummocks.

"We reached Springfield at last, and a most unlikely place it was. We had to build our log cabin on the edge of a ridge, while we labored to subdue the muck. The marks of bears' claws were deep in the trees round us. Ten years later I killed a hundred snakes in the three quarters of a mile between my own house and my father's, so you may guess what it was then. There they all were—rattlesnakes, vipers, adders, and copperheads.

"At nightfall we laid green logs in parallel rows, set them on fire, and drove the cattle between. Then whichever way the wind blew, we could keep off the mosquitoes and relieve the creatures. The dumb beasts knew what it meant and we never had to drive them again. They went in of themselves. Words cannot make you understand this life. The prairies of Illinois are watered with the tears, and enriched by the graves, of her women. The first generation—have you any dim, glimmering sense of what men they must have been

who turned this sea into dry land?—the first generation lived on mush and pork. Fencing was too costly to be obtained. No gardens could stand the herds of cattle, a thousand strong, which might come swooping over at any minute. Just as our corn was ripe, the bears would strip the ears; just as the pumpkins grew golden, herds of deer would hollow out the gourds. As we got more land, there was no transportation to carry away the crops. Butter was five cents a pound, eggs were three cents a dozen; corn was six cents a bushel, wheat twenty-five cents. A cow was worth five dollars, and a man's labor fifty cents a day. Do you wonder we clamored for railroads, lied for them, went in debt for them—did anything till we got them? . . .”

Killing snakes, hunting bears, and smoking cattle in the bog at Springfield, Herndon waited, from his thirteenth to his fifteenth year, for the coming of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, born in the class of poorest emigrants, was trained to a far different life, in his early home, from that which the books describe. I do not think that it was upon slavery that Thomas Lincoln turned his back when he went to Indiana. It was upon a brawling, reckless neighborhood, that made life unendurable. The pious care of good, poor parents, so touchingly described in our books, only to be ridiculed in Illinois, Abraham certainly never had. His stepmother—a woman far superior to any whom Thomas Lincoln could have hoped to win in any state of society but one which made a man a necessary protector to every woman—seems to have been his first and best friend. To her he was always grateful, and to the last stood between her and trouble. Among the most touching relics which I saw at Springfield was an old copybook, in which, at the age of fourteen, Lincoln had taught himself to write and cipher. Scratched in his boyish hand on the first page were these lines:—

“‘T is Abraham Lincoln holds the pen,
He *will* be good, but *God knows when!*’”

I am not ashamed of the tears that started as I read, with instructed eyes, that half-despairing prayer. He never carried from home the “laughing face” which Charles Sumner once ascribed to him. His life had been sad; there was nothing pleasant to remember in anything connected with the past—many things he would have given the world to forget. “I must make a name for myself,” he began to think; and, turning his back on the home which he had no desire to see again, he went to New Salem, and opened his life as a shopkeeper and surveyor. Here he met a woman more cultivated and refined than could have been expected among the people I have described. It is enough that

the hearts of Ann Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln drew together, and that the key to his whole life will one day be shown to lie in the facts of this love, and those facts of his history which transpired before his own birth.

Ann Rutledge was a lady—one of the very few that had penetrated to Illinois as early as 1833. Of a family educated and aristocratic, but broken-down, she was betrothed before Mr. Lincoln ever saw her, to a Scotch merchant. In those days Illinois was as far from New York as Kamtchatka now is. They were soon to be married, when the Scotchman went for business purposes to that city. For months nothing was heard of him. It was supposed that he was dead, or had wickedly deserted Ann. The truth was, that he lay ill of delirious fever, at a small wayside town. In this state of things, while Ann's mind was tortured by suspense and disappointment, Mr. Lincoln went to her father's house to board. Here he first learned to read Shakespeare and Burns. Can we doubt whose memory made their poems precious during those last few months of his life, in which he was once heard to say: "My heart lies buried in the grave of that girl"? In time a sort of provisional engagement ensued. There were circumstances in both lives which depressed and pained. They learned to hold each other very dear. Upon this state of things broke the rumor of the recovered Scotchman's return, after an absence of more than two years. The delicate nature of the woman sank under it. Betrothed to two, both of whom she had loved, she had no choice but to die. Under the conflict of feeling, Mr. Lincoln's own reason gave way. He pleaded in his despair for one last interview, which long refused, was at last granted, before she died, in August, 1835. That the shock given to his powerful mind was a severe one, his subsequent life was to show. Twice, in crises of great suffering, the unreasoning despair returned, and from that moment he lost his moral poise for years. All the resources of the neighborhood were exhausted to restore him to himself.

But this trial unhinged him, made his own life a matter of indifference to him, made him for years reckless, despairing, and atheistic. His strength and his weakness came to him in this hour; for the death of this girl was, as Charles Sumner said, "no accident." Through it he learned to understand himself, and then to understand others.

In 1837 Lincoln left New Salem for Springfield. At that time Springfield was little better than a bog, with about thirty log cabins, on the edge of the oak openings. Here he had probably begun to study law with John T. Stuart before Ann's death, for he was elected as a

Whig to the Legislature of Illinois in 1834. It was then, in the boggy streets of Springfield, while his election was still pending, that he first met William Herndon, a lad not fifteen years old. "Who are you?" said that moody man, one day, "who are you, that you are not against me, like all the rest of the boys?" "I am Colonel Day's grandson," was in substance the proud answer; and from that time, Abraham Lincoln never lost sight of Herndon. He talked with him about all political matters; and when he opened an office with Logan, he put Herndon into it to read law. From this moment, the relation between these men, one of whom was twelve years older than the other, was not so much a business relation as one of tenderness and confidence.

In spite of their close friendship, Mr. Herndon could not understand it, when Lincoln one day darted up the office stairs, and said: "Herndon, should you like to be my partner?"

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Lincoln," was the poor fellow's sole response.

Persistent repetition of the question could hardly gain a hearing; but at last Mr. Herndon said: "Mr. Lincoln, you know I am too young, and I have no standing and no money; but if you are in earnest, there is nothing in this world that would make me so happy."

Nothing more was said till the papers were brought to Herndon to sign.

I have said that these men were very different. Herndon was poetic, ideal, speculative. He read Carlyle, Theodore Parker, Ruskin, and Emerson, and he was persistently putting these books into Lincoln's hands; but Lincoln did not like them. Herndon has also the deep, sad eyes of the pioneer, and is in his nature sensitive and perceptive like a woman. There was nothing perceptive in Mr. Lincoln. He knew very little of individual men, took them at their own estimate, was not warned till he was cheated. As they grew older, he depended more and more on his partner in such matters. He did not like to study; so he would tell Herndon beforehand what authorities and illustrations he should want for his speeches, and Herndon would do the reading up.

"When I began business," said Mr. Herndon, "I saw no reason why I should not gain a true point on a false plea; but Lincoln never would have it—he put an end to it at once. I never knew him do a mean thing or a dirty trick. During all our intercourse, we never had a word nor a quarrel. We never kept any books nor separate accounts against each other. We held each other's money constantly;

but I, at least, was never wronged out of a single cent. He was the truest friend I ever had, next to my mother. When he did attach himself, he was intensely wrapt in his friend. Nothing but a demonstration of *dishonesty* would wean him; ordinary vice would not. Neither directly nor indirectly did he ever give one cent to influence an election. I have heard him refuse over and over!"

"Did Mr. Lincoln *never* do an unfair thing?" I once interrupted Herndon to ask; for I heard stories in Illinois that made me think it was possible that even *he* had not been immaculate—some rumor of an ex-governor guilty of enormous frauds upon the revenue, whose retainer he had accepted.

"I cannot say he *never* did," replied Herndon, "for I remember one or two rare instances. One morning a gentleman came here and asked him to use his legal influence in a certain quarter, where Lincoln again and again assured him he had no power. I heard him refuse the five hundred dollars offered over and over again. I went out and left them together. I suppose Lincoln got tired of refusing for he finally took the money; but he never offered any of it to me; and it was noticeable that, whenever he took money in that way, he never seemed to consider it his own or mine. In this case, he gave the money to the Germans in the town, who wanted to buy themselves a press. A few days after, he said to me, in the coolest way: 'Herndon, I gave the Germans two hundred and fifty dollars of yours the other day.' 'I am glad you did, Mr. Lincoln' I answered. Of course I could not say I was glad he took it."

In 1854, Mr. Lincoln had a long political conversation with Mr. Herndon in reference to slavery, after which Herndon was left free to commit him to extreme ground upon the subject, or what was at that time thought extreme ground, whenever in his judgment the time was ripe for action. Directly after, in a speech at Peoria, Lincoln expressed himself against the monstrous injustice with more than his usual decision. During his absence on this very tour, I believe, Herndon drew up a call for a convention at Bloomington, "summoning together all those who wished to see the government conducted on the principles of Washington and Jefferson," and when it appeared, the name of Abraham Lincoln was in its right place—it led those of the prominent men of Illinois!

After breakfast, John T. Stuart walked into the office. "Is Lincoln here?" he asked of Herndon.

"No."

"Did he see that letter, or sign it?"

“No.”

“Then you’ve got him into a devil of a scrape,” said the retreating barrister.

But Herndon, though his heart might beat quick, did not believe it. No sooner had the door closed than he sat down and wrote a long letter, explaining his motives. Mr. Lincoln was at Pekin, sixty miles north of Springfield; but on the next day’s electric wire flashed back to him the words: “Billy, you’ve done just right!”

“Never did a man change,” said Herndon, “as Lincoln did from that hour. No sooner had he planted himself right on the slavery question, than his whole soul seemed burning. He blossomed right out. Then, too, other spiritual things grew more real to him. He took hold of God as never before. His mind, however, was long in recovering from the unbelieving position into which his early trials had forced it; and he was slow to use the language of devout faith.”

I had seen a letter in Quincy, addressed to one of Mr. Lincoln’s friends there, thanking this person for assisting him to restore the freedom of a colored man imprisoned in New Orleans. It struck me, when I read it, as a noble contrast to that letter of Washington in which *he* thanked some Portsmouth man for trying to return a fugitive slave to Mrs. Washington. I now asked for some explanation of this letter.

“I remember it very well,” said Herndon. “A man named Hinckels had brought here from Kentucky an old woman named Polly Mack. Her son, a free negro, going down to New Orleans on a steamer, had been fined and imprisoned, and was finally advertised for sale. Polly came to Mr. Lincoln with her trouble, and Lincoln wrote to Alexander P. Field, begging him to get the poor fellow off, and promising money for costs and services. There were, of course, a good many difficulties, and one day Lincoln sent me to Governor Bissell to ask his interposition. The Governor answered, that he didn’t think he had any authority in the case. ‘By God!’ said Lincoln, starting up, ‘before I’ve done, I’ll make the road so hot that he shall find authority!’”

A great change for the better had been going on in Lincoln from 1854 to 1860. But the work was slow and painful. It would have been easier had his mind had less of the judicial quality. He could not help knowing what was fair and what was unfair; and, seeing what private griefs pressed upon him at the hour of his election, any man might marvel that he kept his sweetness. He had been led by a hard, dark way; he had expiated in his own person, not only his own sins, but

those of all his ancestry, as he was hereafter to expiate those of his nation. Why should he, alone of all the world, have bent under such a yoke?

When I was at Oberlin, President Finney spoke of the extreme slowness with which Lincoln seemed to take in the providential character of the war. "It would seem," he said, "as if any man living soberly through the first two years must have felt the Divine Presence very near. Lincoln did not, and it troubled me so that, when he gave notice that, certain conditions failing, he should publish on the 1st of January a Proclamation of Emancipation, I wrote him a letter, and begged him to treat the subject as if it were the Lord's business he was about. I don't know whether my letter did any good, or whether the Lord did it in *his own way*; but when the paper was published, I found the words I wanted. That was the first time."

Those who know Charles Finney well will understand his right to address the President, and will not think the anecdote out of place.

Meanwhile the eyes whose sadness had been born of childish pain, of lonely scepticism, took a deeper charm from a new consciousness budding in him of the relation of a man's private carriage to his public walk. He began to regret many things, and it was this inward growth going on in his own soul which made it easy for him to do in Washington pure, unselfish work.

When Lincoln was about to leave for Washington, he went to the dingy little law office which had sheltered his saddest hours. He sat down on the couch. "Billy," said he, "you and I have been together more than twenty years, and have never 'passed a word.' Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?" The tears started to Mr. Herndon's eyes. He put out his hand. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I will never have any other partner while you live"—and to the day of the assassination, all the doings of the firm were in the name of Lincoln and Herndon.

It will be seen that I think this nation owes to Herndon a great debt; for it was he who first bent Mr. Lincoln's mind to the subject of slavery. Utterly refusing office at the President's hands, he kept the friend's moral power to the very last. When he went to Washington, Mr. Lincoln's face brightened. "I like to see a man who will ask me for nothing," he said cheerily. "In Springfield," said Mr. Herndon, "Lincoln has been called ungrateful, because he never gave me an office; but I wanted nothing, and *he knew it*."

CHAPTER VI

A CORRECTED INTERVIEW ABOUT THE LINCOLNS

(The career of Milton Hay had many points of contact with that of Abraham Lincoln. Born in Kentucky in 1817, he removed with his father's family to Springfield in 1832, and at the age of twenty-one became a student in the law office of Stuart & Lincoln. Admitted to the bar in 1840, he began practice at Pittsfield, Illinois, but in 1858 returned to Springfield to form a partnership with Judge Stephen T. Logan, whose daughter later became his wife. Thereafter and until his retirement from active practice a few years before his death in 1893 Mr. Hay was a leader of the Illinois bar, held in high and general regard for his gentle personality and great ability.

In the summer of 1883 Mr. Hay passed some weeks at Saratoga Springs, and while there met and talked with George Alfred Townsend, then under the pen name of Gath a widely known writer for the Cincinnati Inquirer and other journals. Townsend made his talk with Mr. Hay the subject of an article here reprinted which appeared in the Inquirer under the caption Lincoln's Near Friend on August 26, and on September 1 was copied into the Illinois State Journal of Springfield. Townsend was a ready but not always accurate reporter, and some parts of his article prompted a disclaimer from Mr. Hay published in The Journal on September 8. It also angered William Henry Herndon who voiced his acute displeasure in a characteristic letter which The Journal published on September 24. Interview and letters make up a chapter in the Lincoln saga that demands a place in these pages.)

I was introduced at Saratoga, to a gentleman by the name of Milton Hay, who was said to have been Abraham Lincoln's very near friend and to abound in reminiscences of him. Mr. Hay was a singular man, originally fine looking, I suppose, and still of a pleasing, generous face, though his skin had the dark tan color so often found in the bottoms of the Mississippi Valley, especially among persons of Kentucky descent, as I understood he was. An opportunity occurred while returning to this city from Saratoga to have some talk with Mr. Hay. He is probably not over fifty years of age, though he may

be sixty, since he had with him a very handsome daughter, and a big son. He never wears a necktie. Although careless about his exterior apparel, he prepossesses folks with the idea of a gentleman at once, and his address is of that kind, gentle nature which lends particular charm to true democrats of Illinois, and beyond it to men who came into the West in youth and made it what it is.

"Mr. Hay, did Mr. Lincoln ever refer with sadness or fondness to his origin in the State of Kentucky and take pride in that State?"

"No. Lincoln was a cosmopolitan. Hard and rough as his life had been, he could make himself at home among men anywhere, and it is a singular fact," said Mr. Hay, "that in Illinois he did not receive his best welcome and earliest appreciation from men of Southern stock, but from the Yankee element that went into the north of Illinois. I think he felt that to some extent. The folks in the middle and north of our State, who, spread from Ohio, New York and New England, appeared to take hold of Lincoln as if he was one of their own."

"Is it true, as Mr. Herndon says, that Lincoln was for a part of his life rather an unbeliever or a skeptic?"

"Yes, I guess that is true," said Mr. Hay; "almost all serious men pass through a condition of belief to skepticism, or vice versa. Unbelief is merely the passion to believe something else. I think that Lincoln had formed views different from those he had been brought up in, and perhaps different from those he died in, because I do not see how he could have made some of the speeches he made as his Presidency proceeded unless he had been a believing man, and in that case he must have changed. Perhaps the great responsibilities thrown upon him made him grope his way toward a supreme responsibility."

Said I to Mr. Hay: "Has not Mr. Herndon disseminated a great many views as Mr. Lincoln's which are merely his own theories and vagaries?"

"Yes; that is the belief that Lincoln's friends have. You see Herndon was a man that Lincoln picked up. He was a poor, forlorn fellow who got on the right side of Lincoln, and that was one of Lincoln's abounding traits, that if any person moved his sympathies he would go to their relief. It was Herndon's poverty and hard luck that made Lincoln take to him. Now, you must remember that Mr. Lincoln had but little local practice in the city of Springfield. He went on what is called the circuits, following the judges around through the counties. It was not of much consequence for him to have an office in Spring-

field. He took Herndon into partnership, and put him in the office at Springfield to build up a local practice if he could, under the name of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon. He did not give any of the depth of his intimacy or character to Mr. Herndon. He was tolerant and kind to him, but he did not go to him to pour out his soul and communicate his thoughts."

Said I: "Mr. Hay, did not Herndon have some grievance against Lincoln?"

"Yes; that is just why you find so many statements underrating Lincoln from that source. After Lincoln became President, Herndon went on to Washington City and asked for some office. I do not recollect what it was, if I ever did know. Lincoln wanted to do something for Herndon, but not to give him anything which would expose his weakness in the public service. It probably gave him more concern than it was worth to find some spot that Herndon could adorn. When he settled on what he would give him, Herndon, whose expectations had been raised very high, became dissatisfied and returned to Springfield, and was very sour on Lincoln. After Lincoln died he said that he had buried his grievances, but he continued to collect and contribute matter to Lincoln's biography which is of very little substantial character. In short, about the only great thing that ever happened to Herndon was being taken up by Lincoln. He has gone away from Springfield."

"What influence had Mr. Lincoln's wife upon him?"

"She may have had some influence upon him, but not in the way she claimed. I think she made his home tolerably disagreeable and hence he took to politics and public matters for occupation. If his domestic life had been entirely happy, I dare say he would have stayed at home and not busied himself with distant concerns. In that way she may have been of use to Lincoln."

"Did she lament his death sincerely?"

"I think it was a blow to her, because she saw it was a final conclusion to her career. In that respect, at least, it made a profound impression upon her."

"Was she an extravagant woman?"

"She was not an extravagant woman before she went to Washington. After that time I have no more knowledge than you have, because I did not go to see Mr. Lincoln. When she lived in Springfield, she was rather on the saving side of things. She held herself in general to be of more consequence than Mr. Lincoln, and I suppose that in this world's eye she was raised amidst more luxuries or better com-

fort. She was of a rather hard nature, not soft, easily moved or thoughtful about what she should do or say. She had a very high temper, and it did not grow much better with time. She was respectably connected at Springfield."

"What author did Lincoln most read?"

"Burns was his favorite author for many years. I have never seen that mentioned anywhere. Mr. Lincoln did not read many books, but those he fancied took strong possession of him. He could quote Burns by the hour. I have been with him in that little office and heard him recite with the greatest admiration and zest, Burns' ballads and quaint things. That was one of the sources of his wisdom and wit. As years passed on he did not quote Burns so much. He had then taken up Shakespeare and become deeply interested in him, and yet I fancy," said Mr. Hay, "that a great deal of Abraham Lincoln is bottomed on Robert Burns and William Shakespeare. Sometimes I think I can see the traces of both men in his writings. When you consider the bringing up of Lincoln, what a writer he was! The Anglo-Saxon seemed to come to him as if he had been taught by some Anglo-Saxon mother in her own land, centuries ago. The poets undoubtedly had their influence on Lincoln's style and probably on his mind."

"How did he make out about money, Mr. Hay?"

"He had more money than has generally been said. Before he went to Washington a relative of mine died, and I had to wind up his estate some time before Mr. Lincoln became President. I found there a record of his obligation to Mr. Lincoln for a few thousand dollars. Lincoln said to me: 'I don't know what I am going to do with this money. I thought I had lent it in the right place, and it was bringing me 10 per cent a year. Now, I don't know what to do with it.' You see at that time 10 per cent was the current rate through our country for loans. Lincoln had about \$10,000 in money lent out when he went to Washington, besides his house and lot at Springfield, so that he was not a very poor man at that time. He was a person of extremely small wants. He was not mean, but he had no habits that involved spending money. He did not think much of clothing, was content with such food as came to him, and he never had any passion for drink."

"Did he drink at all?"

"He drank lager beer for some time on the advice of a physician. My impression is that he had run down from cold or something and needed building up, and was told to drink lager. He did drink it for

quite a while, and that is about the only thing I know that he ever drank."

LETTER FROM MILTON HAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1883

To the Editor of the State Journal.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 7.—In your issue of Sept. 1 appears what purports to be an interview and report of conversations with me by "Gath," on the occasion of my late trip eastward, transferred to your columns from the Cincinnati Enquirer. This report of my conversation is so inaccurate in many particulars, that I feel compelled to correct some of its errors. I did not characterize Mr. Herndon as set forth in that report of my conversation. Mr. Herndon's portraiture of Mr. Lincoln's character was one of the subjects of conversation and I said that Mr. Lincoln's personal friends and acquaintances did not agree with Mr. Herndon altogether in the views he had presented of Mr. Lincoln's character.

"Gath" asked if Mr. Herndon had not been disappointed in not obtaining office under Lincoln. I told him I had understood Mr. Lincoln had tendered Mr. Herndon some appointment which he (Herndon) had declined as unsuitable, but that Herndon himself had informed me that he felt no grievance on that account. I did say, in that connection, that Mr. Herndon had been a wild youth, who, on coming to years of maturity, had turned a short corner on his former life and had taken to reading and study; that Mr. Lincoln liked him and had taken him into partnership after he had studied law; that he was original and peculiar in his views of men and things, and that Mr. Lincoln's friends thought many of his notions of Mr. Lincoln were colored by his own peculiar apprehension of Mr. Lincoln's character. I said Mr. Herndon had had good opportunities of knowing Mr. Lincoln, but that the value of his opinion about him depended entirely on the correctness of his apprehensions. I did not describe Mr. Herndon as being poor and an object to excite Mr. Lincoln's sympathy, nor did I convey the impression that Mr. Lincoln did not impart his confidence to him.

I will further say that, in speaking of the unsectional sympathies of Mr. Lincoln, I did not convey the idea that he was more readily, or that he was first, appreciated by Northern men. What I said was that he was as readily appreciated by Northern as by Southern people. The circumstances of the conversation I had with "Gath" were not of a character to apprise me that the conversation would be reported, as he took no notes or memorandum, and in writing it up subsequently he has indulged largely his imagination. M. HAY.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM HENRY HERNDON, SEPTEMBER 23, 1883

To the Editor of the State Journal.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 22.—In the columns of the daily Journal, of the 1st day of September, 1883, I find a communication from "Gath," correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, which purports to be a true account of an interview between the Hon. Milton Hay, of this city, and "Gath," alias G. A. Townsend, held at Saratoga, sometime in the month of August last. The letter or communication is taken by you, as I am informed, from the Enquirer, date unknown to me.

The article is untruthful. It was so meanly treacherous to Mr. Hay, in "Gath," that Hay was forced, by his innate love of truth and justice, to deny the correctness, the truthfulness, and justice of the letter quoted by you, if so quoted. I refer to Mr. Hay's letter denying the truthfulness and correctness of "Gath's" letter, which will be found in THE STATE JOURNAL (Daily) Sept. 8, 1883. I kindly thank Mr. Hay for it. All blind, infatuated, and wild hero-worshippers, all over this broad land, fairly ache to get at something which they hope will injure me in order that, by my injury, they can lift up to a higher level what they so superstitiously worship—a myth. The letter of "Gath," so far as it speaks of myself, in the interview with Hay, is false—viciously false indeed.

I wish now to answer the letter of "Gath" myself, and will do so because no one knows the facts of the case as well as I do. When I make the revelation—tell the truth of the business—I hope the chatty and gossipy world will feel easy, contented and calm about the story. The question which has so much bothered the world—i.e. Did Lincoln give me, or offer to give me, an office during his administration? I will finally and forever settle. The reason why I have not done so before is because the subject matter was a private affair between Lincoln and myself. Before making a revelation of the matter I wish to dispose of some few charges, or allegations, of Gath.

1.—"Gath" asks Hay: "Has not Herndon disseminated a great many views of Mr. Lincoln, which are merely his own theories and vagaries?" and to which I reply for myself, that in 1838-40, Mr. Lincoln at Bell's store, in this city, made me what I am in religion by his "theories and vagaries?" This is known in this city by a few of my friends. Again "You see," says Gath—rather he makes Mr. Hay say, "Herndon was a man that Lincoln picked up; he was a poor, forlorn fellow, who got on the right side of Lincoln." It would be quite as true to say: "You see, Lincoln was a poor, forlorn fellow, who got on the right side of Herndon." Gath says further; "It was

Herndon's poverty and hard luck that made Lincoln take to him." The truth about this matter is just this: I, according to the best of my recollection, was at that time, in 1844, the monied man of the firm. My ambition ran in that direction at that time, and it is equally as true, at that time, that I was *possibly* as popular a man as Lincoln, and *possibly* as good a lawyer soon thereafter. I was not at that time, a poor, forlorn man, and am not deserted now.

By the way, if the letter of Mr. Lincoln to his stepbrother, which will be found in Lamon's Life of Lincoln, at page 336, contains his religion or his religious views, "his theories and vagaries," then he and I totally disagree. In conclusion on this part of the case, Lincoln took me in partnership with him, and held to me till his death, because he could use me to his advantage, and in this he was not disappointed. Lincoln says: "Man acts from motives and he chooses the best." Lincoln was under this universal law, and subject to it.

"Gath" said to Hay: "Mr. Hay, did not Herndon have a grievance against Mr. Lincoln?" "Yes," says Hay, if truthfully reported: "There is just where you find so many statements underrating Lincoln from that source. After Lincoln became President, Herndon went on to Washington City and asked for some office. I do not recollect what it was, if I ever did know. Lincoln wanted to do something for Herndon, but not to give him anything which would expose his weakness in the public service. When he settled on what he would give him—Herndon, whose expectations had been raised very high, became dissatisfied, and returned to Springfield, and was very sour on Lincoln." This was said by Hay to Gath, as reported by Gath, but which is emphatically and with emphasis denied by Hay in the letter referred to in THE JOURNAL of Sept. 8, 1883.

I now wish to state the substantial facts in answer to the above paragraphs. Just a few days before Mr. Lincoln started to Washington City to take the oath of office and become the President of the United States in fact and law, he came into our office and said substantially: "Herndon, do you want to hold any office under my administration?" and to which I thankfully replied: "No, Mr. Lincoln, I do not. I now hold the office of Bank Commissioner of Illinois and besides, I have a good practice in my profession; and if I take office under you, I will lose my practice and my present office." This I said substantially. He then asked me if I wished to hold the Bank Commissioner's office under Gov. Yates, and to which I replied: "I do." Mr. Lincoln then went and saw Gov. Yates and had me continued in office. I heard the conversation between President Lincoln and Gov.

Yates—but *dare say no more*, unless pushed to extremes. Further—about the year 1862, I did go to Washington City for the only and express purpose of getting an office—saw Mr. Lincoln—asked him for an office, and instantly on the request he dropped pen and paper, and did go and speak to some department of the Government for an office—not for myself, but for a friend of mine, Chas. W. Chatterton. I quickly got the office “freely, without purchase; fully, without denial; and speedily, without delay.” Farther, say in 1863, I again, for myself this time, asked Lincoln for an office, as I now remember it. Soon Mr. Lincoln telegraphed me that he wished to give me an office, and mentioned what it was. I telegraphed back to him this: “I accept your proposition,” but at the same instant of time I sat down and wrote Mr. Lincoln that I could not accept the office. Not wanting the office I wished to turn it over to a friend, now Judge _____; but he could not accept. The reason why I telegraphed back to Lincoln just as I did, was because I did not wish anybody to know anything about our private affairs. The reason why I did not accept the office was because I had to go away from my home and business. The dispatches between Lincoln and myself will be found in Springfield and Washington City, and I refer to them for the particulars. In my opinion, I can further say that it is my honest belief that Mr. Lincoln would have willingly given me any office that my ambition had struggled for. Why, then, should I have a grievance against my best friend? Why should I be very sour against Mr. Lincoln? He gave me everything I wished and asked for. I never had, for one short moment, a grievance against Mr. Lincoln. I never had high expectations about office, was not ambitious nor selfish, and was not disappointed. I did not return to Springfield from Washington “sour” against Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln has conferred on me many favors, and for which I am grateful, but I owe Mr. Lincoln nothing. I paid him for all he did for me one hundred per cent interest per annum with compound interest paid quarterly. I respected the man when living and honor him when dead. I have said that Lincoln was not God, and if this underrates him so be it. I have said and now say that Mr. Lincoln was one of the best, wisest, greatest and noblest of mankind; and if by this acknowledgment I underrate the man, so be it, too. Now I hope this great *national* question is settled, and settled forever.

3.—“Gath” says again: “In sort, about the only great thing that ever happened to Herndon was being taken up by Lincoln,” and in answer to which let me say: Gath, you have now entered upon de-

batable ground, and assumed that which is not universally conceived, by any means. I have heard other men, equally as wise as "Gath" say: "Herndon, the greatest injury that ever befell you was in going into partnership with Lincoln. He was the elder of the two and overtopped you. He got the credit of all wise acts and good things, and you, for your part, got the disgrace for all foolish ones done by the firm or either of you." I do not assert this. I only repeat what others have often said to me and in my presence to other people.

When Mr. Lincoln returned from Washington, in 1848-9, he came to this city, a broken-down and bankrupt politician, caused by his course on the Mexican War, which I tried to prevent (See Lamon's Life of Lincoln, page 291 to 294). His old friends in this then Congressional District, for his course in Congress, deserted him. I then stood firmly by Mr. Lincoln and helped him to fight his way upward. In 1854-6 Mr. Lincoln, for the time being, was very unpopular here, caused by his anti-slavery views and opposition to the encroachment of slavery. His acquaintances and friends would scarcely speak to him or deign to notice him—would not go to hear him justify himself before God and man. I then stood firmly by Mr. Lincoln, and helped him by pen and word, money and tongue, at the bar, in the press, and on the stump, to fight his way up again; and it is said by "Gath" that Lincoln never went to Lincoln & Herndon's office to pour out his soul to Herndon. I never said this or even intimated it; but I will give the people a universal law of human nature by which they can judge of the intimacy. When men are driven together from a common fear coming from a common foe, as was the case with us in 1854-60, the relation is close and tightly riveted. Then the souls are one, and thoughts are known in the minds of each without utterance loud and long.

I know it is indiscreet to blow one's own horn, but if in this letter I have blown mine pretty loudly and well, I have done so in perfect self-defense. I plead guilty to this extent only. I have kept silent amid outrageous abuse on this question for more than twenty years, and now silence is no longer a virtue.

In conclusion, facts, *facts* are human forces and truth the divinest energy of man. Justice will be done to all men sooner or later, if we are worth weighing. If not worth weighing, all the charities of men will throw a dark veil between us and the critical public gaze. I have been actuated in gathering up the facts of Lincoln's life and publishing them now and then, to the world, by this, that the reading, intelligent and reasonable people might have one true biography

of a true and great man, who in his day and generation conferred a great boon upon mankind—a biography on which all men could rest in the certain and satisfying belief that the life of Lincoln was not an ideal production of the imagination but one of solid fact. If I have erred, it is not because I did not love the truth, but because I did not see the facts as they really existed and in all their relations. That is true to any man's mind that sees it as truth. My motives have been good, though I may have erred. I do not claim infallibility, nor do I expect, or hope to please everybody. I was true to myself, as I saw things, and had, and have, the courage of my convictions. Most respectfully yours.

WM. H. HERNDON.

CHAPTER VII

MORDECAI LINCOLN AND HIS DOG GRAMPUS

(Robert Wilson McClaughrey, a fighting veteran of the war between the States and later eminent as a penologist, was a native of Hancock County, and as a lad knew several of Lincoln's cousins who had removed from Kentucky to that part of Illinois. His piquant memories of them here reprinted were first published in the Illinois State Journal, Springfield, January 29, 1909.)

I was born at Fountain Green, Hancock County, Illinois, and raised in that community. I was well acquainted with most of the following named relatives of President Lincoln, the oldest of whom came from Kentucky about 1830 and settled in and about Fountain Green, namely:

Mary Lincoln, an aunt;

James B. Lincoln and wife, first cousins;

Abraham Lincoln and wife, first cousins;

Mordecai Lincoln, first cousin;

Robert, Hezekiah, Amanda and Thomas Lincoln,

second cousins.

James B. Lincoln was justice of the peace in that community from 1832 to 1836, as the records show, and it is one among the traditions of that neighborhood that he never had a lawsuit come to trial before him. In every case where a complaint was made by one neighbor against another, he went for both parties, heard their statements, made his own investigations, and decided what ought to be done by each, without entering the case on his docket. It was further said that no man, who failed to comply with James Lincoln's decision, could live in that community. Tradition also asserts, that in a certain case where he had married a couple who, a few years later, he learned, were living unhappily together, he paid them a visit, heard their statements, concluded they were both equally to blame, and settled the case by threatening to "unmarry" them if there was any more trouble. It is stated that, like the characters in the novels, "They lived happily ever afterwards."

Abraham Lincoln was also a justice of the peace in the same com-

munity for several years and was noted for his great knowledge of human nature and his sound common sense, through which he served the community better than through technical knowledge of the statute law. Mordecai Lincoln, another cousin, was a cabinetmaker and a very intelligent, well-read man. He was something of a misanthrope, because of a disappointment in a love affair of his early years, which he always charged to the Jesuit fathers who taught the school in Kentucky which he attended. While he and the rest of the Hancock County Lincolns were faithful Catholics, he was always bitter against the order of Jesuits and did not hesitate to denounce them upon all occasions. I remember making frequent visits to his shop with neighbor boys and hearing him talk about the Jesuits. He had a very large, intelligent New Foundland dog, that shared with him his bachelor quarters. This dog's name was Grampus. Whenever Mordecai had exhausted himself in denouncing the Jesuits, he would turn to his big dog and say "Curse them, Grampus, curse them," and Grampus would faithfully emit most doleful howls and barks, to the great delectation of the spectators.

Mordecai was a great lover of pigeons. He had hundreds of them nesting around his premises, and built for them some very ornamental pigeon houses. He lived entirely alone for years, and such were his eccentricities, that neighbors, others than those to whom he was permanently friendly, did not like to go to his place. He had the reputation in the neighborhood of being a woman-hater, but he was a great friend of my mother, whom he occasionally visited, and who had great influence over him, because she cared for him once at our house when he was stricken with sudden illness.

President Lincoln took great interest in these relatives, though he seldom visited them. I remember his coming to our place during my boyhood, when legal business had called him to the countyseat. He then made a short visit to Mordecai Lincoln and some of the other cousins. It must have been in the year 1852 that my father took me with him to hear Mr. Lincoln (then known only as "Abe") make a speech for the Whig ticket upon which General Scott was a candidate for President. At that time I shook hands with the future President and remember hearing him inquire of my father concerning his cousin Mordecai. Six years later, in 1858, when Mr. Lincoln spoke in Monmouth, Illinois, he sent for me to come to the hotel where he stopped, and made inquiries concerning his Hancock County relatives, again manifesting his interest in his cousin Mordecai, to whom he seemed quite attached.

I heard the joint debate between Douglas and Lincoln on the 7th of October, 1858, but did not meet Mr. Lincoln again till June, 1864, when I was ordered to Washington and there transferred from field service to the Pay Department. In September, 1864, I was stationed at Springfield, and was on duty paying Illinois troops until I was mustered out of service, November 13, 1865, because of the close of the war. I thus happened to be in Springfield when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, and took part in the arrangements for the ceremonies connected with his funeral. I was an aide to Major F. Bridgman, who was Marshal of the Second Division in the funeral procession, which division was composed of officers and enlisted men of the Army and Navy not otherwise assigned. Being mounted, I had an excellent opportunity to observe the spectators on that occasion. We passed through a solid wall of mourning citizens from the State House Square in Springfield to his final resting place in the cemetery.

The most pathetic sight to me was the intense grief manifested by the colored people, thousands of whom had journeyed for days in order to be in Springfield at the funeral. In addition to their section in the procession, they were assigned a place, extending from the then city limits toward the cemetery, and there thousands of them massed. Every one of them, it seemed, had possessed himself or herself of some badge or token, which would indicate their grief. Sometimes it was a simple piece of black cloth or crepe, not larger than a man's hand. Others had secured black handkerchiefs. All who could afford it had clothed themselves entirely in black, and, as the bier passed, almost every one of them either knelt or prostrated himself or herself upon the ground and gave way to touching demonstrations of grief. They well knew that their greatest friend was passing to his rest, and the future seemed dark enough to their vision.

Others can tell, and doubtless have already told, the story of the funeral services at the cemetery. To me they were the most impressive services that I have ever witnessed. I stood where I could hear every word that the speaker uttered, and Bishop Simpson, who spoke on that occasion, was one of the great orators of his day. No words can describe the wonderful impression he made upon that vast audience, nor can anyone describe the feeling manifested by the audience as it responded to his wonderfully eloquent periods. I remember that while describing the Providence of God as exemplified in Mr. Lincoln's life, he paused and said, in these words as nearly as I can recollect them:

"Nor did this Providence that had shaped his life desert him in

that fatal hour. The folds of the flag for which he was dying caught the spur of the assassin as he leaped from the box, threw him to the floor of the stage so as to break his limb and thus lead to his sure apprehension."

Then raising himself to his full height he exclaimed, in a voice that could be heard to the farthest verge of the audience:

"The flag and the traitor ever are enemies."

The demonstration of approval which this utterance brought from the crowd, rolled out from the speaker's stand to its farthest limit and back again, two or three times, like a wave of the sea. I venture to say that there is no one living who attended that funeral service, but has borne in his mind and heart, through every moment of his subsequent life, the wonderful scene and the indescribable impression there made upon him.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST LINCOLN BABY AND A FRIEND'S SOUND ADVICE

(There are here reprinted portions of two informing articles originally published in the March, 1892, issue of The Century Magazine and the October, 1915, issue of The Methodist Review, Nashville. Their author, Sophie Bledsoe Herrick, was the eldest child of Alfred Taylor Bledsoe, an unusual and outstanding figure among Lincoln's early associates at the bar and herself one of the most gifted and richly endowed women of her generation. Born in 1837 and early left a widow, Mrs. Herrick was for a time associated with her father in the editorship of the Southern Review which he had founded, and for nearly a generation following 1878 was one of the editors first of Scribner's Magazine and later of the Century Magazine. Her interests were many-sided and her exact and varied scholarship a constant source of admiring surprise to those who labored with her.)

sheet for
My father, Alfred T. Blendsoe practised law in the Supreme Court of Illinois, of which my grandfather, Moses O. Bledsoe, was clerk. He was an intimate associate of most of the men prominent in the Springfield of that date, and I have heard him talk by the hour and tell stories of that time. In those days the character of the courts in which my father practised was very primitive, and the stories told by him are perhaps worth recording.

In one case a livery-stable horse had died soon after being returned, and the person who had hired it was sued for damages. The case finally required some proof that the defendant was a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lanky Westerner. The lawyer said: "How does Mr. So-and-so usually ride?"

Without a gleam of intelligence, the witness replied, "A-straddle sir." "No, no," said the lawyer; "I mean, does he usually walk, or trot, or gallop?"

"Wall," said the witness, apparently searching in the depths of his memory for facts, "when he rides a walkin' horse he walks, when he rides a trottin' horse he trots, when he rides a gallopin' horse he gallops, when ——"

The lawyer, irately: "I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes, fast or slow."

"Wall," said the witness, still meditating, "when his company rides fast he rides fast, and when his company rides slow he rides slow."

"I want to know, sir," the lawyer said, very much exasperated, and very stern now, "how Mr. So-and-so rides when he is alone."

"Wall," said the witness, more slowly and meditatively than ever, "when he was alone I wa'n't along, and I don't know."

The laugh of the court at the baffled questioner ended the cross-examination.

A case of sheep-killing came up. The defendant was a rustic, and the charge was, "Killed with malicious mischief." When asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" the defendant would give no direct answer. "I *did* kill that sheep, but I didn't kill him with no malicious mischief." Nothing else could be extracted from him. Finally he was told that he must plead something, "guilty or not guilty." He refused to acknowledge himself either. "You must do something," said the judge. "What do you do?" "I stands mute," was all that could be extracted from him. In the end, the case was decided against him, but he was told that he could take it up to the Court of Errors. "If this here ain't a court of errors," said the phlegmatic victim of the law, "I'd jest like to know where you kin find one."

In a case (I have forgotten the charge) which went against the defendant the latter rose up and gave his opinion of the judgment, and was fined ten dollars for contempt of court; a bill was handed over to the clerk which proved to be twenty dollars.

"I have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender. "Never mind about the other ten dollars," was the retort, "Keep it; I'll take it out in contempt."

There was in those early days a curious character who presided at the bar; his name I have forgotten, but I remember my father's characterizing him, in Lord Chesterfields phrase, as "dullness blundering upon vivacities." In a certain case in which this person acted as counsel for the plaintiff, a five-dollar note had been stolen. That fact was proved beyond question. The point at issue finally was one of grand or petit larceny. The counsel for the defendant made the ingenious plea that the bill was an Indiana bill, and worth four dollars and ninety-five cents, and therefore was below the limit of petit larceny, five dollars being that limit. The jury seemed quite impressed by the argument, when the counsel for the plaintiff rose,

and in the peculiar drawl and nasal intonation characteristic of his speech said: "Gentlemen of the jury, if any one of you was to take that Indiany five-dollar bill to market, there's not a butcher there that would not be glad to take it at pa-a-ar. If you was to go to any of the stores on the square here, they'd be willing and more'n willing to take it at pa-a-ar; but this mean, confounded sneak couldn't afford to steal it at pa-a-ar." The jury rendered a verdict of "guilty of grand larceny."

* * *

Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were at that time living in Springfield and were actively engaged in practice in the Supreme Court. My father's partner was Ned Baker, a man of very brilliant abilities, afterwards known as Colonel Edward Baker, "The hero of Ball's Bluff," where he lost his life.

During the years 1843-44 we lived in the same hotel with the Lincolns, and there Robert Todd Lincoln was born. This hotel was called the Globe Tavern. It was a primitive sort of house—a big, ugly frame building, with an ell extension, in which our quarters were. When Robert was born, Mrs. Lincoln had no nurse for herself or the baby. Whether this was due to poverty or more probably to the great difficulty of securing domestic help, I do not know. But my mother, who never cared personally for Mrs. Lincoln, went every day to her room in the hotel, washed and dressed the baby, and made the mother comfortable and the room tidy, for several weeks till Mrs. Lincoln was able to do these things for herself.

I was very fond of babies, and took on myself the post of amateur nurse. I remember well how I used to lug this rather large baby about to my great delight, often dragging him through a hole in the fence between the tavern grounds and an adjacent empty lot, and laying him down in the high grass, where he contentedly lay awake or asleep, as the case might be. I have often since that time wondered how Mrs. Lincoln could have trusted a particularly small six-year-old with this charge; but he was never hurt or allowed to fall when in my care.

There was a profound stir about this time on the subject of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and so forth, and my father was found to have uncommon power in this line. A lady, a Mrs. B——, who was boarding in the tavern, was a victim to ticdoleuroux, and my father was able to relieve her of the suffering by the classic passes. Mr. Lincoln was profoundly interested in these experiments. Mrs. B——

was, for those days, an expert pianist. One evening, when the men were discussing the subject, my father said:

"I believe I could make Mrs. B—— stop playing by just willing that she should stop, without going near her."

Her room was in another story of the house and some distance away, but near enough for her playing to be heard where the talk was going on.

"Try it," said Mr. Lincoln.

In a moment the playing ceased, and Mr. Lincoln and my father went upstairs and knocked at Mrs. B——'s door. When they entered Mr. Lincoln said:

"Do go on playing; we want to hear you."

She replied: "I don't know what was the matter with me, but I could not go on, no matter how I tried. I never felt that way before."

In spite of Mr. Lincoln's solicitations, my father would never try it again. He said that no one should have such power over another human being. He had, before this, succeeded in making another mesmerized subject taste what he put into his own mouth.

The story of the Lincoln-Shields duel has been told in various versions. I remember it very distinctly as my father told it, and I am sure this is correct: One day Mr. Lincoln came into my father's office and said: "Bledsoe, I am in a quandary. Shields has challenged me to fight a duel. I do not want to fight, and I equally do not want to back out; and I do not know what to do about it."

"You are the challenged party, and so have the choice of weapons. Choose broadswords, and I'll be qualified that Shields will not fight," said my father.

The refinements of the science of duelling had not found their way into this rough-and-ready community. Mr. Lincoln had not chosen his second, so General Shields's second had to come directly to the principal to arrange the details of the proposed fight. When Mr. Lincoln selected broadswords as the weapon to be used, the second said:

"But, Mr. Lincoln, broadswords would be barbarous."

"Duelling itself is barbarous," said Mr. Lincoln, "and broadswords are a very suitable weapon. I insist upon my choice of weapons."

The party, even at that early date, were obliged to go out of the State to fight. So they struck across to the nearest point on the Mississippi, in the State of Missouri. Quite a party of men, including my father and grandfather, went with them, to see the fun—as it

turned out to be. The duelists and a few other men crossed the river in a rowboat. The rest of the party watched from the nearer shore.

When it came to the point, and Lincoln insisted on fighting with broadswords, the little General somehow succumbed to the situation and the duel was declared "off." To come back, after the *fiasco*, to the waiting crowd on the Illinois side, like the "King of France," would have been too much of an anticlimax. So they secured a log, put it in the boat and came back, solicitously fanning the supposed victim of the fight—that is, the log.

Although my father was so closely associated with Mr. Lincoln and the other men of that day, his name does not appear in the annals of the time, because he was on the "wrong side" when the Civil War came; and so he was left out of the story.

We were a nomadic *gens*, in spite of my mother's dislike of change. My father was always restless, preferring "the ills he knew not of" to those he had to wrestle with, and in the fall of 1844 he removed to Cincinnati and opened a law office there. This had to be abandoned in the following year because of the terrible illness of my mother, and he began a long and patient pilgrimage with her in search of a cure for the lameness that followed her illness. They went from place to place as prescribed for her, the mirage of health always eluding them till they finally landed in Washington, D. C., where he took up his practice, in conjunction with my uncle, Richard S. Coxe, in the United States Supreme Court.

For what reason the family later drifted back to Springfield, I do not know. Though such a little child, I had been left in Cincinnati at school while my parents were moving about. My memory tells me almost nothing of my father's associations with Mr. Lincoln, which were renewed at this time. I remember his coming to the house in which we were living—the property of Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner—just once. I have heard my father say that when any possible rupture between the North and the South, on the question of slavery, was discussed, Mr. Lincoln, although born in the South, declared unequivocally that he would "go with the North."

CHAPTER IX

BUT THREATS OF A SPANKING PREVENT A DUEL

(Perhaps the incident of his early career which Lincoln was most reluctant to discuss in after years was his abortive duel in 1842 with James Shields—this because of its amusing inception and grotesque conclusion. There is here reprinted an account of its closing chapter given by William H. Souther to Henry G. McPike and by the latter contributed to the September, 1906, issue of the Magazine of History. In 1842 Souther was a reporter on the Alton Telegraph and was one of the baker's dozen of interested and curious bystanders who on September 22 of that year crowded the horse-ferryboat which carried the Lincoln-Shields party to the bank of the Mississippi opposite Alton. Five weeks after the incidents related by Souther Abraham Lincoln married Mary Todd. Julia Jayne later became the wife of Lyman Trumbull.)

James Shields was then Auditor of State, elected on the Democratic ticket; and from his swagger in dress, his dudish manners and his satisfaction with himself as a ladies' man, quickly drew on himself the ridicule of the Whigs. Lincoln wrote a series of letters to the Sangamo Journal, after the style of the "Biglow Papers," keenly satirizing young Shields, who fumed under these assaults, and thus encouraged their continuance. Finally a poem was sent to the Journal by Mary Todd and Julia Jayne, in which Shields was described as receiving a proposal of marriage from "Aunt Rebecca," and later another rhyme followed, celebrating the wedding. In the phrase of the bounding West, these mischievous girls made life exceedingly wearisome for the dudish State Auditor.

On the appearance of the last poem Shields sought the editor of the Journal, in a towering rage, and demanded the name of his tormentor. The editor, in a quandary, went to Lincoln, who unwilling that the two young women should figure in the affair, ordered that his own name be given as the author. Soon after, he received a letter from Shields, demanding an apology. To this Lincoln replied that he could give the note no attention, because Shields had not first inquired whether he really was the author of the poem. Shields wrote

again, but Lincoln replied that he would receive nothing but a withdrawal of the first note or a challenge. The challenge came, was accepted, and Lincoln named broadswords as the weapons to be used; the place selected being the Mississippi river bank, opposite Alton.

On the morning of September 22, 1842, Shields and Lincoln arrived in Alton. I had received an intimation of the coming event, and resolved to see it if possible. The duelling party took breakfast at the Franklin House, and at about half-past ten A.M. went to the ferry-boat, which was run by a man named Chapman, with whom I made arrangements to drive the two horses which worked around the windlass at one end of the boat. Lincoln and his party sat at one end of the boat, Shields and his at the other. The only thing which looked warlike was six long cavalry sabres, which were on the deck, in possession of Lincoln's seconds. There was no talking between the opposite sides, and everything went on as decorously as at a funeral. Arriving on the opposite shore, which was a wilderness of timber, a partly cleared spot was selected as the battleground.

Shields took a seat on a fallen log at one side of the little clearing, and Lincoln ensconced himself on another, opposite. The seconds proceeded to cut a pole about twelve feet long, and two stakes with crotches in the ends. The stakes were driven into the ground and the pole laid across the crotches, so that it rested about three feet from the ground. The contestants were to stand one on either side of the pole, and fight across it. A line was drawn on the ground, on both sides, about three feet from the pole, with the understanding that if either combatant stepped back across his own line, it was to be considered a giving-up of the fight. This, you see, would keep the fighters within range of each other all the time, as neither could get more than three feet away from the pole, and the swords seemed to me to be at least five feet long.

After all these arrangements had been completed, the seconds rejoined their principals at the different sides of the clearing, and began to talk in low tones. With Shields was Dr. T. M. Hope of Alton, a large, brusque man. He was very much opposed to the duel, and reasoned with Shields for a long time. As a result of the talk, several notes were passed between the seconds. It was intensely interesting to me to see those men handing notes to each other instead of talking out whatever they had to say. Lincoln remained firm, and said that Shields must withdraw his first note, and ask him whether or no he was the author of the *Journal* poem. He said that when that should be done, he was ready to treat with the other side.

Shields was inflexible, and finally Dr. Hope got mad at him. He said Shields was bringing the Democratic Party of Illinois into ridicule and contempt by his folly. Finally he sprang to his feet, faced the stubborn little Irishman and blurted out: "Jimmy, you damned little whippersnapper, if you don't settle this I will take you across my knee and spank you." This was too much for Shields, and he yielded; I believe Dr. Hope would have carried his threat into execution if he hadn't. A note was solemnly prepared and sent across to Lincoln, which asked if he was the author of the poem in question; he wrote a formal reply in which he said that he was not; and then mutual explanations and apologies followed.

I watched Lincoln while he sat on his log, awaiting the signal to fight. His face was grave and serious. I could discern nothing of Old Abe as we knew him. I never knew him to go so long before without making some sort of a joke, and I began to think he was getting frightened. But presently he reached over and picked up one of the swords, which he drew from its scabbard. Then he felt along its edge with his thumb, as a barber feels of his razor, raised himself to his full height, stretched out his long arm, and clipped off a twig from a tree above his head with the sword. There wasn't a man of us who could have reached anywhere near the twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with a cavalry sabre with little Shields, who could walk under his arm, came pretty near making me howl with laughter. After Lincoln had cut off the twig, he returned the sword to its scabbard with a sigh, and sat down; but I detected the gleam in his eye which was always the forerunner of one of his inimitable yarns, and I fully expected him to tell a side-splitter right there in the shadow of the grave.

After things had been adjusted at the duelling ground, we returned to the ferryboat, everybody chatting in the most friendly manner possible. But it must have been an awful trial to Lincoln to hold in and not josh the life out of Shields. As we returned, one of the party—a young man named Broughton, who was the other horse-driver—got a log and put it at one end of the boat, covered with a red shirt so as to look like the recumbent figure of a man covered with blood. When we reached Alton, the landing was crowded with people who were there to learn the result of the duel. When they saw the dummy at the end of the boat, they almost crowded into the water to see who it was that had been slain. I enjoyed this scene, though it was clearly offensive to Shields.

CHAPTER X

LAWYER LINCOLN AS HIS ASSOCIATES MEASURED HIM

(There are here reprinted three estimates by men who as the result of long association or close observation could speak with authority of Abraham Lincoln's methods and capacity as a lawyer—David Davis, Abram Bergen and Frederick G. Saltonstall.

Judge Davis for twelve years following 1848 was presiding judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois before which for a like period Lincoln practiced practically without interruption. He was one of Lincoln's closest friends, and in 1860 perhaps did more than any other man to secure his nomination and election to the Presidency. Lincoln in due course appointed Davis to a seat on the Supreme Court of the United States, and after the President's death he served with rare devotion and capacity as administrator of the Lincoln estate. The address of Justice Davis here reprinted was delivered before the Indianapolis Bar Association on May 19, 1865, and first published the following day in the *Daily State Sentinel* of that city.

Abram Bergen first came in contact with Abraham Lincoln when as a schoolboy in Jacksonville, Illinois, he ran away from his recitations to hear the Springfield lawyer conduct a much discussed case in the Morgan County Court House. In the years immediately following 1858 as a young lawyer just beginning practice he met Lincoln and studied him in action in the courts of five of the counties which then comprised the Eighth Judicial Circuit of Illinois. Afterward he was long a resident of Topeka, Kansas, where he died in 1906 after a distinguished career as lawyer and judge. Judge Bergen's estimate of Lincoln as a lawyer was first read in 1897 before the Kansas State Bar Association, and throws light on some disputed incidents of Lincoln's career as an advocate, particularly of his use of an almanac in the defense of the son of an old friend charged with murder.

Frederick G. Saltonstall was an able lawyer and a shrewd judge of men. His account of Lincoln's part in the Rock Island Bridge case here reprinted first appeared in the *Century Magazine* for February, 1897.)

DAVID DAVIS PAYS TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Gentlemen of the Bar: The death of Mr. Lincoln, by disease, at any period within the last four years, would have shocked the civilized world, but occurring at the time, and in the manner it did, it has produced an inexpressible feeling of sadness and gloom. A season of universal joy and festivity has been turned into grief and lamentation. Victories are no longer celebrated by bonfires and illuminations. Great disasters do not even arrest attention, and the fact that armed rebellion has ceased, hardly excites remark. All hearts are touched, and the people mourn as no people ever mourned before. Sorrow is in every household, and throughout the country. The feeling is not alone for the loss of a great and wise ruler, but for that of a dear and well-beloved personal friend. That such a man, with the fruition of his hopes and labors near at hand, should be assassinated, is, to finite wisdom, an inscrutable dispensation of Providence. But as a Christian people we submit, with humble resignation, knowing that God intends our good in all that He does, and all that He suffers to be done, and that, in His own proper time, he will make manifest what appears now so dark and mysterious.

I do not propose to deliver a eulogy on the life and character of Mr. Lincoln. The brief limits of a reply to the resolutions of the bar will not admit of it, and time has not yet sufficiently chastened this affliction to us, to do it wisely. His career in life was remarkable as well as glorious, and illustrates the beneficence of our free institutions. From the humblest poverty, without education, or the means of attaining it; unaided by wealth or influential family connections, he rose, solely, by the strength of his intellect and the force of his character, to the highest position in the world. He died a patriot martyr, and the greatest man of the generation in which he lived. Hereafter history will associate him with the benefactors of mankind, and with the great and good men of every age. To you, gentlemen, it has seemed to me more appropriate to speak of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer. Our profession trains men for greatness, and it is a high privilege to contemplate the character of a man who has dignified and adorned that profession. I enjoyed for over a quarter of a century the personal friendship of Mr. Lincoln. We were admitted to the bar about the same time, and traveled for many years, what is known in Illinois as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. In 1848, when I first went on the bench, the circuit embraced fourteen counties, and Mr. Lincoln went with the court to every county.

Railroads were not then in use, and our mode of travel was either on horseback or in buggies. This simple life he loved, preferring it to the practice of the law in a city, where, although the renumeration would be greater, the opportunity would be less for mixing with the great body of the people, who loved him, and whom he loved. Mr. Lincoln was transferred from the bar of that circuit to the office of President of the United States, having been without official position since he left Congress in 1849. In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. He was great both at nisi prius and before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a cause, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. Generalities and platitudes had no charms for him. An unfailing vein of humor never deserted him, and he was always able to chain the attention of court and jury, when the cause was the most uninteresting by the appropriateness of his anecdotes.

His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry, was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced, of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He read law books but little, except when the cause in hand made it necessary, yet he was unusually self-reliant, depending on his own resources and rarely consulting his brother lawyers either on the management of his case or in the legal questions involved. Mr. Lincoln was the fairest and most accommodating of practitioners, granting all favors which he could do consistently with his duty to his client, and rarely availing himself of any unwary oversight of his adversary.

He hated wrong and oppression everywhere, and many a man, whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice, has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes. He was the most simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants, and those easily supplied. To his honor be it said, that he never took from a client, even when the case was gained, more than he thought the service was worth, and the client could reasonably afford to pay. The people where he practiced law were not rich, and his charges were always small. When he was elected President, I question

whether there was a lawyer in the circuit who had been at the bar as long a time, whose means were not larger. It did not seem to be one of the purposes of his life to accumulate a fortune. In fact, outside of his profession, he had no knowledge of the way to make money, and he never even attempted it.

Mr. Lincoln was loved by his brethren of the bar, and no body of men will grieve more at his death, or pay more sincere tribute to his memory. His presence on the circuit was watched for with interest, and never failed to produce joy and hilarity. When casually absent, the spirits of both bar and people were depressed. He was not fond of controversy, and would compromise a law suit whenever practicable. And I may be permitted to say here that the great qualities of his mind and heart pre-eminently fitted him to settle the questions growing out of this war, to readjust the displaced machinery of government, and to re-unite a divided people. War with him was simply a necessity for the sake of peace. It has seemed to me that the atrocity of the crime which deprived him of life was only excelled by its folly. He loved his profession, appreciating the high services always rendered by it to the cause of good government and civil liberty. To elucidate truth was a precious privilege with him, and he was always glad to avail himself of it. He was kind and gentle in his nature, with sympathies easily awakened, "with charity for all, and malice to none," harboring no resentment to opposing counsel, and indulgent to his younger brethren.

Mr. Lincoln's whole life attests the strength and sincerity of his convictions. Although ambitious, yet office had no attractions for him, if attainable through a sacrifice of principle. He attached himself to a party, when satisfied that its views of public policy were correct, and the circumstance that the party was in the minority, and could with difficulty win its way to the confidence of the people, had no terrors for him. Had he loved principle less and place more, he would not have been without official station during the greater portion of his life. He had faith—without which true greatness does not exist. Believing in certain great principles of government, he did not complain because for a season, they were unacceptable to the people—having faith in their ultimate triumph.

Mr. Lincoln was daily growing in wisdom, and greatness, and was fast gaining the confidence and attachment of the whole American people. He died at the most critical period in the history of the nation, when it was apparent that his country would be free from the curse and disgrace of slavery. Had he survived to complete the work he had

begun, it is easy to see that the basis, which in his wisdom he should thought proper to adopt to settle our difficulties, would have been accepted by the country, and that all factious opposition to his administration would have ceased. Hereafter the name of Abraham Lincoln will be associated with that of George Washington, and the present and all future generations will equally honor and revere them.

ABRAM BERGEN WRITES OF LINCOLN AND BILL HERNDON

It would be of doubtful propriety that any person should attempt to address the Bar Association of the State of Kansas upon a subject with which all are so familiar as the public life of Abraham Lincoln, the most celebrated man of this age, and the great central figure in American history. He was President but little more than four years. The same great man practiced law for more than twenty-five years.

In this best of all educational work for mental training, he attained that remarkable tact, prudence, wisdom and intellectual power, accuracy of thought and skill in diction, which guided this nation in the most perilous times since its first existence. He was transferred to the chief magistracy of the nation directly from the bar.

When I was beginning the study of law and in the first year after my admission to practice, I had the highly prized opportunity of seeing him in the courts of five counties and of being in the hotel parlors with him, five all too short evenings, filled with wit, wisdom, humor, and laughter, and of most carefully observing him and his every word and movement in several noted trials.

Your committee, having heard of this, have invited me to give you some of my personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln as a lawyer. Although in great doubt, in the vast material which I know and have heard, as to what would be most entertaining, or whether anything I would say would not be tiresome, yet I have accepted the task, in the full confidence that almost anything concerning the professional character, bearing and conduct of a man so illustrious, might be of some interest to his brother lawyers.

Physically he was tall, thin, bony, flat chested, angular and crooked, with long arms and legs, and large feet and hands.

He was ungraceful, even awkward, in every movement, careless in dress, unless, as it would sometimes seem, he took the care to roughen his high silk hat, in which he carried his papers, by rubbing the nap the wrong way when the hat was new, if ever it was new.

No complete idea of the irregularity of the profile of his features can be had from his pictures. These seem to me to be more like an

ordinary man than was the original. Studying his face directly from the side the lowest part of his forehead projected beyond his eyes to a greater distance than any other person's that I have ever seen. In the courtroom, while waiting for the Armstrong case to be called for trial, I watched and studied his face for two full hours. I then estimated that his forehead protruded beyond his eyes more than two inches and retreated rapidly, about 25 degrees from the perpendicular, until it reached a usual height in a straight line above his eyes. From the front his eyes looked very deep set and sunken, by reason of this abnormal extension of the frontal bone.

He sat among the lawyers for these two hours with his head thrown back, his steady gaze apparently fixed on one spot of the blank ceiling, without the least change in the direction of his dull expressionless eyes, and without noticing anything transpiring around him and without any variation of feature, or movement of any muscle of his face. I suppose he was thinking of his coming case. Herndon says he was capable of longer continued, concentrated, vigorous thought upon one subject than any other man. His expression was of the deepest melancholy. It aroused my sympathies for the man on whose lineaments poignant, mental suffering was so distinctly marked.

But whenever he began to talk his eyes flashed and every facial movement helped express his idea and feeling. Then involuntarily vanished all thought or consciousness of his uncouth appearance, or awkward manner, or even his high keyed, unpleasant voice. It required a critical effort of the will to divert attention to the man himself or anything about him, away from the substance of what he was saying, whether it was earnest and dignified or humorous.

To the judges and practitioners with him at the time I knew him, when he had been at the bar twenty years, and for the period of about six years before he was elected President, his most noticeable characteristic was his extraordinary faculty for correct reasoning, logic and analysis. But not less than this to the student of language or rhetoric was his clear, full, orderly and accurate statement of a case—so fair and so perspicuous that it was often said that after Lincoln had made his statement there was but little occasion for argument on either side.

He habitually employed at the bar the same kind of care, skill and nicety in the use of words and in the expression of ideas which he so often afterwards exhibited; instances of which are seen in the changes for the better which he made in the writings of his scholarly Secretary

of State, William H. Seward, particularly in the communication relative to the Trent Affair, which probably saved a war with England, and in his Gettysburg Address, the admiration of the world.

He seemed to be slow in his mental operations; many of his biographers say he was slow in thinking. But this was only seeming. He thought vigorously and thoroughly, but did not speak quickly. In reality it was only his great care to know his ground. His habit was, before speaking or acting, to deliberately look through, around and beyond every object, fact, statement, or proposition to which his attention was called, and subject it to his wonderful powers of perception, reason, logic and analysis. This required time. But woe to the cause of his opponent which depended on falsehood in fact, defective logic or fallacious argument. It was sure to be torn to shreds and its true character shown by the clear, simple, strong language of one so endowed and trained that he could not only see through things, but could most clearly reveal his own mind and thoughts to others.

He thought much. He read comparatively little. He knew thoroughly the works of Coke, Blackstone, Stephen, Chitty, Starkey and, later, Greenleaf's Evidence and Story's Equity. These contain the germs of nearly all law. He gave little time searching for cases, or studying what is termed case law. He commenced practice when there were few textbooks or reports, only two or three of Illinois, and when elected President there were only twenty volumes of Illinois reports. In these he participated as counsel in about one hundred cases. There are now of the Supreme Court one hundred and sixty volumes, and of the Court of Appeals sixty-two; in all of Illinois reports alone two hundred and twenty-two, more than eleven times the number in existence when he quit the practice.

It has always seemed to me that such study of principles and of their application to facts tended to strengthen his mental powers more than would the hunting among the thousands and thousands of cases in digests for references, and then studying scores of cases to find authority, which now seems necessary to success in the practice.

On the circuit Lincoln cited little of authority; indeed, it seemed to me that he had not much respect for opinions of judges, except for the correct reasoning they presented.

The old maxim (Is it now obsolete?), "he knows not the law who knows not the reason for the law," did not apply to him. He stated the rule and gave the reason as clearly, fully and logically as it appears in the writings of the masters of jurisprudence, and without

having seen a decision, generally reached the same conclusion as the Supreme Courts who sat near large libraries with the help of elaborate briefs and with ample time to examine other cases.

Avoiding deception in fact, argument or law, with his clear vision and accurate and powerful reasoning powers and fairness and thoroughness of statement, he had the respectful confidence of the judges to a remarkable degree. It was generally seen and felt on the circuit that Lincoln did not need to produce opinions as authority, but the presumption was that the court would agree with him upon any proposition he made unless his antagonist should produce a case directly in point against him. Then the remark was not unusual from the bench that if the question had been original in that court the decision might have been different.

He was always courteous and kind. His sympathy for some of the poor friends of his struggling youth at times led him to generous self-sacrifice which would have honored Ian MacLaren's hero, Doctor Weelum McClure.

By some habitual litigants, and by some political opponents, Mr. Lincoln was often referred to as a third-rate lawyer. He could not make black look white. He would not intentionally misrepresent either law or facts, or use false logic. Some men think that a perfect lawyer can win any case, good or bad, and measure his ability by his success in securing victory for the wrong. Lincoln had none of this. I have never heard it suggested that he lost a just cause, wherein any lawyer ought to have succeeded. In fact, he rarely lost a case. Where he could, he examined very fully before trial or even before agreeing to go into a trial. If from such preliminary investigation he could see that the law or facts were against his client, a settlement was recommended. If this was impossible, Lincoln usually managed to get out of trying the case, sometimes by turning it over to his partner, Judge Stephen T. Logan, a man whom they all called a first-class lawyer, or, afterwards, William H. Herndon, who could be equally as skillful, intense, eloquent, pathetic, and vehement on the wrong side as on the right. If, however, by a client's misrepresentation of the evidence or otherwise Mr. Lincoln got into the trial of a cause wherein he became satisfied his client was in the wrong, he appeared very weak, spiritless and destitute of resources. But if satisfied of the justice and righteousness of his client's case, and with time for mature thought, he went into and through with the trial with a buoyant, dominant courage and power which were well nigh irresistible.

His tact was remarkable. He carefully studied and thought out the

best way of saying everything, as well as the substance of what he should say.

Every important thing he did or said seemed to me to be carefully premeditated, although to the casual observer it may have seemed that many things were entirely impromptu.

The region for fifty miles around was filled with what were said to be his stories. His anecdotes had so high a reputation, that often when any would-be humorist started a new story, of the success of which he had some doubt, he attributed it to Mr. Lincoln.

Those who were in doubt as to their ability to get off an old joke well, frequently assumed to quote it as if he had so told it; and if one wanted to say something smutty he generally prefaced it with "as Abe Lincoln said." This gave it currency and took off the curse. Very few of the many jokes and stories I heard from him bordered on vulgarity. But the fact is he fully appreciated the mirth aroused by placing together the sublime and the ridiculous, the refined and the gross, the spiritual, at least in pretense, and the sensual, and used them wherever they were most effective to communicate and fix an important truth, or to make that odious which deserved condemnation.

His manner in presenting a case was intensely earnest and sincere. An unprejudiced person could not help feeling that he believed all he said.

A singularity about him was that often and indeed in every case that I witnessed, he said or did some very peculiar things, or some common thing in a very remarkable manner. Usually this was done to match and overcome the eloquence of an opponent. While this seemed to the jury to have come to him on the spur of the moment, yet usually it came at the critical point of his case, directing special attention to that which he desired should be most prominent, and so impressed itself upon the mind of the dullest juror, that it would sink deep and never be forgotten. This also attracted people to hear him, and in those days was a great advertising medium.

Other lawyers were afraid of it. They felt sure it would strike somewhere, but they never could tell beforehand just where it would hit.

Sometimes he seemed to take a delight in expressly conceding to his opponent every proposition and fact which his client or the spectators thought to be in his favor and then to the surprise of his antagonist and client, take some unexpected but firm and impregnable position.

In a trial he was wise as a serpent, but to his adversary not harmless as a dove.

The first time I saw him as a lawyer was in the old Morgan County Court House at Jacksonville, Illinois, defending a very wealthy, aristocratic Democrat, one of the chivalry, Colonel Dunlap, in an action for ten thousand dollars damage brought against him by the editor of the opposition, or as many then called it, the abolition paper, on account of a deliberate, carefully planned cowhiding, administered by the colonel to the editor on a bright Saturday afternoon in the public square of the town, in the presence of hundreds of the town and country people whom the colonel desired to witness that degrading performance. Besides local counsel the editor had employed Ben. Edwards, who was the most noted for eloquence of all the Democratic lawyers in the State. Colonel Dunlap retained Lincoln as one of his attorneys to defend. I ran off from my recitations for the sole purpose of hearing Lincoln. Edwards used all the arts of the orator and advocate. He pictured till it could be felt, the odium and disgrace to the editor, worse than death. He wept and made the jury and spectators weep. The feeling in the court house was roused to the highest pitch of indignation against the perpetrator of such an outrage. As against the plaintiff, outlaw had no right to live, much less to retain and enjoy his wealth. It was felt that all the colonel's fortune could not compensate for the lawless indignity and that the editor probably would get his full \$10,000. No possible defense or palliation existed.

Before all eyes were dried, it came Lincoln's turn to speak. He dragged his huge feet off the table on the top of which they had been calmly resting, set them on the floor; gradually lifted up and partly straightened out his great length of legs and body and took off his coat. While he was removing his coat, I, and all others noticed his eyes were intently fixed upon something on the table before him. He picked up the object, a paper, from the table. Scrutinizing it closely and without having uttered a word, he broke out into a long loud, peculiar laugh, accompanied by his most wonderfully funny facial expression—there never was anything like the laugh or the expression. A comedian might well pay thousands of dollars to learn them—it was magnetic. The whole audience grinned. He laid the paper down slowly, took off his cravat; again picked up the paper, looked at it again, and repeated the laugh. It was contagious. By that time all in the packed courtroom were tittering or trying to hold in their cachinations. He then deliberately took off his vest, showing his one yarn suspender, took up the paper, again looked at it and again indulged in his own loud peculiar laugh. Its effect was absolutely ir-

repressible. The usually solemn and dignified Judge Woodson, the jury and the whole audience could hold themselves no longer, and broke out into a long, loud continued roar; all this before Lincoln had ever uttered a word. I call this acting.

The occasion for his merriment was not very funny, but it was to the point. He apologised to the court for his seemingly rude behavior and explained that the damages as claimed was at first written \$1,000. He supposed the plaintiff afterwards had taken a second look at the colonel's pile and had thereupon concluded that the wounds to his honor were worth \$10,000.

The result was to at once destroy the effect of Edwards' tears, pathos, towering indignation, and high wrought eloquence and to render improbable a verdict for more than \$1,000.

Lincoln immediately and fully admitted that the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict for some amount, argued in mitigation of damages, told a funny story applicable, and specially urged the jury to agree upon some amount.

The verdict was for a few hundred dollars and was entirely satisfactory to Lincoln's client.

Though not asserted by himself, nor in any way made offensively prominent, yet to the close observer, or to an intimate acquaintance, the most pervading and over all dominant element of his character and conduct under all circumstances was his love of truth, not merely the moral avoidance of a lie, which may be common enough among Americans, who have early read, admired and tried to emulate George Washington in the episode with his little hatchet, and in imitation of which the bar, is popularly, though erroneously, supposed not to have made a shining success; but truth in its most comprehensive sense; correctness and accuracy in fact, in science, in law, in logic, in reasoning, and in every field. While he had no contempt for any man, yet his love of truth so permeated his whole nature that he detested and avoided any and every thing, untrue, incorrect, illogical or fallacious. All his biographers attribute this quality to him, and it is borne out by my observation and his general repute in the neighborhood.

William H. Herndon was Lincoln's last partner. He was associated with him in business longer than any other man. In his biography he is none too favorable to Lincoln, and professes to be impartial and therein, like scripture records, to give all the dark as well as the bright as to his life and character. He even states or intimates some things merely upon surmise and without such facts or proof as should

satisfy a person who knows the rules of evidence. I am satisfied Herndon thought himself a better lawyer and speaker than Lincoln. In some views he was. Mr. Herndon says "Lincoln loved truth for its own sake. To him it was reason's food." "His pursuit of truth was indefatigable." "Honesty was his polar star." "He would never in the slightest degree sacrifice his convictions of truth." "In the grand review of his characteristics nothing creates such an impressive effect as his love of truth. It looms up above everything else." "The universal testimony was 'He is an honest man'."

This brings me to the last incident I shall refer to and which by arousing my indignation, has led me to write or say anything in this presence about a man concerning whom so many have written and spoken. In the index to later American editions of an English law book, *Ram on Facts*, is found this, which I personally know is not a fact, viz: "Lincoln, President Abraham, how he procured an acquittal by a fraud, 269 n." The text of the note referred to is as follows: "In Lamon's Life of Abraham Lincoln, p. 327, an account is given of Mr. Lincoln's defense of a man named Armstrong, under indictment for murder. The evidence against the prisoner was very strong. But, says the biographer, 'the witness whose testimony bore hardest upon Armstrong, swore that the crime was committed about eleven o'clock at night (my memory is he said about midnight), and that he saw the blow struck by the light of a moon nearly full. Here Mr. Lincoln saw his opportunity. He handed to an officer of the court an almanac, and told him to give it back to him when he should call for it in the presence of the jury. It was an almanac of the year previous to the murder. Mr. Lincoln made the closing argument for the defense and (in the words of Mr. Lamon) in due time he called for the almanac and easily proved by it that at the time the main witness declared the moon was shining in great splendor there was in fact no moon at all but black darkness over the whole scene. In the roar of laughter and undisguised astonishment succeeding this apparent demonstration, court, jury, and counsel forgot to examine that seemingly conclusive almanac and let it pass without question concerning its genuineness'." This is sensational writing, overdrawn in nearly every particular; but I shall notice only one point.

Though the case awakened intense local interest, as any other murder trial does, it became widely celebrated only through the fact that a man so distinguished as Lincoln then was, appeared in it as an advocate. All the larger biographies refer to it, Lamon, Miss Tarbell in McClure's Magazine, recently; also Arnold, Herndon, Had any

Nicolay. Dr. Edward Eggleston in his novel, *The Graysons*, most effectively makes the use by Mr. Lincoln of an almanac the climax of his story.

One of the jurors who acquitted Armstrong makes a solemn published statement that Edward Eggleston's romance is inaccurate as to some of the facts of the killing and of the trial.

In the *Globe Democrat* of September 15, 1895, a correspondent, writing from the town of Virginia, Illinois, to which the county-seat of Cass County had then been removed, says: "The old Court House in Beardstown still stands. It was in this edifice that Lincoln used a doctored almanac in defense of Duff Armstrong for murder." This was republished in the *Virginia Gazette* and widely copied in the country press.

The homicide took place in Mason County, in the purlieus of a camp meeting where the rowdy element from country and town for forty miles around had established their headquarters for gambling, horse-racing, whiskey-selling, cock fighting and associate vices. The religious camp meeting folks and the rough element, who together then constituted a majority of the people of that region, determined that every person suspected of connection with the crime should be punished, the former so that order and their good name might be preserved, and the latter that the death of a leader among them should be avenged. One man had been convicted and sent to the penitentiary for the offense. Armstrong, jointly indicted with him, obtained a change of venue to Cass County.

The trial occurred at the first term of the court, which I attended after my admission to the bar. All of the few cases which I had for that term had been entirely finished. I had an intense desire to learn how good lawyers examined witnesses, and the manner of doing work in court in detail not found in the books, and especially to see and hear all of a trial conducted by counsel so eminent. Particularly was my closest attention directed to Mr. Lincoln and every word and movement of his, from the time he went into court until the time when he finally left it.

During the entire trial I was seated in the bar behind the attorneys for the state and the attorneys for the defendant, not more than four feet from each of them, and noticed everything with the deepest interest and most watchful scrutiny.

During the introduction of the evidence Mr. Lincoln remarked to the judge that he supposed the court would take judicial notice of the almanac; but in order that there might be no question as to that,

he introduced it in evidence, the court remarking that any one might use the almanac during the argument.

Lincoln, with his usual care, had brought with him from Springfield the almanac then regarded as the standard in that region. At a recess of the court he took it from his capacious hat and gave it to the sheriff, Dick, with the request that he would hand it to him when he called for it. Afterwards, in the campaign, they got Sheriff Dick to make a solemn, weighty affidavit of this fact and that he did not notice the date. This is taken by some as conclusive that Lincoln intended to deceive. His only object was to break the monotony of his argument, and to fix the attention and memory of the jury on the fact proved.

When Lincoln called for the almanac he exhibited it to the opposing lawyers, read from it, and then caused it to be handed to the jury for their inspection. I heard two of the attorneys for the state, in whispered conference between themselves, raise the question as to the correctness of the almanac, and send to the office of the clerk of the court for another. The messenger returned with the word that there was no almanac of 1857 in the clerk's office. (It will be remembered that the trial occurred in 1858, for a transaction in 1857. It was afterwards, in the presidential campaign, even charged that Lincoln must have gone around and purloined all the almanacs in the county offices.) Some one then said there was an almanac of 1857 in the office of Probate Judge Arenz, which was in the courthouse. Some person immediately brought it to the prosecuting attorneys, who examined it, compared it with the almanac introduced by Mr. Lincoln, and found they substantially agreed, although at first the state's attorney spoke as if they had found some slight difference. All this I personally saw and heard and it is as distinct in my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday.

No intimation was ever made, so far as I knew, that there was any fraud in the use of the almanac until two years afterwards, when Abraham Lincoln was the nominee of the Republican Party for the Presidency. Then in the mountains of Southern Oregon in 1860, I saw in a Democratic newspaper, published at St. Louis, an article personally abusive of Mr. Lincoln, saying he was no statesman, only a third-rate lawyer, and to prove the deceptive and dishonest nature of the candidate, printed an indefinite affidavit of one of the jurors who had acquitted Armstrong that Mr. Lincoln made fraudulent use of the almanac on the trial. He seems not to have called this—his pretended knowledge—to the attention of the other jurors but very

promptly joined in the verdict of acquittal and would seem not to have known or remembered that there was anything wrong till during a heated political canvass.

When I saw the statement I regarded it and treated it as a partisan campaign lie. Soon afterwards I saw an affidavit by Milton Logan, the foreman of the jury, that he personally examined the almanac when handed to the jury, and particularly noticed that it was for 1857, the year of the homicide. I had a better opportunity than any of the jurors to see, hear and know all that was publicly and privately done by attorneys on both sides, and know that the almanacs of 1857, now preserved in historical and other libraries, sustain and prove to the minute all that was claimed by Mr. Lincoln on that trial as to the time of the rising and setting of the moon.

I spoke of the facts when I first saw the charge, and often since but have never written anything concerning it until this time. I do not know that this calumny was ever called to Mr. Lincoln's attention, or if it was that he ever took the pains to contradict it or deign to notice it. He might well have pursued his regular habit of disregarding such things.

If his life-long reputation, character and conduct were not sufficient to refute it his word would have been of little more avail.

Ram on Facts and other books which publish what they pretend are the facts as to this incident, do not give the newspaper accounts as their authority. But all so far as I have noticed are based on a communication by J. Henry Shaw, a lawyer of Beardstown, a political opponent, who was one of the prosecuting attorneys in the Armstrong case. His letter, written after Mr. Lincoln's death, was published in Lamon and in Arnold, and all others who have referred to this feature of this case cite this as their authority.

In that communication Mr. Shaw, though opposed to Mr. Lincoln politically and professionally, says there were two almanacs at the trial, and that he believes "Mr. Lincoln was entirely innocent of any deception in the matter." But he does say "that the prevailing belief in Cass County was that the almanac was prepared for the occasion; and that Mr. Carter, a lawyer of Beardstown who was present at but not engaged in the Armstrong case says 'he is satisfied that the almanac was of the year previous and thinks he examined it at the time'."

Now this man Carter, Buchanan's village postmaster, had one case for a jury trial at that term. Mr. Lincoln, for a \$5. fee, had run Carter's worthless litigious client out of court, on a motion for a security for

costs. Of course it was easy to satisfy this man Carter that Mr. Lincoln would do, or had done almost anything diabolical, as it also was the maddened, unthinking camp meeting people and the wicked, rough element, who alike had already condemned the accused and craved the rare spectacle of a hanging. These all would have preferred to believe the inculpating testimony of a disreputable rowdy, gambler and jointist, even if to do so they had to ignore all the almanacs in Christendom.

Other features of the Armstrong case were more interesting and more difficult than this episode of the almanac. They called out the mental powers even of Mr. Lincoln. In it he showed that he had mastered some difficult questions in anatomy. The main witness testified that he saw Armstrong strike the deceased in the forehead with a slung shot. Physicians testified that the blow on the forehead was by a fist. They further testified that although the internal injury was in the forward part of the brain death was caused by a blow on the back of the head, which other evidence showed had been given by the man then in the penitentiary; and the evidence failed to show that Armstrong was acting in concert with him. Lincoln's principal medical witness was Dr. Stephenson of Petersburg, Illinois, who afterwards attained celebrity and honor as the first organizer, the father of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The use of the almanac was only a minor feature of the trial, but is the only feature ever mentioned. And why? It must be only because lawyers are the most trustworthy, or at least most trusted class of men, and to pander to the morbid appetite of those who want to believe that they all lie, and especially to fix a blot on the fair fame of that eminent lawyer, whom the people themselves, while he was only a lawyer, justly called "Honest Abe." It comes from the same feeling that banished Aristides because all called him "The Just." It is of a piece with the atrocious libels made by that prince of slanderers, Dickens, upon those whom he calls attorneys, to please a class of persons whom Judge Brewer, last summer said, "would as soon expect to find a baby that never cried, a woman that never talked, a Shylock loaning money without interest, a Mormon advocating celibacy, a gentleman without a cent opposed to the income tax, as an honest lawyer."

Now take such a man, with such a character and such a reputation built up through twenty-five years of rigid circumspection, who had never deceived a court or any person, whose standing in the courts

and in the community had for its basis, as he knew, his integrity and freedom from deception, and whose very means of living as well as his aspirations to help lead the people to a higher plane of thinking and of truth and humanity, and for a greater name for himself, depended upon maintaining that reputation; take that man in the spring of 1858, when he was aspiring to the United States Senate, and about a month before he was nominated as their candidate for that exalted position by the Republican State Convention of Illinois, against the most celebrated debater of the day, the little giant, Stephen A. Douglas, and in the same year when in their joint discussions he displayed to the nation his masterly qualities of mind and heart, leading to his election as President two years later: Take, I say, such a man, at such a time, who would have preferred the loss of his right arm to being guilty of a crime as black as subornation of perjury, openly perpetrated and almost certain to be detected by his sharp opponents: Take that man of brain and heart, benevolently surrendering his then precious time, his comfort and his services, for the wayward son of a poor widowed friend of his boyhood, without any hope of reward except the approval of his own conscience, and then see it printed in a law book "How President Lincoln procured an acquittal by fraud."

It is contrary to nature, impossible, absurd. As well say that the sun ceased to radiate heat or light. It would have stamped as the rashest fool one whom even his detractors always pronounced most prudent and most cautious. Such an act would have made Mr. Lincoln so ashamed of himself that never again would he have taken any pleasure in recognizing himself as a man, much less as a lawyer.

Henry Watterson, in his lecture, says with the greatest emphasis, and repeats: "President Lincoln was inspired by God." If so, he must have been receiving inspiration while at the bar. For there he gradually became educated in the use of all the marvelous tact, prudence, wisdom, goodness, courage and intellectual power which he afterwards displayed. Many believed and some still believe he was small and weak when he was elected, and that he suddenly grew. These had never met and measured his gigantic intellectual height and strength. His friends among the Illinois lawyers never doubted his capability. Certainly he continued to grow and develop after he became President. Those fearful souls whose hearts shrank within them because he had not been more in politics and office did not realize the mental training, power and capacity which can be attained in the study and practice of law.

LINCOLN'S PART IN THE ROCK ISLAND BRIDGE CASE

Those who knew Mr. Lincoln in the days before his contest with Douglas for the senatorial representation from Illinois, will remember that he had won reputation for legal ability and for unsurpassed tact in jury trials. Among the most important cases in which he appeared was the Rock Island Bridge Case, which was tried in the fall of 1857. Being then in Chicago, and meeting John F. Tracy of the Rock Island Railroad, he said to me: "Our case will be heard in a day or two. You had better look in; I think it will interest you."

The trial was the result of a long and violent opposition of river-men and steamboat-owners to the construction of a railroad bridge across the Mississippi River between Rock Island in Illinois and Davenport in Iowa. Continued friction between the builders and boatmen finally culminated in the burning of a steamboat which ran against a pier, causing a partial destruction of one of the trusses of the bridge. Suit was brought by the owners against the railroad company, and after various legal delays was called in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois, Justice John McLean presiding.

The Court held its sessions in what was known as the Saloon Building on the southeast corner of Clark and Lake streets. The room appropriated for its use was not more than forty feet square, with the usual division for the judge, clerks, and attorneys occupying perhaps twenty feet on the farther side, and provided with the usual furniture. The rest of the room contained long benches for the accommodation of the public. Near the door was a large stove of the "box" pattern surmounted by a "drum." These were common throughout the West in those days, when modern appliances were not thought of. Along-side of the stove was drawn one of the long benches, its front and sides cut and lettered all over. Here in cool weather frequently sat idlers, or weary members of the bar, and witnesses in cases on trial.

Much time was taken up by testimony and contentions between counsel; and as the participation of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce was openly charged, great interest was manifested in the evidence and the manner in which it was presented. As the character of the Mississippi River was described—the nature of its currents, their velocity at certain periods, the custom of navigators and pilots in allowance for drift, the depth of water at the "draw" of the bridge, the direction of the piers in relation to the channel, and many other points involving mechanics and engineering being drawn out—the

spectators showed their sympathies unmistakably. Engineers in the service of the government, civil engineers, pilots, boat-owners, and rivermen had testified under the most searching examination. Lincoln seemed to have committed all the facts and figures to memory, and often corrected evidence so effectively as to cause a ripple of mirth in the audience.

During a tedious examination by one of the opposing counsel, Mr. Lincoln rose from his chair, and walking wearily about—this seemed to be his habit—at last came down the aisle between the long benches toward the end of the room; and seeing a vacant space on the end of the bench which projected some distance beyond the stove, came over and sat down. Having entered the room an hour before, I sat on the end, but, as Mr. Lincoln approached, moved back to give him room. As he sat down he picked up a bit of wood, and began to chip it with his knife, seeming absorbed, however, in the testimony under consideration. Some time passed, when Lincoln suddenly arose, and walking rapidly toward the bar, energetically contested the testimony, and demanded the production of the original notes as to measurements, showing wide differences. Considerable stir was occasioned in the room by this incident, and it evidently made a deep impression as to his comprehension, vigilance, and remembrance of the details of the testimony.

As the case progressed public interest increased; the courtroom was crowded day after day. In due time the final arguments were made. Apparently counsel had assigned parts to one another. The Hon. Norman B. Judd, the Hon. Joseph Knox, and Mr. Stanton (of Cincinnati) preceded Mr. Lincoln, who in addressing the court claimed that the people along the river had the right to cross it in common intercourse; that the General Government had jurisdiction under that provision of the Constitution authorizing Congress to regulate commerce between the States, in which power there was implied protection of legitimate means for its extension; that in such legitimate extension of commerce, which necessarily included transportation, rivers were to be crossed and natural obstacles everywhere surmounted; and that it was the manifest destiny of the people to move westward and surround themselves with everything connected with modern civilization. He further argued that the contention of the St. Louis interest was wholly technical and against public policy.

These and other points were most clearly and ably presented, and when Judge McLean gave his emphatic decision in favor of the Rock

Island Company, it seemed to have received a large inspiration from Lincoln's masterly argument.

In the following year occurred the debates between Lincoln and Douglas, which abounded in amusing incidents. Lincoln's talent and tact in controversy, his deep knowledge of our institutions, his intense desire for their legitimate perpetuation, and his profound love for the people at large, for charity and forbearance—all these qualifications impressed the public mind, and prepared the way for his subsequent elevation to the Presidency.

CHAPTER XI

THE CRIER OF THE COURT ON LAWYER LINCOLN

(There is here reprinted an unusual and informing address delivered by Thomas W. S. Kidd before the Bar Association of Sangamon County, Illinois, on April 25, 1903. Captain Kidd, to give him the courtesy title bestowed upon him by his friends, was himself in a modest way a man of mark, who made the most of few and narrow opportunities. He was born in Newcastle, Delaware, in 1828, the son of an Irish father who died when he was six years old, and the growing lad's care for a widowed mother made it possible for him to secure only schooling of a meager sort.

In 1849 Kidd removed to Chicago, and in 1852 settled in Springfield, where for five years he sold agricultural implements. Then he was for two years a deputy sheriff, and in 1859, by appointment of Judge Treat, began seventeen years of service as court crier. Meanwhile he established in 1873 the Sangamo Monitor, an independent Democratic newspaper which first as a weekly and later as a daily he edited and published until 1894. In his last days by appointment of Judge William J. Allen, Captain Kidd served as crier of the United States District Court.)

Mr. Lincoln has puzzled wiser heads than those supposed to be carried through life on the shoulders of a court crier. Attempts to define and portray him, are numerous. They are found floating on the sea of literature in every conceivable shape, from contact with the waves of tribulation or success from the frequent jars and bumps on the rocks, as well as the shoals of criticism. I have not ventured on this sea with my flimsy bark to attempt a reputation at the expense of a lawyer I honored, a citizen who, with many of you, I knew well and loved, but rather to give those not favored with the same relation a court officer bears to the attorney a homely sketch of an honest man's private life—as a lawyer, his going in and coming out before a court, his daily walk and conversation, the little things of a great man's life which develop characteristics of which the world at large sees and hears so little.

One of the finest fields for the study of characters more frequently

rising in splendid proportions than any other in this nation, is the courtroom. Certainly no field or profession has proved more prolific in the production and development of ruling spirits than that of the law. If you cast your mind's eye over this nation you will discover that the most brilliant stars in the galaxy of intellect as statesman, have been taken from the law. With but here and there an isolated exception, the statesmen of this nation have developed themselves in the forum. The old adage is verified that "in practice we make perfect." The intellectual giant, the embryo statesman, the leader of parties, when as a mere practitioner at the bar, standing before the chosen, selected and sworn twelve, frequently feels the same inspiration that in after years fires up his soul, gives strength to his arm, gives courage to his heart and confidence to his mind, when battling with error, the conquering of which places his name prominent on Fame's most honored rolls.

As a lawyer Mr. Lincoln was not classed with the first of the profession in all the branches of science. Others who still delight in having had a professional association—art intimate acquaintance with him—while he lived and practiced law at the same bar, could justly lay claim to and would in equity be allowed credit for a greater number of legal attainments, a more comprehensive knowledge of legal premises in particular branches than he. But he possessed a general knowledge of all the branches. He had taken a draught from nearly all the various streams that flow from the one great well-spring of a "Rule of action," and was, in a word, a good lawyer. Mr. Lincoln in some branches of the law possessed a greater knowledge than some of his brothers; had more freely than many others analyzed the medicinal properties of the waters, with a view solely to ascertain their healing virtues for the ills of litigation. He was impressed with the idea which should govern every honorable member of the profession, that a lawyer's duty is to settle, not create litigation.

Judge Davis—who loved Mr. Lincoln as a brother—has said of him: "He was a great lawyer, both at nisi prius and before an appellate tribunal." It was generally thought among the members of the bar that his strength was most apparent when standing before a jury. Often have I heard his shrill and not unfrequently musical voice ring out the convincing notes from an intellect vigorous, quick to perceive, comprehensive, exact and clear as they stamped him in the estimation of every listener as an able, impressive master of the intricacies of his case. He was an honest man and a lawyer, seldom if ever allowing himself to be found on the wrong side of a case. It

was to this fact more than to any other that he owed his success at the bar. In canvassing his success as a lawyer and statesman it has been my privilege to hear almost every shade of opinion expressed of him by members of the Springfield bar. But, crier, only as I claim to have been, I think the great secret has been overlooked, and with all due deference to opinions which I have seldom found erroneous, I beg to suggest his extraordinary moral courage to do the right, regardless of the consequences, as the secret lever that lifted him slowly but steadily above his fellows when contending with brothers at the bar, or afterward, as the chief of a great nation, under the most complicated and trying circumstances.

Mr. Lincoln was, with his honest earnestness, at times a very eloquent lawyer. His arguments were characterized for plain, comprehensive figures, but few fancy flights. He said he seldom left the world to climb the aerial tree of his own imagination. His general style when before a jury was what you might call the careless, yet earnest style; they were talks—neighborly chats—and he would name the members of the jury, and with those he knew well would seemingly draw his conclusions from their standpoint of reasoning.

He seldom if ever, as he termed it, “went among the ancients for figures,” but quite frequently expressed himself by scripture quotations. In the Garrison murder case, young Crafton had been slapped by Garrison, and after Lincoln had argued quite at length in regard to the evidence on both sides, he reverted to the fact that young Crafton had been a student in his office; and, gathering up the coat that lay on the table, with the gashes made in it by the knife, arrayed the robes of his dead student, as did Anthony those of the dead Caesar, pouring forth such eloquence, fired by his sympathetic soul, that he forced the jury to shed with him a tear over the grave of his buried student, and then for the victim of a violated law, whose innocence, as he contended, of all murderous intent had left him as spotless of the stain of blood as the most innocent of the twelve. He closed by picturing to the jury the sad consequences of the homicide to his old friend and neighbor, Garrison, and his son and the relatives of his former student, so vividly and full of feeling that one after the other of those twelve different natures seemed to join with him in sympathy, the briny messengers stealing over the furrowed cheeks of the old and the health-flushed cheeks of the younger members of the jury, each foretelling in tearful signs the nature of their verdict. Burst after burst of eloquence followed, until not an eye could be seen without a glistening telltale standing at the portal of the soul,

having been enticed there from the niche of sorrowful affection to witness the earnest gesture and listen to the burning, soul-stirring eloquence of Abraham Lincoln, when his judgement and moral nature dictated that his cause was just and right.

While Mr. Lincoln was a lawyer of acknowledged ability as a case lawyer, and when the importance of the case demanded the depth of thought which he was capable of bestowing on a case, he could command the attention of judge and jurors by the power of his eloquence in its argument; he could at the same time, when inclined to a humorous train of thought, cause the most rigid judge or juror of staid ways, to relax his facial muscles in a laugh by his mirth-provoking humor.

On the last day of the October term of '58 which had been set apart by his honor, the judge, for approving decrees and otherwise finishing up a very large Chancery docket, the usual quiet of the court-room was disturbed by the familiar voice of Mr. Lincoln as he walked up one of the side aisles, with his hat in one hand while the other was much exercised in fumbling among the papers in his hat. He had been out on the stump with Douglas, and had just returned home, when some one informed him that the court was about to adjourn, and he desired to make a single motion of great importance to his case at that particular stage of the proceedings, which accounted for his somewhat hurried entrance into the room and anxiety to get the attention of the judge. As he came up the aisle, he said: "May it please your Honor, I am like the Irish sailor, and beg your Honor to excuse me for this hurried interruption."

"On condition," said His Honor, "that you explain your analogy to the Celtic sailor."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "an Irish sailor was overtaken at sea by a heavy storm and he thought he would pray but didn't know, so he went down on his knees and said: 'Oh, Lord! you know as well as meself that it's seldom I bodder ye, but if ye will only hear me and save me this time, bedad it will be a long time before I bodder ye again'."

A gentleman somewhat noted for his fondness of airing his Latin accomplishments was delivering himself of a very weighty argument in court, and was pleased to draw largely on his Latin. Quoting a lengthy legal maxim, he turned to Mr. Lincoln, with whom he was but "little acquainted," and said: "That is so, is it not, Mr. Lincoln?" when Mr. Lincoln startled the gentleman and brought a smile on the face of the judges by his humorous reply: "May it

please Your Honors, if that's Latin, the gentlemen had better call another witness."

Mr. Lincoln made no pretensions to superiority, mental, moral nor physical, which fact with his social qualities and well-known good nature, made him approachable with confidence by the playmates of his sons, Bob and Tad, the man who dug his garden, made his clothes, or sold him his meat, the sheriff, the crier, his legal opponent's client, the country justice or the chief on the supreme bench. Innocent to a fault himself, he would join hands with all in friendship, believing, as I have often heard him say, that the world would be a better place for all of us if suspicion was less cultivated as one of the characteristics of our nature.

His mind was unceasingly at work. I have known him frequently to sit in a condition of seeming indifference to all around him, when revolving the points of some complicated case he had in court. I have seen him on the street walk along joggling his nearest neighbor or best friend, going in a kind of mechanical movement toward his office or the courtroom, his mind so absorbed in thought as scarcely to know where he was or what he was doing. While he was a great thinker, he could with remarkable ease adapt himself to the company or the business engaging his attention. He was in earnest in everything he engaged in. He would earnestly argue a law point in the court, and fresh from the forum where he had been measuring legal swords with some distinguished professional Spartan, he would descend the steps from the court, and enter into a game of ball with any person found in the arena, regardless whether he was a lawyer, doctor, editor or mechanic. On more than one occasion I have seen the head that now lies entombed in Oak Ridge—that has worn the well-deserved laurels of a nation as its chief—come in contact with heads as yet unknown to fame in his eagerness to catch the flying ball. He argued in earnest; played his game of ball in earnest; tried his case, made his political speech, or told his humorous story, each characterized by the same peculiar earnestness.

To those unacquainted with a lawyer's life in Illinois, before the whistle of the iron-horse was heard or commerce had stretched her iron arms over the broad prairies of our noble State, the picture of the judge traveling the circuit with many who, like Abraham Lincoln, have gone to lay their life's brief before the Great Judge of all, might prove an interesting picture if I could wield the artist's pencil with sufficient skill to give you but an outline. Mounted on horses, or—if fortunately the possessor of one—seated in a buggy or sulky,

they would start off, sometimes ten or a dozen in number, to travel from county to county composing the judicial circuit, most frequently taking the proper points of the compass and navigating without roads over the prairie. Mr. Lincoln was the life and soul of many of these parties. Cold and cheerless proved the journey if perchance the litigants in the counties to which they were going had not engaged Lincoln to prosecute or defend a case of sufficient importance to secure his company.

In the language of Mr. Lincoln, this reminds me of a story: His Honor was about to migrate with the seat of justice from Sangamon to Tazewell County. The time for departure had arrived, and Lincoln could not be found. He had given his word to be on hand, and his non-arrival induced some of his brother lawyers to go in search of him. After a short search they found him in the rear of his residence clinging with loving embrace to the neck of a very obstreperous mule, his long legs wrapped affectionately around the animal's body. They rode up and asked him what in the world he was doing, when Lincoln replied, the mule kicking lustily all the while: "I am trying to convince this half-and-half creature of ears that I am on for keeps, and don't intend leaving this town wrong end foremost." After changing his mule for a horse the party proceeded with nothing to disturb their pleasure until they arrived at what is known as the Delavan Prairie. Heavy rains having fallen some days before, they were led to believe that Salt Creek had overflowed its banks and formed a more direct channel, and they would either have to travel many miles around or swim the supposed creek.

Lincoln saw from the opinions expressed that he had a fine opportunity to get a joke on the judge and his brother lawyers. He had an idea that it was only a swale, and that the water could be but a few inches in depth at most; so he suggested that it was better to swim than to travel around, and that it was best to prepare for any emergency by undressing and securing their clothing in such a manner as to insure their being dry on the other side. They at once took with the suggestion, dismounted, divested themselves of their clothes, and securing them knapsack-like on their backs, after remounting, they proceeded to cross, Lincoln leading off. What a picture was there presented for the pencil of an artist. Talent that has since become world-known for depth and brilliancy! Intellects that have made reputations as proud for Illinois and the Union as for themselves! Nothing could be heard but the gentle voices endeavoring to persuade their Rosanantes on to a swim, holding with steady hand the rein,

and with faces the very index of anxious expectancy, watching every step of the faithful animals until the other side of the supposed new channel was reached, when a vacant look of astonishment at each other revealed but the disappointment experienced by not merely only failing in a swim but to find that in no place had the water covered the fetlocks of their horses.

Could you have seen one countenance in that band of legal cavaliers it would have revealed the mirth smothering in the bosom of his humorous nature. Turning to one who seemed to enjoy the joke least of all, Mr. Lincoln broke forth in one of his loudest bursts of laughter, and said: "Judge, I don't think a bridge across that stream would seriously interfere with navigation." After dressing and laughing heartily at the figures they cut, they proceeded on their way, it being generally understood that nothing should be said in regard to the matter; but it is said that peals of merry laughter was heard that evening from the sitting room of the tavern, from those who were in attendance at court, at the description Lincoln gave of the appearance of the party as they crossed the swale.

He enjoyed a joke or good story, and possessing an inexhaustible fund of both, they were ever at hand or within reach when occasion required them for his own or the amusement of his friends. I am fully aware that by some, his relish for the humorous has been charged as a weakness, but I am further persuaded that all such should fall under the ban placed on the unmusical genius of a fitness only for treason, strategy or spoils from their lack of appreciation for Lincoln, with or without his stories or jokes. If a weakness—to use a peculiar style of superlative much in vogue with the heroine of a story he was fond of telling—it was not one of the most "weakenest" ingredients in his composition. They certainly attracted to him more friends that stuck to him, whether on the calm or stormy side of life, than any other influence he could use to draw them. They attracted to him the friendships of a class—a numerous class—better known and most appreciated in the circle of their every-day life as honest, industrious, intelligent, although uneducated men and women—the people who possess more of what Suckers call hoss and week-day sense and less book knowledge than any other class of individuals inhabiting that part of the moral vineyard situate, lying and being in the Union, and known as the great State of Illinois. Go where you will you will find none who loved Mr. Lincoln more while living, felt more keenly the effect of the leaden messenger from the hand of the assassin, or cherish with a purer love the name of Abraham Lincoln than they.

His stories always had a point—he used them for a purpose, and learned to use them because he could accomplish in a few minutes by one of his inimitable stories what would have exhausted hours to clear away by argumentative appliances. Judge Logan and Mr. Lincoln met in a case in opposition. Judge Logan had stated certain legal propositions in a masterly and unanswerable manner. Mr. Lincoln knew that he would have a serious task to overthrow the effect of the Judge's argument with the jury, although convinced that the Judge had stated the propositions wrong. When he arose to reply to the Judge, Mr. Lincoln said that while the Judge's argument was incontrovertibly based on the law as stated by the Judge, he took issue with the Judge on the law and not on the argument. "Judge Logan has made the mistake in this case of selecting a law that don't govern this class of cases at all. Judge Logan is human and liable to make mistakes with the best of us. He has arrived at an age when he should know how to put on his clothes as well as the most tidy of us, and I presume the Judge has just as firm a conviction that he put his clothes on right this morning as that he stated the law correct in this case. Have you not, Judge?" he said, turning to his opponent. "Oh, yes!" said the Judge. "Well now, gentlemen of the jury, if I should accuse Judge Logan with a lack of judgment necessary to distinguish the right from the wrong side, the front from the back, or one end from the other of his coat, you might think it was I and not the Judge that was in error; but if I should point to you the fact that Judge Logan has actually put his shirt on with the bosom behind, you might think he could make mistakes just like the rest of us." (The Judge had put his shirt on as stated.) He arose amid much laughter to explain how it was, but Lincoln stuck to it that the man who could make a mistake in putting on his shirt might mistake when he stated law to a jury. He had gained his point, and it paved the way for him to argue the case on the law that he thought governed it.

In his political campaigns he had a fine field to illustrate by a well-told story the position and aims of political opponents. It was in the capacity of stumper, or while sitting with his brother lawyers in the courtroom, before the opening or at the close of a session, that he allowed full swing to this propensity. He never told a story that would injure anyone, and seldom allowed himself to "twit on facts," as the Hoosiers call it, to sensitive people.

Just before he left Springfield for Washington he came into a drug store, and I asked him if he had read the account of those water batteries and the number of negroes employed to erect them in

Charleston Harbor. He said he had, when I remarked if I had been in Major Anderson's place I believe I would have been tempted to have let slip a dog of war from the mouth of one of those much-talked-of Columbiads, and thought it would have had a tendency to stop further contributions from that source when they saw a few thousand dollars' worth of "Nigger in the air." "Yes," said he, "I think it would have operated on them like the baptism did on the old darkey in Missouri."

The stories told by him at the White House, many of which have been published, are those told time and again on the stump, before the jury, at the recess of court, or to a group of friends—told to strike at some public or private wrong—told to illustrate some individual idiosyncrasy, or told on some corporation sadly out of joint; and like all of his stories, never lost anything from their repetition.

It was a rather dangerous operation to try to get a laugh at Mr. Lincoln's expense. I have known some very sharp men to try the experiment, and it never failed to secure a hearty laugh at their own expense. A fellow who looked like a last year's bird's nest, from wrestling with John Barleycorn the night before, met Mr. Lincoln just as he came up on the steps of the courthouse. He began to twit Mr. Lincoln for being so tall, and, as men sometimes will when under the influence of liquor, said some things that caused a laugh among the crowd. Mr. Lincoln, turning around in a very sober style, said: "Jake, it's a great pity to see such men as you violating the law every day of their life." "Violate law! Lincoln, (hic) violate law! How, Lincoln? (hic) how?" "Why," said Lincoln, "don't you know that there is a law in Illinois preventing the opening of rum holes (pointing to the fellow's mouth) without a license?" It raised a yell among the crowd and Lincoln passed into the courtroom leaving poor Jake much chagrined at the turn things had taken, and only ejaculating: "Lincoln, you're too thundering sharp to be interesting."

A lawyer was trying to convince a jury that precedent was superior to law, and that custom made things legal in all cases. When Lincoln arose to answer him he told the jury he would argue his case in the same way. Said he: "Old 'Squire Bagly, from Menard, came into my office and said: 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not, when the old 'Squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly, and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer! Now, Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing; and I bet him a 'squire could do it, and we agreed to let you

decide; but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better; I have been 'squire now eight years and have done it all the time'."

Mr. Lincoln's style of telling a story was particularly his own. A story that, when told by another, would be pointless and without soul, when told by him would be the source of the greatest merriment. He could indulge in a practice inexcusable in any but himself, and it rather added than detracted from the laugh to follow. Etiquette or something else has thrown around the ordinary story-teller a kind of stake and rider barrier against every indication of a laugh until his story is told, when, if there is any laugh left, good society will allow the story-teller a chance to spread his own facial muscles in the general joy. Mr. Lincoln could not be confined in any such way. He would have his share of the fun at the same time he was dishing it up to tickle the humorous palates of others.

The biennial sessions of the Supreme and Federal courts, convening at the same time that the Legislature was in session, were anxiously looked for by the older members of the bar in Central and Southern Illinois—by the men who had practiced with Mr. Lincoln when riding was the custom and the circuit extended over a few counties, out of which many others have been carved. They were seasons of reunion. I have on more than one occasion been a witness to the happiness and good feeling generated by these meetings in the library room of the one or the clerk's office of the other of these courts. Mr. Lincoln was the great centre of these occasions. Possessing a most tenacious memory, and that quality for which he became most justly celebrated—a keen relish for and retention of the ludicrous, coupled with unsurpassed descriptive powers—he would sit in the centre of one of those legal groups being listened to, or himself a listener to the narrated reminiscences of the past, or the pointed story, exhibiting such a taste for the feast as almost to forget all else beside. That Mr. Lincoln should love these meetings was very natural. They were a feast of fat things to his affectionate, mirth-loving and brotherly soul.

Mr. Lincoln enjoyed these occasions. He seemed to draw fresh inspiration from these reviews of the past, and attracted greater attention from the able men of the State by his increased development of those noble qualities of mind and soul of which he was the proud possessor. They were not mere carnivals of relaxation, fun and humor, but intellectual feasts as well; no third-rate course dished up in a saucer, a fact which I have known more than one victim of misplaced

confidence in the possession of a self-supposed great mind most thoroughly convinced of, after attempting by the introduction of a subject requiring some wisdom to discuss, being forced to leave the field unable to keep pace with minds that depended on the depth of their own divinings rather than rest satisfied with the *ipse dixit* of others.

Few States in the Union can point with more pride to the average and variety of legal talent than Illinois. She can point to more great characters—original characters—many of them, as the venerable pioneer of Methodism, Peter Cartwright, has said, the honored graduates of Brush College, an institution, by the way, that has sent more useful, if not as ornamental men into the world as actors—stars of the most brilliant magnitude—on the great stage, than any other institution of learning in the land.

Mr. Lincoln was a fair type of the lawyers who practiced the earlier portion of their life on the circuit and later before the courts I have named. With what pride can an Illinoian point to the names on the “Rolls of Court,” to Lincoln, Douglas, Bissell, Baker, Browning, Logan, Linder, Ferguson, Thomas, Skinner, Grimshaw, and a host of other names standing before the nation with reputations that, long ere the slender cord of life had been severed by the hand of the destroyer, had leaped over state boundaries and become household words in the mouths of those most remote from the scenes of their early conflicts!

Like Mr. Lincoln, they commenced the rudiments of their education, taking the initiative to develop the mental and intellectual, years after they had begun to toil for and honestly gain the bread that nourished them. Forced like him by circumstances to seek the hours dedicated to mirth, festivity or sleep by others, to pore over the few books within their control, and out of which they drew the first principles furnishing the foundation strata on which rested the symmetrical structure of after years; gathering here a little, there a little, of the immense stock of legal knowledge without the aid of well selected libraries or learned preceptors. Blackstone, Kent, Chitty and Greenleaf were the only founts from which they could satisfy a thirsting desire to excel as lawyers, and delving deep in these elemental works it distinguished them as lawyers and statesmen, not only in Illinois but throughout the Union.

While as Crier of the Court, I was permitted often to listen to story after story of the incidents in their eventful lives. I have thought if they could only be redelivered to the youth of the country as I have

heard them from the lips of those heads which now lie covered by the clods of the valley, and whose names shall never leave a vacant niche in my memory through forgetfulness, it would have a tendency to instill more that would be truly ennobling to the American heart than all of the sickly seven by nine yellow "kivered" literary dog-fennel that but too frequently finds its way into the hands of the present style of young America.

I am admonished to hasten to a close. In the fall of '64 I was in Washington, and went to see Mr. Lincoln. Time had made some inroads on his physical, but none that I could discover on his social nature. He could shake the hand just as heartily; had the same pleasant prepossessing smile of friendship. Cares of state, war with its terrible responsibilities, the fluctuating fruits of victory and defeat weighing constantly for four years on his mind, had sympathetically added a few more wrinkles to his face and given his body more of a stoopy tendency than when I last gazed on him; but no change in the warmth of his grasp; none in regard for his friend, the Crier.

I shall never forget my feelings on receipt of the terrible tidings of his assassination. I had just arrived in Indianapolis, and meeting the mournful drapery of death hanging from window and festooning doorposts and gateway at each step I took, it was not long ere I heard the first intimation that Wilkes Booth had made his name forever infamous by taking the life of honest Abraham Lincoln. To have one's friends fall by the slow gnawing of disease on the thread of vitality, or to die in defense of their country's honor and flag, brings with the tidings of pain a neutralizing thrill of pleasure in their death; but to fancy a great man, possessing such a soul as that encased in the homely yet prepossessing body of Abraham Lincoln, crept upon in stealth and murdered was more than I could realize.

Reaching at greater length than custom allows let me say in conclusion, particularly to the youth of the country: Emulate the life and cultivate the characteristics of Abraham Lincoln. He was a great and good man years before he was a public man. His private worth was the foundation of his immortality. Cultivate his moral attributes and courage to do the right, regardless of the consequences, when convinced, and I think you are in possession of the great sword with which he fought his way from an obscure illiterate private in the ranks of an immense nation to the proud rank of their chief, a position unattainable outside of the protection of the tri-colored trinity of our own cherished American nationality and glory. With the same time as well spent in reading books and nature, you may be wise in council,

sagacious in defence, and pointed in argument. His fondness for the humorous made many rough places in his own and other's lives smooth and even. His even-tempered, earnest, honest nature overcame many of the mountainous, adverse regions through which his life's meandering stream incline to course. Emulate his friendship and affection for friends and individual kindness toward those his fancy might not incline him, for these were the elements that so mixed in him that nature might stand up before all the world and say: "This was a man!"

Let my political sentiments be what they may; hang upon whichsoever of the many horns of religious belief that may be in keeping with my conscience as a man or inclinations as an American; let me be surrounded by circumstances the most complicated; whether I breathe the pure and invigorating inspiration from the sleeping statesmen of our history or follow, as 'tis an American's privilege only, the footprints left on the sands of our nationality by the great, the good, and the wise, who stand in the temple of our fame as monuments of the nation's glory to beckon the youth of the country to a seat beside them, or should destiny decree another fate there is one name I can love and be true to politics and religion—one name I can point to with pride on the hilltop or from the vale—that, the loved name of Abraham Lincoln. Not because he was my beau-ideal of physical proportion or perfection, not as *par excellence* the lawyer, statesman, or scholar; not because he was made a chief and crowned with laurels; but because he was morally a courageous, honest man, the noble type of genial humanity, in private or public, doing the right regardless alike of friend, foe, profit or loss, fearing nothing so long as he believed himself in the channel of correct principles, and propelled forward by his engine of moral honesty.

As such do I cherish *his* name, and with equal tenacity will I cling to the names of his former companions in youth and age, whom I have learned to love for their kindness, venerate and respect for their superior age and learning, and till life's latest dawn memory will cling to the trio of courts wherein was learned what has been told you tonight of Lawyer Lincoln, by the Crier of the Court.

CHAPTER XII

“MR. LINCOLN WAS ALWAYS KIND TO YOUNG MEN”

(There is here printed a letter which William H. Somers, then a resident of El Cajon, California, wrote on December 7, 1908, to James R. B. Van Cleave of Springfield and which is now in the Illinois State Historical Library. Mr. Somers was clerk of the Circuit Court of Champaign County during Mr. Lincoln's last years on the Old Eighth Circuit, and has new and informing things to tell of a decisive period in the life of the future President. Especially welcome is his account of Mr. Lincoln's helpful relations with younger members of the bar which confirms the declaration of another old friend of the man from Springfield that “Mr. Lincoln was always doing something for somebody.”)

My acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln commenced in the spring of 1857. I was (then) clerk of the Circuit Court of Champaign County, Illinois, met him frequently from that time until he was elected to the Presidency, and became quite well acquainted with him. He rode the Bloomington Circuit, which included Champaign County. He seldom missed either of our semi-annual sessions of court. Should he miss any, however, or be late in arriving, the members of the bar generally, including the presiding judge, Hon. David Davis, felt greatly disappointed, as he was a general favorite. I became warmly attached to him because of his genial disposition and the kindness shown me as clerk. In fact, he was always kind to young men who were striving to qualify themselves for the law; hence he was approachable, and I had no hesitancy in asking his assistance in making up the record in cases in which he was interested. I remember one occasion particularly when I was in doubt as to the form of an entry on a continuance of an important chancery case. The costs had mounted to a large sum and as they were to be divided between the litigants, I hesitated about taking the responsibility of apportioning them. In my dilemma I appealed to Mr. Lincoln to write me out a form for the records. He readily complied and taking up a small piece of paper prepared a form to be used. After making up the record in the case I preserved the copy as he was even then talked of for President. This

little paper proved to be of more value than I expected at the time, for an enthusiastic collector of Lincolniana reminiscences, several years later, learning that I had in my possession such a document sent me an offer of \$25.00 for it, which I reluctantly accepted, as I concluded it would be safer in a general collection.

Judge Davis frequently called Mr. Lincoln to take the bench while he went out for exercise, a courtesy which I do not remember of seeing him extend to any other attorney of the twenty or more in attendance. It was on an occasion like this when Mr. Lincoln was presiding, that I heard an amusing colloquy between two opposing attorneys as to whether a demurrer had been filed in a certain case, that is perhaps worth relating as showing Mr. Lincoln's good diplomacy in settling disputes under embarrassing circumstances.

The case was called up for argument, but it was never argued or even presented although the attorney stoutly insisted that he had handed in to the clerk within the prescribed time, but it could not be found. The dispute grew quite warm, so much so, in fact, that Mr. Lincoln asked the attorney to state the grounds of his demurrer. As he did so, Mr. Lincoln became convinced that it was interposed for delay only, whereupon he promptly entered on the trial docket, this unique ruling: "Demurrer overruled if there ever was one," and it was so recorded.

It may be truthfully said that in those early years in Illinois, before steam railroads took the place of the stage coach, that the gentlemen of the legal profession who travelled from court to court in the Bloomington Circuit, certainly had good times; at least that is what I thought about it after eight years' association with them as clerk of the Champaign County Circuit Court. But alas: there are few left of the great actors in the scenes I witnessed in Urbana. Some of the great men of the nation, or who afterwards became such practiced law in the old Bloomington Circuit, and especially in Champaign County, my old home. There were really intellectual giants amongst the members of the bar at that time. One of them, the subject of this sketch, became the first citizen of the Republic, and occupied the most exalted position in it, during the most thrilling and interesting period of its history. It was an honor, as it was certainly a pleasure, to associate with these men while practicing their profession. Besides Mr. Lincoln there were Judge Davis, Joseph G. Cannon and a few others who attained national greatness. All hail to the Champaign County Bar!

Mr. Lincoln and Judge Davis made their headquarters outside the

courtroom of course at an old-fashioned tavern kept by one Asa Gere. They were constant companions when court was not in session, unless Mr. Lincoln wanted to be alone, which was not infrequent. To the Judge was assigned the best room in the hostelry, a large, pleasant room on the second floor having a large open fireplace, which in the winter months was made comfortable by log fires, such fuel being plentiful in those days at Urbana. The genial Judge gave welcome to his brother attorneys and other friends during the evenings, who assembled in goodly numbers to swap stories and have good times generally. Of course, Mr. Lincoln was the central figure in this group of famous story-tellers. I could not well resist the temptation to join the crowd to listen to the stories and witness their comments. By way of illustrating the amusement feature, I must relate another story.

One evening when there was a good crowd present to "see the fun" these sage and dignified men, when relieved from nervous strain of the courtroom, acted much like boys sometimes. On this occasion I witnessed a very funny performance not down on the program, which caused a "world of amusement." Lincoln and Davis were present, the latter being one of the principal actors in the play. It occurred in this way:

Judge Davis (the rotund Judge) was standing with back to the glowing fire enjoying the warmth immensely, when entirely unawares to him, Captain Moses (a lawyer who resided in Tazewell County, I think), one of the most genial of men, made up his mind to have some fun with the Judge. The Captain was bald headed and sprightly. All of a sudden he arose from his chair, and with body bent forward made for the Judge, with his bald head, to strike His Honor at his most vulnerable point, to wit: his stomach, so to speak. It took the Judge fairly off his feet, with surprise. It was "contempt" wholly unexpected. The Judge tried to parry the thrust, but in vain. Moses renewed the movement again and again, while they danced around the room to the great amusement of the spectators, who were, of course, convulsed with laughter. The comedy finally ended by the Judge throwing himself on his bed, while Moses came "tumbling after." As a sequel to this ludicrous story, it may be mentioned that the Captain was not arraigned for "Contempt of Court" but that the incident closed that night in the Judge's room, though not forgotten. Poor Moses died of consumption a few years after universally mourned. He was a brilliant lawyer.

Some of Mr. Lincoln's biographers, and a good many newspapers,

not, of course, well informed on the subject, have criticized his careless habits of dress while practicing law in the courts of Illinois. They charge that he wore cheap and ill fitting clothes, also have much to say about his pants being too short, hence making him look country-fied; and a great deal more about wearing a long linen duster quite indifferent as to the seasons. These critics certainly never saw him, as I did, during the eight years that he attended court in Urbana, Illinois. In fact, I never saw him when he was not well, and even fashionably dressed. It is true he wore the proverbial linen duster, but this was for the purpose of protecting his clothes from the dust in warm, dry weather, while riding the circuit. When he came to Urbana, he sometimes wore the duster; and, if late in arriving at court, hurried to the courthouse without taking it off, but on removing it, he stood before one as a well-dressed man, generally in a broadcloth suit. In fact, he was as neatly attired as any lawyer who attended court, perhaps, with one exception, the exception being Ward H. Lamon, who was the Beau Brummel of the legal fraternity.

Now, a few words about Mr. Lincoln's temperance habits and I have done. His enemies have charged that he indulged in drinking intoxicating liquors. I am sure they slander him in making such an accusation. I had excellent opportunities to learn something of his temperance views and habits during the four to six weeks' attendance on our court, not only one term but a dozen or more terms.

Liquors were kept in the room I have described. I have seen the evidence of that fact on the sideboard, also some of the attorneys drink. If either the Judge or Mr. Lincoln was addicted to the habit, I would have known it. I am positive that neither one of these noble men were drinking men. Mr. Lincoln, I know, was a strictly temperate man, an advocate of temperance, and practiced what he preached to the day of his death. As one who knew him well, I take this opportunity to state these facts, for the benefit of young men, who take Mr. Lincoln as an example of a noble life. Don't drink, it is a curse, and so believed this great and good man.

CHAPTER XIII

A STUDENT WHO WAS AIDED BY MR. LINCOLN

(The article here reprinted was first published in the *Outlook* of New York on February 11, 1911. Its author was Jonathan Birch, of Greencastle, Indiana, and after his death in April, 1906, it was found among his papers. Mr. Birch, a native of Illinois, attended college and later studied law in the office of an elder brother in Bloomington, where in due course with a helping hand from Mr. Lincoln he was admitted to the bar. During the Civil War he served for three years in the Union Army, rising from the rank of private to that of major in his regiment, the Sixty-third Indiana Infantry Volunteers. Then he married and settled in Greencastle, where for more than forty years he was a leader of the local bar, serving also at different times as city clerk and mayor. He was, however, a very modest man, and few of Mr. Birch's friends ever heard him talk of his early acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln.)

There was, indeed, something remarkably strange and unique in the character and personality of Abraham Lincoln. To have known him personally, to have been often in his company, to have been in the same office with him, when, in one of his melancholy moods, he sat for hours with scarcely a word for anybody, then to have seen his countenance light up as his familiar friends gathered about him; to have listened to his stories and reveled in his inexhaustible stores of wit; and, above all, to have seen and heard him as, standing before some vast audience, his soul thrilled with passion and seemingly almost inspired, he discussed some great theme, and, by his irresistible logic and captivating eloquence, swayed the multitude at his will—to have thus seen and known and heard this greatest of Americans, I can but esteem as among the most interesting and fortunate events of my life.

A student just out of college, I went into my brother's office in Bloomington, Illinois, to study law. Mr. Lincoln, as a practising lawyer, was at that time in regular attendance at all the courts in that county. He frequently dropped into my brother's office, and there it was that I was first introduced to him, and learned to admire him

for his singular but sterling traits of character and for his commanding ability. He often talked to me, and, knowing that I was fresh from college, seemed to delight in asking questions which I could not and which I am sure he never expected me to answer, but which, in view of his broad knowledge and practical experience, gave him an excellent opportunity to analyze and explain for my benefit. It generally happened that he made his point clear by the recital of a story which, though sometimes a little *outré*, was invariably so applicable that I never forgot it.

Having no office of his own, Mr. Lincoln, when not engaged in court, spent a good deal of his time in the clerk's office. Very often he could be seen there, surrounded by a group of lawyers and such persons as are usually found about a courthouse, some standing, others seated on chairs or tables, listening intently to one of his characteristic and inimitable stories. His eyes would sparkle with fun, and when he had reached the point in his narrative which invariably evoked the laughter of the crowd, nobody's enjoyment was greater than his. An hour later he might be seen in the same place or in some law office near by, but alas, how different! His chair, no longer in the center of the room, would be leaning back against the wall; his feet drawn up and resting on the front rounds so that his knees and chin were about on a level; his hat tipped slightly forward, as if to shield or hide his face; his eyes no longer sparkling with fun and merriment, but sad and downcast, and his hands clasped around his knees. There, drawn up within himself, as it were, he would sit, the very picture of dejection and gloom. Thus absorbed, have I seen him sit for hours at a time, defying the interruptions of even his closest friends. No one ever thought of breaking the spell by speech; for, by his moody silence and abstraction, he had thrown about him a barrier so dense and impenetrable that no one dared to break through. It was a strange picture, and one I have never forgotten.

But there was a tender side to Mr. Lincoln's nature which no one more deeply appreciated than the man who sought his comfort and advice. Somehow—probably because of the recollection of his own struggles—his heart seemed especially filled with sympathy and concern for the young man whose footsteps took him in the direction of the law, as an incident in which the writer was the beneficiary will fully attest.

A number of young men—Adlai Stevenson, later Vice-President of the United States, and I among them—had for some time been studying in the various law offices of Bloomington, Illinois, and were

anxious for a license, that we might begin practice. No person could practice law in Illinois at that time without a license from the Supreme Court of the State. For the purpose of granting licenses the State was divided into three districts, Bloomington being in the district with headquarters at Chicago, to which place we had to go for examination. About a half-dozen of us went together. On our arrival we found that a rule had been made providing that no person should be examined who had not studied at least two years in some practicing lawyer's office. As most of us—including Stevenson and myself—had not fulfilled this requirement, we were compelled, much to our disappointment and chagrin, to return without the required license.

When Mr. Lincoln heard of it, he sent word to me to come to see him. I did so, and he told me that they had no such rule in the Springfield district. He thereupon directed me to go to Springfield, get a certificate of good moral character from that place, and write *from there* to the Supreme Court, asking that a special committee be appointed to make the examination. I did as directed, and in a few days received a letter appointing Mr. Lincoln a member of the committee. I took the letter to him, and he requested me to come to his room at the hotel in Bloomington early the next morning. I went, and he proceeded promptly with the examination. I remember his first question was, "What books have you read?" When I told him, he said: "Well, that is more than I had read before I was admitted to practice." Then he paused long enough to tell a story of something that befell him in a county in Southern Illinois where he once tried a case in which he was pitted against a college-bred lawyer who apparently had studied all the books and was very proud of his accomplishment. The court and all the lawyers were profoundly impressed by the man's wonderful store of learning, but it was all lost on the jury, "And they," said Lincoln, laughingly, "were the fellows I was aiming at."

Then he resumed his examination, but some of the things he asked though calculated to test one's memory, it appeared to me bore but a faint relation to the practice of law. He fired his questions at me somewhat rapidly, scarcely giving me time to answer properly, and never indicating by look, word, or gesture whether I was right or wrong. Presently, and even before I was prepared for the announcement, he stopped somewhat abruptly, saying: "Well, I reckon I've asked you enough," wheeled about in his chair, and proceeded to write out a certificate recommending me for license, meanwhile giving me some kind advice as to my future course of study, which

latter, it occurred to me, was about the first thing that had been said to indicate that the entire proceeding was, after all, an examination to test the applicant's ability to practice law. With the certificate he gave me in my pocket I repaired to Springfield, and there without further difficulty, received my license.

In the course of a few years after this incident the war broke out, and Mr. Lincoln was called to assume his great responsibility as President. I entered the army, and during the course of the war my company, after I had been promoted to captain, was on detached service at Indianapolis. A recruit was enlisted and mustered into the company by the name of Adam K. Danes. He had been in the company but a short time when he slipped out of camp and deserted. He was soon arrested and tried before a court martial on the charge of desertion and treason, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. Although I had known him but a short time, yet he was a member of my company, and my sympathies were aroused, as I believed the sentence was unnecessarily severe. He was young, without education, and, as I believe, not a bad-hearted boy. An effort was made by some of the military authorities at Indianapolis to secure a modification of the sentence, but without success.

It was against the rules for any officer in the army to address the President upon any matter connected with the military service except through the regular military channels; but as I had known the President personally, I concluded to take my chances, and wrote a personal note to him telling him that the boy was sentenced to be shot on the charge of desertion and treason; that for desertion alone the death penalty had not yet been inflicted in that department, and that the treason consisted in being found in a saloon with others cheering for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy. I said that, while prominent men in a State as peaceful and loyal as Indiana were allowed to make speeches denouncing the Government and encouraging a spirit of disloyalty, I did not believe it right that the illiterate boy should be executed. I received no answer to my letter, but on the morning of the day fixed for the execution a dispatch was received from Washington in these words:

"Executive Mansion,

Washington, D. C., September 29, 1863.

Officer in Command at Indianapolis, Ind.:

Please suspend execution of Adam Danes till further order from me.

A. LINCOLN

Nothing more was heard from Mr. Lincoln on the subject for two

months. Then Danes was sent to the Dry Tortugas for a short period, and later discharged.

In his physical make-up Mr. Lincoln could not be said to be a man of prepossessing personal appearance; but his splendid head and intellectual face made up in large measure for all his physical defects, if such they might be called. When intellectually aroused, he forgot his embarrassment, his eyes kindled, and even in his manner he was irresistible. It is well known that he was more or less careless of his personal attire, and that he usually wore, in his great canvass with Douglas, a linen coat, generally without any vest, a hat much the worse for wear, and carried with him a faded cotton umbrella which became almost as famous in the canvass as Lincoln himself.

Late one afternoon during this canvass I boarded the train at Bloomington, soon after which Mr. Lincoln himself entered the car in which I was seated, wearing this same linen coat and carrying the inevitable umbrella. On his arm was the cloak that he was said to have worn when he was in Congress nine years before. He greeted and talked freely with me and several other persons whom he happened to know, but as night drew on he withdrew to another part of the car where he could occupy a seat by himself. Presently he arose, spread the cloak over the seat, lay down, somehow folded himself up till his long legs and arms were no longer in view, then drew the cloak around him and went to sleep. Beyond what I have mentioned he had no baggage, no secretary, no companion even. At the same time his opponent, Judge Douglas, was traveling over the State in his private car, surrounded by a retinue of followers and enjoying all the luxuries of the period.

Lincoln entered the canvass with Douglas feeling that it was no mere question of party politics, but that it was, as he himself expressed it, the old eternal question of right and wrong. It was during this canvass that I heard him in one of his great speeches, when, with every fiber of his being tremulous with emotion and his eyes melting with tenderness, he passionately exclaimed: "Judge Douglas is nothing and I am nothing, but these principles about which we contend here today will live to affect the people long after Judge Douglas and I shall have been buried and forgotten." The melting pathos with which Mr. Lincoln said this, and its effect upon his audience, cannot be described.

CHAPTER XIV

“I DECLINE TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE END IN VIEW”

(The career of Ward Hill Lamon, in his early and middle years a picturesque figure at the bar and in public affairs, and in his last days an arresting reminder of the pathos of past things, is sketched with spirit and rare understanding of an unusual man in the paper here reproduced by consent of its author. It was prepared by Clint Clay Tilton, of Dansville, Illinois, and read at the 1942 meeting of the Historical Society of McLean County, that State. Mr. Tilton, for many years an editor and all his life a shrewd student and appraiser of men and events, possesses a rare knowledge of the Central Illinois of the middle decades of the last century, and in this sketch of Lamon he paints with humorous yet unerring touch the high-spirited, self-confident Virginian who was for a time one of Lincoln's law partners and then, until death came to the greater man, a troubled President's devoted servitor and, when there was need for it, that President's trusted agent in the discharge of tasks of pith and moment.

Lamon won for his second wife the daughter of Stephen Trigg Logan, another of Lincoln's partners and for upward of a generation the acknowledged leader of the bar of Central Illinois. Now when both have been for more than half a century in their graves it is permissible to write frankly of the considerate and often generous manner in which the elder man so long as there was need for it, served as almoner and adviser to a turbulent and often unruly spirit. It is familiar history that the Life of Lincoln which Lamon, with the aid of Chauncey F. Black, wrote and published in 1872 was based mainly on material assembled by William Henry Herndon and by Lamon purchased from that long-time partner of Lincoln and after his death self-appointed guardian of his fame.

It is not, however, generally known that Lamon paid for his purchase from Herndon probably part in cash and part with a note for \$2000 which Judge Logan signed as endorser. This note, when it fell due Judge Logan paid promptly and without protest. Moreover, when a wasting illness seized Lamon, Judge Logan made him a monthly allowance which assured him comfort and freedom from anxiety in his last days. In a letter to the present editor, July 20, 1942,

Mr. Tilton states that the story of the split pantaloons was told him by Lamon's daughter Dorothy when a guest in his home. "She said," writes Mr. Tilton, "that it was her father's favorite.")

It was in 1847 that Ward Hill Lamon arrived in Danville, Illinois from Bunker Hill, Virginia. Here he found a town of size, then a seat of justice in the Old Eighth Judicial Circuit. In his migration he brought along his slave boy, Bob, who had been given his freedom before crossing the Ohio River, to conform with the law. His services were necessary to care for the two saddle horses, the property of his former master. Although he had been given his freedom Bob refused to enjoy it and remained an encumbrance upon his master until death separated the two. Lamon at that time was 19 years old, having been born in Winchester, Virginia, January 6, 1828. Two years later he removed with his parents to Bunker Hill, in what is now West Virginia. Here he received a common school education and for two years studied medicine. His trip to the Illinois town was in response to the glowing letters of his cousin, Dr. Theodore Lamon, whose professional advertisement in the Danville Patriot declared that he was "prepared to practice Physic and Surgery by appointment."

Being comfortably established in the home of his cousin and with regular remittances of sufficient funds from his father, young Lamon soon became a leader in the social affairs of the growing village and certain in the belief that he did not want to become a doctor. Accordingly he arranged to study law in the office of Oliver L. Davis. Later in the year he entered the law school in Louisville, Kentucky, where he spent one term as a classmate of John A. Logan, also of Illinois. Upon graduation he was admitted to practice in Kentucky and on returning to Danville was granted the same privilege in this State. Here he opened an office and soon became a real social leader. Many old letters tell of his popularity at the pioneer gatherings, whether in the home of Dr. John Scott, where exhilarating liquors were served, or in the manse of Elder Enoch Kingsbury, where the more godly were wont to foregather in decorous revelry. The old court records have little to note of his activity in legal affairs in those early days, but tradition tells of many an escapade in the rougher sports of the countryside, a demon of courage in combat, a perpetrator of rough jokes, a lusty chorus leader in midnight drinking bouts and in town affairs, a Rotarian before Rotary. Of his bouts with Old Barleycorn there is at least one record in the docket of the first elected magistrate when the town was incorporated in 1856. It reads:

"Jacob Schatz vs. Ward H. Lamon and James D. Kilpatrick, assault to kill." It was the aftermath of a beating given the grocer when he refused the two more liquor on a credit basis. That they were guilty is proven by the notation that they so pleaded and were each fined \$1 and costs. But "Chicamauga Jim," who sleeps in the Soldiers' Circle in the Town Burying Ground, then the editor of the weekly newspaper, always contended that the assault was a godly act, as the following paid advertisement appeared in his periodical two weeks later:

"QUIT SELLING WHISKEY."

"I wish to inform the people of this vicinity that I have concluded to deal no more in the article called WHISKEY. No person need apply to me for any hereafter, because I am determined to sell no more.

JACOB SCHATZ."

In 1850, along with John Vance of the Salt Works and James Millikin, then a sheep raiser near Danville, who later because of resentment of fellow farmers of his introduction of sheep, sold his holdings and moved to Decatur to become a millionaire and leave a fine university as a memorial, Lamon organized and founded the first county fair in Illinois. That same year he journeyed back to Virginia and upon his return was accompanied by his bride, Angeline Turner, and her father, Ehud. The docket for the October terms shows that Lamon was taking his new responsibilities seriously, as he was retained in seventeen trials and showed his ability as a lawyer by winning ten of them, having three nollied and one settled by agreement. It was noticed too, that at this term Mr. Abraham Lincoln, by odds the most popular of the circuit riders who followed the traveling judge in the semi-annual trips of his movable court, was showing marked interest in the young barrister and had been associated with him in several cases.

Two years later the partnership of Lincoln & Lamon was formed, with the latter as the local member. This partnership was the culmination of a friendship that began in 1848 when Mr. Lincoln made his first trip over the entire Eighth Circuit. No two men ever were more unlike than Lincoln and Lamon, but each recognized some quality in the other that was a perfect foil. Lincoln trusted and depended upon the Virginian and the latter responded with a devotion and loyalty that would inspire a classic on friendship. This is shown by an entry in John Hay's diary under date of November 7, 1864, when it was generally agreed that the armed clash between the Blues of

the North and the ragged Grays of the Southland soon must end and rumors were rife that misguided followers of the Stars and Bars might resort to violence. Hay, as secretary to the President, lived in the White House. He wrote in part: "He (Lamon) took a glass of whiskey, and then, refusing my offer of a bed, went out and rolled himself up in his cloak, lay down at the President's door, passing the night in that attitude of touching and dumb fidelity, with a small arsenal of pistols and bowie knives around him. In the morning he went away leaving my blankets at my door, before I or the President were awake."

The legal partnership between the two lasted until 1856, when Lamon was elected prosecutor for the Eighth District and removed to Bloomington to be nearer Judge David Davis, who presided over the court. Here he formed a partnership with Harvey Hogg—like himself a Southerner by birth—who later during the war between the States, was an early sacrifice while leading his regiment in the Battle of Bolivar, Tennessee. While repulsing Confederate cavalry he fell pierced by nine bullets. The firm's professional card may be found in a copy of an early Bloomington city directory. The close friendship with Lincoln continued after the dissolution of the firm. This is shown by the fact that the former partner consented to aid in the prosecution of Isaac Wyant for the murder of Anson Rusk, a case that had been venued from DeWitt County. Wyant was defended by Leonard Swett and William Orme, both members of the McLean County bar. The murder was a vicious one, and it was conceded generally that Wyant would be found guilty. His lawyers admitted every allegation of the prosecution and for the first time in the legal history of Illinois introduced a plea of insanity. A verdict of acquittal was returned by the jury after six hours deliberation. Lincoln made the closing address for the prosecution. Knowing ones were inclined to agree that the finding of the jury was partially a result of the weakness of the prosecution. Lincoln was known for his aversion to that role and Lamon's proneness to allow his emotions to overcome his desire to win was frequently referred to.

It was in May, 1856, that Lincoln delivered his famous Lost Speech here in Bloomington, having left unfinished court business in Danville to attend the political meeting of the newly-created Republican Party. It was this address that convinced the leaders in Illinois that the Rail Splitter was of Presidential caliber. With Lamon it was a call to arms and he always was to be found sponsoring and aiding every plan of Jesse Fell, David Davis, Swett, Orme, and a dozen other Bloomingtonians, who banded to further the fortunes of

their idol. Eighteen fifty-seven and fifty-eight were busy years for the Virginian. More than half of each year was taken with active court work as prosecutor in the various courts throughout the days and then gay gatherings in the various taverns over the circuit at night. There were times, too, when he indulged in the rougher sports of that day, with boisterous stories and so-called sentimental songs of the period, but withal, he found time to carry on his campaign for his friend. As a story-teller he had no superior and always could hold his audience. One of his most popular numbers, if we are to believe his daughter, Dorothy, was of a happening here in Bloomington that had to do with Lincoln's wit:

"It was Court week in Bloomington in 1857. A case had been finished and a recess ordered by Judge Davis. Lamon and several of the attorneys adjourned to the courthouse yard for a bit of air. Soon a wrestling match was arranged between the prosecutor and a visiting lawyer. Off came their coats—they clinched, struggled, tore up the sod—and then there was a "down" with Lamon on top. Then as Lamon strained to force his adversary's shoulders to the earth as a token of victory, the seam of his trousers gave way. At that moment the next case was called and there was no time to change the garment. Donning his long-tailed coat he strode into the courtroom and resumed his duties. All went well for a time, and then in a forgetful moment he stooped to the floor to recover a document. The secret was out. A brother attorney, seeing his predicament, hastily prepared a subscription paper for funds to purchase a new pair of trousers for the prosecutor. The attorneys offered various ridiculous amounts until it reached Lincoln. He slowly wiped his spectacles, and after a careful reading, wrote: 'I can contribute nothing to the end in view.—A. LINCOLN'."

It was in the Spring of 1859 that sorrow invaded Lamon's home. For some weeks there had been rejoicing over the expected arrival of an additional member of his family. As the date of the event came nearer he paid less and less attention to his duties, until the 10th of April, when he proudly announced to his friends, "She's a girl." Three days later a Dark Angel hovered o'er the home and Angeline, the former belle of Bunker Hill, paid the penalty of motherhood and her spirit crossed the river. During the eight years of their married life, she had furnished a drab background to a colorful husband. Hers had been the dreary restricted life that custom demanded of the wives of the 50's. She found no place in the printed records until after death, when the *Pantagraph* of April 20, 1859, said:

“Funeral of Mrs. W. H. Lamon.—The funeral of this lamented lady, who died on Wednesday, the 13th inst., took place Thursday afternoon and was largely attended. Court adjourned, and the members of the bar attended the funeral in a body, with Judge Davis at their head. Hon. A. Lincoln was also with them in the procession. Funeral services were performed at the house by Rev. Mr. Harlow of the Episcopal Church, and the burial service at the grave was also read in an impressive manner by the same gentleman, while ‘the wind chanted a dirge through the leafless trees around the last resting place of the departed.’”

The daughter, who was christened Dorothy, found a home and loving care with her father’s sister, Mrs. William Morgan, in Danville, where she grew to womanhood. After the passing of his wife, Lamon gave more and more of his time to furthering the campaign that resulted in his friend’s selection as the Republican standard bearer in the successful campaign of 1860. These were busy days for the Virginian. He must as prosecutor travel the Eighth Circuit, make many speeches in behalf of his friend, write leaders in other States and, after the passing of his wife, become the suitor for the hand of Sallie, daughter of Judge Stephen T. Logan of Springfield. The courtship culminated in their marriage November 26, after the returns showed that his friend had been elected President. It was a social event in the Capital City, and the groom was resplendent in a suit of wondrous design, having been planned by him as a fitting garb for his appointment as a colonel on the staff of Governor-elect Richard Yates. It was a fitting recognition by one drinker to another.

In the election of his friend, he was of but small practical aid. Except for his letter writing and campaign speeches he contributed nothing having failed to cast a vote, although he himself was a candidate on the same ticket for prosecutor. He had been summoned to Springfield and accompanied Lincoln on his visit to the polls, where he could verify the victor’s statement that he voted for every candidate on his party ticket EXCEPT himself. But at the convention in Chicago Wigwam, he was a mighty factor. The first two days of the convention were given to organization, when the Lincoln backers believed they were beaten. An adjournment was forced—and then entered the Master Politician. Lamon hastily collected a few dependable friends and spent the night in preparing counterfeit tickets, each signed by him with the names of the proper officials. The next morning found the hall packed with Lincoln partisans to the exclusion of Seward supporters. Bedlam broke loose when Lincoln’s

name was mentioned and the gathering was stampeded. It was the forerunner of the Democratic convention of 1940 when the "Voice of the Sower" created the demand for Roosevelt.

With the election of his friend, Lamon expected a diplomatic post, preferably in Paris. He plunged into work, closed his personal affairs and cleared the court docket in preparation for a resignation. So sure was he that he would be remembered when the President-elect entered his duties that he was inclined to put on airs. "I feel sorry for Hill Lamon," wrote Judge Davis to his friend, William Orme, here in Bloomington, "and yet, my good friend, when he was in Bloomington with his negro boy, Bob, I made up my mind that his head was turned and that he would hereafter do no good. He makes himself ridiculous."

By the first of February he had put his business affairs in shape and was the possessor of \$25,000 in cash—a fortune in those days. He was counting on the Paris appointment when he received a letter. "Dear Hill," it read. "I need you. I want you to go to Washington with me and be prepared for a long stay." It was a call of friendship. The dream of Paris was a memory.

He boarded an early train for Springfield. Here he found the Lincoln family lodged in the Chenery House, with all the trunks packed and tagged; "Lincoln, Executive Mansion, Washington." Bloomington saw him no more, except for a passing glance, as he sat near the bier of the martyred President as the funeral train passed through town enroute back to his final resting place in the capital city.

Lincoln started for Washington by special train on the morning of February 11, 1861. In the party were Judge Davis, Elmer Ellsworth, who was to be an early sacrifice in the war between the States, two army officers, and several other friends and newspaper men, and—of course—Ward Hill Lamon, attired in the wonderful uniform that he had designed when appointed colonel on the staff of Governor Dick Yates. Mrs. Lincoln and the three children left on a later train, and joined the party in Indianapolis. Then ensued twelve hectic days as the special travelled eastward. Crowds everywhere and each stop an ovation, except the stay in New York City, where the reception was not cordial. Between stops there was much gaiety and many hours were whiled away as Lamon lent his baritone voice to the sentimental and comic songs that Lincoln adored. Judge Davis, too, contributed to the hilarity. As fat men will—he tipped the beam at 325 pounds—he was prone to doze and the Lincoln boys found

much amusement in watching his stomach bob up and down as the train jolted over the rough roadbed.

At Harrisburg, where the President was scheduled to unfurl the Stars and Stripes, with its thirty-fourth star signalizing the admission of Kansas to statehood, there was alarm as it was found that the handbag in which Lincoln had the official copy of his inaugural speech was missing. He and Lamon began a search and found a bag that looked all right and which his key fitted, but on being opened was found to contain a soiled shirt, some paper collars, a deck of cards and a bottle partially filled with whiskey. "I never saw Mr. Lincoln more angry than upon this occasion," related Lamon, "but the liquor was of exceeding quality. I returned the shirt." Later the right bag was located and all was serene. It was in that city that an event occurred that has been given much space by various writers. It was there that it was decided the President-elect should journey on to Washington in secret. Allen Pinkerton, a Chicago detective, employed by a railroad to protect its bridges and tracks from damage, had found evidence of an alleged plot to kill Lincoln during the trip through Baltimore. A meeting of the members of the party was held in Philadelphia and it was decided against the will of the supposed victim and the advice of Judge Davis, that he should leave Harrisburg in secret on a special train and with but one companion of his own selection. Lamon was chosen, and while the few in the know were waiting, A. K. McClure, a member, called the Bloomingtonian aside and asked if he was properly armed. He answered by exhibiting "a brace of fine pistols, a huge bowie-knife, a blackjack, a pair of brass knuckles and a hickory cudgel." In his memoirs, McClure added: "Lincoln's trust in Lamon was beautiful." Judge Davis in a letter to Orme added this tribute: "Lincoln trusted no man to the full, but he trusted Lamon more than any other." Gideon Welles, in his diary, also comments upon the bond between the two men and wails that it "is too close, I fear."

Upon arrival in the National Capital, Lincoln named his friend as Marshal of the District of Columbia. His duties were varied. He was the warden of the District prison, master of ceremonies at all functions at the White House, and at his own insistence the personal bodyguard of the Executive. Also may it be said, he became the buffer between the President and the antagonistic members of the two houses of Congress. On his broad shoulders fell much of the abuse that was intended for Mr. Lincoln. In the words of Senator John P. Hale of New Hampshire, Abolitionist and critic: "We must not strike too

high nor too low, but we must strike between wind and water; the Marshal is the man to hit." They did—and for four long years he was their target. But there were compensations. He was a man of prominence, with a splendid home, a reputation second to none as a drinker, a wrestler and one who would never take a dare. His fine team of matched grays and his carriage trimmed in red silk was the admiration of all and his name might be found in almost every issue of the Congressional Globe, that printed the official proceedings of Congress. His private means, too, were dwindling. The Senate could not discharge him, but it could reduce his salary. They did, but he carried on. But one thing troubled him, if we are to believe a letter he wrote to Orme back here in Bloomington: "My friend Hogg told me while here that my friends in Illinois were going to present me with a sword. Jog his memory."

Thus he carried on for four long years, ever faithful, ever loyal to his friend. At the time of the assassination he was absent in Richmond on a confidential mission for his friend. Had he been in Washington most writers agree that the Booth bullet never would have been fired. With the death of his friend he was at loose ends. He declined membership in Johnson's cabinet, opened a law office in partnership with Chauncey Black and with him wrote a *Life of Lincoln* that now is acclaimed as one of the best. Then he sought a return to health and wealth in the West, first settling in Boulder, Colorado, and later in Denver. Here he met Eugene Field, the poet of childhood, then one of the editors of the Tribune. Denver at that time was a model background for the two. It was the life of a gold rush town of the West with the conveniences and allurements of an Eastern city. It was the last stand of unconventionality before prudery and hypocrisy held sway. It was an environment in which Field could revel and the other could delight. It was inevitable that the twain should meet.

It became the custom of Field to call each afternoon at the office of his friend. On one occasion he found Lamon asleep on the floor—a favorite position of his. After waiting a time with no indication that the sleeper would awake, he pencilled the following verses, which he pinned on the sleeper's coat:

As you, dear Lamon, soundly slept
And dreamed sweet dreams upon the floor,
Into your hiding place I crept
And heard the music of your snore.

A man who sleeps as you now sleep,
Who pipes as musically as thou—
Who loses self in slumber deep
As you, oh happy man, do now,
Must have a conscience clear and free
From troubrous pangs and vain ado;
So ever may thy slumber be—
So ever be thy conscience, too.
And when the last sweet sleep of all
Shall smooth the wrinkles from thy brow,
May God on high as gently guard
Thy slumbering soul as I do now.

Failure to find relief from his ailments in the higher altitude of the Colorado town, with Sallie he took the long-deferred visit to Europe, hopeful that in some of the cures the two would recover the buoyancy of their days when the world was younger. But it was not to be. In Brussels, Sallie was stricken and August 6, 1892, kindly strangers crossed her tired hands on her breast and prepared the wasted body for shipment across the seas to Springfield, where she sleeps in Oak Ridge in the burial plot of the Logan clan.

After the interment of his wife Lamon again returned to Washington but not for long. He moved to Martinsburg, West Virginia. Here he was near the old family holdings. Here the ravages of disease became more and more devastating and he grew weaker. He missed the care of the faithful Sallie but there was a worthy substitute in the person of Dorothy Lamon—Dolly he called her—his daughter by his boyhood marriage to Angeline Turner. It was near midnight of May 7, 1893, when his spirit took its flight. He was conscious to the last, but for sixteen hours had lost the power of speech. From early dawn Dolly hovered around the bedside, hoping every moment he would be able to leave some comforting word. None came, but his eyes gave her the message that all was well. She was so stunned during the long watch that she could offer no prayer of hope, but just before the summons came like an inspiration came to mind the last lines of 'Gene Field's little poem, which she recited:

And when the last sweet sleep of all
Shall smooth the wrinkles from thy brow,
May God on high as gently guard
Thy slumbering soul as I do now.

Lincoln's best friend smiled. These were the last words Ward Hill Lamon ever heard on earth. As a fitting end for a soldier of fortune, friends buried him where he fell. He sleeps in the Gerrardstown graveyard near Martinsburg. Here he awaits the final call near the resting places of General Horatio Gates, of Saratoga and Camden battlegrounds, and General Charles Lee, who will be remembered in the story of Monmouth Field. Looking off through the trees may be seen the birthplace of Belle Boyd, the Confederate spy.

CHAPTER XV

MR. LINCOLN IN HIS OFF HOURS ON THE CIRCUIT

(Henry Clay Whitney and others have written at length of Mr. Lincoln's life and ways on the circuit, but the subject is one of ever renewing interest, and so there are here reprinted two articles that deserve a place, at once informing and amusing, in any account of that phase of his career. The first, in which Mrs. Elizabeth Allen Bradner of Bloomington deals with the social life of Mr. Lincoln, was first published in the Pantagraph of that city on February 6, 1909. The second embodying the recollections of Henry M. Russel, long a prominent resident of Urbana, originally appeared in the Illinois State Journal on January 26, 1909. Mrs. Bradner was the daughter of one of Mr. Lincoln's oldest friends, and with deft, sure strokes and the authority of long acquaintance pictures the tall lawyer from Springfield at ease in the social gatherings of the period. Mr. Russel also has a sure eye for the verities, and his descriptions of Lincoln with his fellow lawyers chatting before the tavern fireplace or attempting his first game of billiards are charged with the breadth and humor of common things.)

MR. LINCOLN IN THE SOCIAL LIFE OF HIS PERIOD

It was in the winter of 1838-39 that I first heard of Mr. Lincoln. My father, James Allen, was a member of the Illinois Legislature that winter, and constantly with Mr. Lincoln. He came home infatuated with him and said that he could see through a question quicker than any one with whom he had previously had dealings. Father Allen was not a lawyer, but his judgment was superior to that of most men. He said that he wished to live to see Mr. Lincoln President, and that the latter if he lived would attain that office. He was the first person to make this prediction.

My own acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln began in the late forties or early fifties when he and Edward D. Baker would come to Bloomington to attend court with David Davis, Jesse W. Fell and other lawyers. Bloomington was then a small village, and when court was held here, which was for about a fortnight two terms each year, there were four

ladies who in turn would give parties for the lawyers. These their guests greatly enjoyed, especially Mr. Lincoln who was always the life of a party, full of anecdotes and ready with impromptu stories told at the expense of the other lawyers. Mr. Lincoln was at my house one evening in one of his happiest moods. Walking up and down he struck his head against the chandelier in our living room, halted and said: "How awkward I am," after which he continued his walk and again hit his head against the chandelier, remarking with a smile that they had none of these things at his house.

The ladies who entertained the lawyers were Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Fell, Mrs. James Miller and myself. At some of our meetings the gentleman of the house was sure to do a most ridiculous thing. He was the father of a boy about a year old, and his whole attention was given to that child. "What a fine boy he has," Lincoln would say, and this would make the father feel that his offspring knew more than the lawyers. On one occasion the father made a particularly absurd remark at which all of us were prompted to laugh but dare not. Mr. Lincoln relieved the situation by saying: "Baker sing."

"Why I never sang a note in my life," was the reply.

"Davis," said Mr. Lincoln, "did you ever hear a man lie like that, when he almost kills us with his songs?"

A hearty laugh followed, and then Mr. Lincoln asked if there was any one present who could give us a song. Mrs. Davis, ever ready to accommodate, sprang to her feet, and with the remark that she would give us a ditty, in her sweet voice, to the keen enjoyment of her listeners, especially Mr. Lincoln, sang these verses:

So Miss Mirth is going to marry—
What a number of hearts she will break
There is Tom Brown, Lord George and Sir Harry,
All agoing in love for her sake.
'Tis a match that we all approve,
Let the gossips say what they can,
For she is a most charming woman,
And he a most fortunate man,
Yes, she's really a charming woman.
She has studied both Latin and Greek,
And I am told she solved a problem
In Euclid before she could speak.
The old woman speaks: "If she had
been a daughter of mine,
I'd taught her to knit and to sew,"

But her mother, a most charming woman,
Could not think of such trifles, you know.

At another town on the circuit the old lady who kept the tavern always made a large bowl of custard for the middle of the table when the lawyers were her guests. Coming to the table on one of their visits Mr. Lincoln asked with a smile: "Davis, did you ever see anything keep like that? It looked just like that when we left last fall?" Mr. Lincoln's joke offended the old lady, and she made no more custard for the lawyers.

I never thought Mr. Lincoln awkward as some say he was. There was only one occasion when he seemed awkward to me, and that was when (in 1858) he and Douglas were making speeches all over Illinois. They came to Bloomington and spoke in a grove east of town. I had a place near the stand from which Douglas was speaking. Soon my attention was drawn to a man at a distance seated on a fallen log, his hat on the ground between his feet, and an elbow on each knee, listening to Douglas. His chin was resting on his left hand, and as he looked at the speaker, he would at intervals pull a paper from and then return it to, his hat. When Douglas finished speaking the crowd began to call for Mr. Lincoln. The man seated on a log picked up his hat, put it on, and then commenced to rise. Before he was fully erect I recognized him as Mr. Lincoln. Looking straight ahead, as if at some distant object, he walked to the stand, with loud applause from the crowd, and commenced speaking. And what a speech it was: I wish I could remember it.

The day after Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency I called on him (in Springfield) with John A. Jones and his wife, my sister. We found him in fine spirits. He had gone downstreet the night before to hear the returns. In telling of it he said: "My wife informed me that if I was not home by ten o'clock she would lock me out, and so she did. About midnight she heard music and looking out saw a great crowd coming to our door. Then she unlocked it in a hurry."

Mr. Lincoln was always fond of children. During his earlier years of practice in Springfield his wife would have him put their latest baby in its wagon and wheel it on the street until he had to go to his office. A neighbor called to him one morning: "That is pretty business for a lawyer." Mr. Lincoln's quiet reply was: "I promised to give him the air; he was so tired and heated." He had also an alert interest in the well-being of other people's children. Calling one day at the home of my sister, Mrs. Jones, when I was present, he quickly noted that her little boy was hopping around barefooted. "What is

the matter with that boy?" he asked. Then he took him on his knee, and examined his foot. "The child has a stone bruise," he said. "Give me a needle and I will open it." This done he called for cloth and bandaged the foot. Mr. Lincoln and my brother-in-law were great friends, and one of his acts as President was to appoint Mr. Jones clerk of the United States Court for the Southern District of Illinois, a post in which in after years his son, my nephew succeeded him.

WHEN MR. LINCOLN PLAYED HIS FIRST GAME OF BILLIARDS

I was born in Western New York, but came to Illinois in 1839 and in 1847 settled in Urbana, where in May of the following year I met Mr. Lincoln for the first time. An uncle of mine, James S. Gere was then landlord of the Champaign House, a famous tavern of pioneer days, and also local agent of the stage lines, which made the Champaign their point of arrival and departure. Thus it was that in May, 1848, Judge Samuel Treat, at that time presiding over the Eighth Circuit, accompanied by a group of lawyers which included Mr. Lincoln, David Davis, Antrim Campbell, Joel S. Post, Charles R. Lawrence and Kirby Benedict came to Urbana to hold the spring term of the Champaign Circuit Court, judge and lawyers lodging at the Champaign House.

I was working for my uncle, and it fell to me to care for the wants of judge and attorneys, tending the fires in their rooms and seeing that they were served with cigars and liquors when they called for them. And for good measure I also assisted in waiting on table at meals. I formed a liking for Mr. Lincoln, as soon as I met him—this because of his friendly and considerate ways, so different from those of most of the other lawyers attending court. He was always pleasant when asking for things he needed, and he never failed to thank me when I brought them to him. The rooms occupied by the bar were good-sized ones. As a rule there were three beds to a room, and two lawyers shared each bed, except the judge and a few others who had single rooms. The evening hours were usually passed in the large rooms, where there were fireplaces and comfortable fires.

A little later Leonard Swett and Asahel Gridley of Bloomington joined the traveling bar which came to Urbana from Monticello in Platt County, continuing on when the Champaign term ended to Danville in Vermilion County, and going thence to Paris, Charleston and other countyseats in the district. There were jolly times in hotel rooms of an evening, with some drinking and card playing for small

amounts, grains of corn or coffee being used for chips at five and ten cents a kernel. But I never saw or heard of Mr. Lincoln touching liquor or playing cards. Now and then he would tell the party a story of some unfortunate drinker or card player, and his stories were always interesting and had a point to them.

It was in Urbana that I saw Mr. Lincoln play his first game of billiards. A new billiard hall, the first in the town, had opened, and in the course of a conversation between visiting lawyers and residents Mr. Lincoln stated that he had never played billiards. John C. Sheldon, a young lawyer, volunteered that he also was ignorant of the game. Thereupon, in jollying mood, the two men were urged to show what they could do as beginners. They accepted the jollying with a good nature in keeping with the occasion, and agreed to play a game. The crowd followed them to the billiard hall, and were soon joined by others who, hearing that Lincoln and Sheldon were playing a matched game of billiards, filled the room to its capacity.

I have always felt that they had told the truth, for the game was one of the most awkward and laughable I ever witnessed, even between amateurs. Mr. Lincoln was tall and angular and Sheldon short and stout, a contrast that made their start an amusing one, and soon the game itself furnished abundant diversion and cause for laughter. No matter where a ball lay Mr. Lincoln could lean his whole body over the rail and with his long arms reach it anywhere on the table, while Sheldon's swelling front made it impossible for him to lean over the rail. Instead he would try to lie on the table, but this position was forbidden by the rules of the game, and he was compelled to constantly resort to use of a bridge, prompting loud guffaws from the spectators. The game of a hundred points lasted until it was too late for any other playing, nor did any one else desire to play while the Lincoln-Sheldon game was in progress. I do not recall who won it.

During the senatorship campaign of 1858 I heard Mr. Lincoln speak in Monticello and Urbana, and Senator Douglas in Urbana. By that time I had become active in politics as a member of the lately born Republican Party, and in May, 1860, it was my privilege to serve as chairman of the Champaign County delegation to the state convention at Decatur which declared Mr. Lincoln the choice of the Republicans of Illinois for President. A few days later I went with the Illinois delegates to the national convention at Chicago. There I enjoyed the confidence of Davis, Swett and the other Lincoln leaders, and was able on the first ballot to secure two Pennsylvania votes for our candidate.

I also helped (Ward Lamon) organize a coup which on bogus visitors' tickets gained 300 Illinois rooters admission to the Wigwam on the last morning of the convention, and at the same time denied entrance to an equal number of jubilant New Yorkers who, after parading the Chicago streets headed by a brass band, planned to march into the hall and shout for Seward. Those were lively hours, and I am glad and grateful that good luck gave me a modest part in them.

CHAPTER XVI

WHEN THE LINCOLNS BECAME PEW-HOLDERS

(Thomas Lewis was an active and prominent business man and lawyer in the Springfield of Lincoln's day. He was born in 1808 in Somerset County, New Jersey, and at the age of twenty-nine with his own family and those of two of his brothers, in all twenty-seven persons, migrated to Illinois, settling in Springfield on August 1, 1837, a few months after Lincoln had come there from New Salem to practice law as the partner of John T. Stuart. The two young men were soon on a friendly footing and their intimate and mutually helpful association ended only with Lincoln's death. Lewis' memories of his great friend here reproduced first appeared in the issue of *Leslie's Weekly* for February 16, 1899 under the title *New Light on Lincoln's Life*. Lewis was then in his ninety-first year, and his memories of past days were not always accurate ones. A more authoritative account except as to its chronology of Lincoln's collection of a \$5000 fee from the Illinois Central Railroad will be found on Page 284 of Herndon's *Life of Lincoln* as edited by Paul Angle, New York, 1930; and diligent search has failed to produce any other record of the reputed discourse on the Bible by Lincoln than the account of it given by Mr. Lewis. Perhaps, it represents another example of the acknowledged "privilege of old age to remember things that never happened." In 1875 Mr. Lewis moved from Springfield to Cairo, Illinois, but passed his last years in Kansas City.)

A few days since I was introduced, as an old friend and associate of Abraham Lincoln, to a reverend doctor of divinity of Kansas. Early in our conversation he, as scores of others had done when I was thus introduced, inquired what I knew of Mr. Lincoln's views of the Bible. No sooner had I made a statement of the facts than he said: "This is a great relief to me, as I have heard and read so many conflicting statements on this point. In justice to the memory of the man and the gratification it would be to tens of thousands of Mr. Lincoln's admirers, you should have these facts published." While I had denied many like requests, he was so persistent that I had to promise him to do so. The question then in my mind was whether I should have them

published in Springfield, Illinois. It then occurred to me that Mr. Lincoln was a national man, and that your journal is far more national than is any daily paper. I therefore concluded to send it to you.

I briefly state my facilities for knowing facts. June 9th, 1837 I, with my family, two brothers and their families, a brother-in-law, and a cousin left New Brunswick, New Jersey, overland, for Springfield, Illinois, and arrived there August 1st. Abraham Lincoln came in town on a hack (borrowed horse) and being acquainted with Messrs. Bell and Speed, merchants, he alighted, and, with carpet-bag in hand, entered their store and stated he had come to Springfield to practice law. My place of business was but three doors from this store. Mr. Lincoln inquired for a boarding-house. Speed said: "I have a room over the store, and if it suits you I will share my bed with you." Mr. Lincoln accepted. It took me but a few days to form an acquaintance with him. Mr. Lincoln often used to say: "When I came to Springfield I brought my entire estate, real and personal, in a carpetbag." Later, Stephen A. Douglas came to Springfield. We became a trio of friends, which terminated at the death of Douglas.

While still a young man Mr. Lincoln became known as Honest Abe, and it was no nickname. I have often been associated with him in State and Federal courts. He was noted for taking small fees. When Douglas was in the United States Senate Mr. Lincoln had a note of \$500 sent him for collection on Douglas. He sent it to a correspondent in Washington. The money was paid and draft returned to Mr. Lincoln who remitted, retaining \$2.50 for his fee. When asked how he came to retain so small a fee Mr. Lincoln replied: "I had no trouble with it. I sent it to my friend in Washington, and was only out the postage."

It is not known to every one at this date that while Stephen A. Douglas was in the Senate he introduced a bill praying Congress to make a donation of public lands to the State of Illinois for the purpose of having a railroad run from the south to the north of the State. The bill passed, donating to the State the alternate sections of land, six miles in width, on either side of the road. It passed on the last day of the session. I was in the Senate lobby when it passed. The next morning I called on Mr. Douglas at his house and congratulated him on the passage of the bill. Mr. Douglas replied: "I was offered fifty thousand dollars by officials of the Cairo Company to have the donation made to that company, and I could have had it made to whom I pleased." I said: "Why did you not take the money? With

your Chicago property and fifty thousand dollars you could retire at the end of your term." "Lewis," said he, "I would rather be honest to my constituents than to have a million dollars and be President."

The Illinois Legislature chartered the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and the State gave the lands to the company for a consideration of seven per cent of the gross earnings of the road, the property of the road to be exempt from state and municipal taxes. The commissioners of McLean County instructed the assessor to assess the railroad property. The road enjoined the collection. The case was tried in the Circuit Court and was decided against the road, and the company appealed to the Supreme Court. General Mason Brayman, who died in Kansas City, Missouri, some three years ago, was attorney for the railroad company. When the case came on for trial Mr. Brayman was absent from the State, but had employed Mr. Lincoln to take charge of it. Before taking his seat, at the close of his argument, Mr. Lincoln came to Judge Logan, his former partner, he and myself being the only members of the Springfield bar that remained in the room until he closed, and said, "Gentlemen, how much should I charge the company?" We replied from \$1,000 to \$2,000. Said he, "I thought to charge five hundred dollars if defeated, and one thousand dollars if successful." Our reply was, "If successful, you should charge two thousand dollars; if not, one thousand dollars."

The court reversed the decision. Mr. Lincoln drew a draft on the treasurer of the road for \$1,000, and deposited it in bank for collection. It was sent to Chicago, and returned with the statement that "Five hundred dollars would be a good fee for a first-class lawyer, but we will give Mr. Lincoln that sum." The members of the bar had never thought of the importance of the case at that time. On the return of the draft Mr. Lincoln lost no time in consulting members of the bar, and they were unanimous in advising him to sue the company for \$5,000. He went to Bloomington, McLean County, where the suit had been tried, entered his suit against the company for \$5,000 and the first large fee of his life was paid. On one of my last visits to Mr. Brayman, previous to his death, this subject came up, and he seemed not to have forgiven the official of the Illinois Central Railroad for the insult to Mr. Lincoln and the imputation against himself. When Mr. Lincoln received the money he used about one-half of it in putting the second story on his one-story cottage. The balance he loaned in sums of \$50 to \$100 to mechanics and small dealers, without security and at legal interest. He never took a cent

of usurious interest, and afterward told me that he never lost a dollar on his loans, but made a client of each one that was not already such.

A suit was brought in the United States Court, in Springfield, against a citizen, for an infringement of a patent right. Mr. Lincoln was employed to defend it. Mr. Lincoln went to the most skilled architect in the city, inquired how he spent his winter evenings, and received the reply: "If times are brisk I sometimes work; other times I have no special business." Mr. Lincoln said: "I have a patent-right case in court; I want you as a partner, and will divide fees. I know nothing about mechanics—never made it a study. I want you to make a list of the best works on mechanism. As I don't suppose they can be purchased here, I will furnish the money, and you can send to Chicago or New York for them. I want you to come to my house one night each week and give me instruction." In a short time he had witnesses to meet him, and they were thoroughly drilled. When the trial commenced, Mr. Lincoln put his questions at the cross-examinations so scientifically that many witnesses were bothered to reply. When his witnesses were put on the stand, so skillful were his questions that the court, the jury, and the bar all wondered how "Abe" Lincoln knew so much about mechanism. His witnesses could reply promptly. He gained the suit and a reputation such that he was retained in every patent-right case brought into that court, up to the time he was sent to Washington. He went to Chicago, St. Louis, Iowa, Ohio, Kentucky, and Michigan to try patent-right cases, and the last year of his practice did little else.

Mr. Lincoln was a very honest, conscientious, moral man, not addicted to intemperance or profanity. He could tell stories to suit any audience. He was not a church-going man. I always considered him somewhat skeptical, yet never thought him a believer of the Tom Paine or Robert Ingersoll school. In the 'fifties he went with his wife to Kentucky to visit her uncle. On his return I paid him a social call. In the meantime he said: "Lewis, while at my wife's uncle's I got hold of a book entitled 'Smith on Infidelity' by your Dr. (James) Smith. It gave me views on the Bible that I never had before. I read it about half through, and want to get hold of it to finish reading it." I told him I could doubtless secure a copy, for though I had heard the doctor say recently that he had sold his last book, I supposed that some who had read it would perhaps be glad to give it up for the five dollars paid for their copy. Said he: "I wish you would see the doctor, for, as long as he has been here, I have never had an introduction to him. I wish you would bring him around and give

me an introduction." I saw Dr. Smith. He secured a book the next day, and we went to Mr. Lincoln's office. I introduced them. We spent a pleasant hour. On leaving I went out first, and as the doctor passed out of the door he turned back and said: "Mr. Lincoln, I should be pleased to see you, when convenient, at our church." "Doctor," said he, "I will be there next Sunday." True to his promise, the next Sunday he and his wife were there. The following Sunday both were there again.

At that time I was an elder, trustee, treasurer, Sunday-school superintendent, and pew-renter. During that week Mr. Lincoln called on me and inquired if he could rent a pew. I replied that he could, as a desirable one had just been vacated by a family about to leave the city, and that the rent would be fifty dollars a year, payable quarterly. He paid twelve dollars and fifty cents then, and a like sum each quarter until he went to Washington. The next Sunday his children were in the Sunday school and with their parents in the church. Shortly thereafter there was a revival in the church. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln attended regularly at the inquiry meetings, and it was expected that both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln would be admitted to the church at the time. When the communion came Mr. Lincoln was at Detroit, Michigan, attending a patent-right case. Mrs. Lincoln came before the session; said she was confirmed in the Episcopal Church when twelve years old, and did not wish to be admitted on profession of faith, as she was never converted until under Dr. Smith's preaching. Mr. Lincoln never applied for admission to the church.

Some months later the session invited him to deliver a discourse on the Bible from the pulpit. He accepted, and when it became known that "Abe" Lincoln was to occupy the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday night, it was a guarantee of a full house. If the opinions of divines are authority, there never was uttered a stronger vindication of the Bible in that pulpit. Those who knew him best and heard him on that occasion believe that Abraham Lincoln had as much faith in the efficacy of prayer during the Civil War as George Washington had during the Revolutionary War.

Pardon the transgression while I narrate a few of the most marked premonitions that led me to visit Mr. Lincoln. These facts would never have been published were it not to explain my visit. They have ever been an unsolved mystery to me, and I would be pleased to have an explanation. In 1831 I was doing business in New Brunswick, New Jersey. My father lived near there. On one Friday night I was awakened by a soft, fine voice saying to me: "Your father is very

ill. If you want to see him alive you must go at once." He died at four o'clock the following Sunday morning. In 1840 the first session of the Illinois State Legislature met at Springfield. At that time William Van Nostrand, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, my wife's father, was visiting us. He took delight in attending the meetings of the Legislature, and on Wednesday evening came in, coughing considerably. In those days I went every two months to St. Louis on horseback or by stage, a distance of 100 miles. The stage took a day and night; the horse took two days. I had arranged to go on Thursday morning. I became a little uneasy about my father-in-law, and before retiring I went to his bed and said I thought I would not go to St. Louis, but he insisted upon my going. I left at daylight and arrived in St. Louis Friday night, about twelve o'clock. The same voice awoke me and said: "Your father-in-law is going to die." The next morning I immediately mounted my horse and rode home, arriving there a few hours before he died, Sunday night.

One year later I was in Northern Illinois on horseback, and before I had got through with my business there I was aroused by the same familiar voice saying, "Clark Van Nostrand (my wife's uncle) is about to die." I knew nothing about his being sick, but started for home, riding sixty miles a day, and reached home a few hours after his death. In 1862, when the Union Army took possession of Memphis, Ex-chief Justice Williams, of Iowa, and myself, knowing that there were no courts there except military, and that the lawyers could not take the required oath, concluded that we might make it pay to go there. Having two partners in law and two in publishing the daily Union Herald, I arranged with them to leave, knowing all was right at home. A few nights previous to my departure I heard the soft voice again, saying: "If you want to see Abraham Lincoln alive you must go to Washington before going to Memphis, as you will never see him alive in Springfield." I had no more sleep that night. I went to Washington and soon learned that Lincoln could not spend his time in daylight to visit me. I waited until seven o'clock, hoping to find him at home, but to my surprise I found over half a dozen in the waiting-room. The doorkeeper said I must await my turn. I gave him my card, with the request that he hand it to Mr. Lincoln, and I was soon ushered in. We shook hands. I told Mr. Lincoln that I was on my way to Memphis to practice law, and that I was there to make a short visit with him. He said: "You see the fix I am in. I am kept here every night until nine to twelve o'clock, and never know when I can leave. You go to Mary's room and visit her until I come. It will be

between nine and twelve o'clock. Then we will talk Springfield over."

I was piloted to Mrs. Lincoln's room. At eleven o'clock Mr. Lincoln came in. At two o'clock, as I rose to leave, Mr. Lincoln said: "Keep your seat a minute." He took a card from his pocket, wrote on it in pencil, and then handed it to me, saying, "Don't fail to present this before leaving. I want you to see Secretary Chase." Then he added: "I want to give you a letter to General Grant" (then at Vicksburg). I remarked that I had no idea of going below Memphis. He replied: "You don't know where you may go, and a letter from me to General Grant will do you no harm. But it's too late to write it now. I will mail it to you." He sent it the next day. Lincoln's last words to Dr. Smith on leaving Springfield were: "Doctor, I wish to be remembered in the prayers of you and our church members."

At the time Lincoln was assassinated I was attending court at Springfield. Very soon after his death the newspapers began printing conflicting statements in regard to Lincoln's belief in the Bible. The Rev. James Reed, D.D., the successor of Dr. Smith (Dr. Smith had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln as consul at Dundee, Scotland) in the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield, in justice to the memory of Mr. Lincoln and to refute the misrepresentations, prepared a lecture. He called on me and I gave him a written statement, the same as I have here related. He also obtained from others written statements, and incorporated them in his lecture. He delivered it in his pulpit, and then went to Indianapolis, Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, delivering the same lecture in each city.

CHAPTER XVII

MR. LINCOLN AS HIS YOUNGER TOWNSFOLK KNEW HIM

(There are here assembled memories of Lincoln put on record by four people who had familiar contact with him during the twenty-four years of his residence in Springfield, memories which clearly deserve a place in these pages.

1. When Mr. Lincoln Borrowed a Neighbor's Shirt records an interview which A. Longfellow Fiske secured with Mrs. Anna Eastman Johnson and which was first published in the *Commonweal*, on March 2, 1932. Mrs. Johnson was the daughter of Asa Eastman, a native of Maine who was long a leader in the business life of Springfield, and during the fifties a neighbor of Lincoln, there being in those days few houses between the Eastman and Lincoln homes in adjacent streets. Anna Eastman Johnson passed most of the years of a long life in Springfield, and in gracious and delightful age was a mine of piquant memories of an earlier and simpler time.

2. Two Things Mr. Lincoln Would Not Loan is the caption given to the recollections of Joseph P. Kent, in his latter years a resident of Lanesville, Illinois, which were first published in the *Illinois State Journal* of Springfield on January 9, 1909. They afford homely, amusing touches one would be reluctant to spare from the Lincoln chronicle.

3. Lincoln Liked Handball and the Society of Editors seems a fitting title to give to the recollections of Joseph D. Ropers, first published in the *Illinois State Journal* of Springfield on January 30, 1909. In 1860 Mr. Ropers had been for three years a trusted employee of that newspaper, and before death claimed him half a century later he and his brother had been for long the last surviving members of the Lincoln Glee Club of Illinois, the first organization to assist and enliven Lincoln's candidacy with song.

4. Lincoln Tells a Young Friend of His Nomination—These recollections by John Carmody of a great hour in Mr. Lincoln's life were first published in the *Illinois State Journal* of Springfield in January, 1909, at a time when the great and the near great of that town, prompted by the hundredth anniversary of his birth, were putting on paper their memories of Lincoln. John Carmody, a man of solid

worth, was a Democrat of Irish ancestry who passed most of his days in Springfield. His political inclinations are clearly in evidence when he writes of the potent figures who filled the stage in his early manhood.)

I. WHEN MR. LINCOLN BORROWED A NEIGHBOR'S SHIRT

Several years ago, I met in Springfield, Illinois, a most delightful old lady, the last surviving member of an old aristocratic Southern family. Mrs. (Anna Eastman) Johnson, as a young girl, had lived next door to the Lincolns; she had played with the Lincoln boys; she had seen Mr. Lincoln daily for several years, when he was practising law in the prairie city; and had attended Lincoln's first inaugural in Washington as a guest of the family. I remember distinctly the afternoon that I spent with Mrs. Johnson in the parlor of her spacious home on Fifth Street in Springfield. She spoke of Mr. Lincoln with a peculiar reserve and with a respect that was not so much the attitude of a hero-worshiper as that of a friend and neighbor.

"What were your earliest recollections of him?" I asked.

"My first recollection," she replied, "is, that he seemed very tall. I can see him now, walking slowly past the house pushing a baby carriage with one hand, while in the other he held an open book which he was reading studiously! He was a grotesque figure, wearing a long linen duster and a tall hat, ridiculously tall."

Then Mrs. Johnson dwelt at some length upon that outstanding characteristic of Mr. Lincoln, well known to his closest friends, his patience. He lived amicably with Mrs. Lincoln, and while she was a very remarkable woman, she was exceedingly temperamental, and at times seriously marred the domestic felicity of the Lincoln home. With a gentle laugh, Mrs. Johnson related how, one evening, Mr. Lincoln called at her home and asked to see her father. He carried a prodigious carpetbag into the parlor and sat down. In a few minutes her father appeared.

Mr. Lincoln, rising, remarked in a drawl: "Mary is having one of her spells, and I think I had better leave her for a few days. I didn't want to bother her, and I thought as you and I are about the same size, you might be kind enough to let me take one of your clean shirts! I have found that when Mrs. Lincoln gets one of these nervous spells, it is better for me to go away for a day or two."

There was a playful smile playing upon the features of Mr. Lincoln, and Mrs. Johnson remembered clearly the careful depositing of her father's shirt into the deep recesses of the carpetbag.

But the incident which stood out with greatest vividness was one

which had to do with her friend and playmate, Tad. "After that," said the lady with emphasis, "Mr. Lincoln seemed different to me."

It appeared that one summer afternoon the young girl happened to be in the kitchen of her home. The window was open and she could look across a narrow yard into the open kitchen window of the Lincolns. She could see plainly and hear very clearly, and what she heard brought pain and consternation to the young girl's heart. Mrs. Lincoln was talking to Tad in a loud voice and she was accusing him of having appropriated to his own use a dime which should have been the change to be returned to her after having gone to the grocery on an errand.

"Tad," she declared, "You are a bad boy, I am afraid you are a thief, you—"

"No, no, mother," the frightened boy expostulated, "I didn't take that money, I say I didn't; I've lost it."

Then Tad's friend across the way saw the enraged mother rush out of the room and in another minute return with a vicious switch. She proceeded at once to apply it to the boy's legs, while naturally he objected in the typical child fashion.

Now—something happened. Suddenly there was a dead silence, and Mrs. Johnson could see the tall, lank form of Mr. Lincoln as he entered the room. The boy was cringing with fright, the outraged mother stood with the switch held limply in her hand, and Mr. Lincoln was close by them looking first at one and then the other.

"What does this mean?" he asked, simply, addressing his wife. She told it all in a torrent of almost incoherent words.

"But," protested the father, "are you sure? Perhaps—"

And in another minute Mr. Lincoln had Tad turning all of his pockets inside out, until, lo and behold, the vagrant dime dropped out of the last pocket!

Mrs. Johnson confessed that she breathed a sign of relief, for her heart was rebelliously sympathetic.

"Then," she said, "occurred what I shall never forget, for Mr. Lincoln turned to his wife and literally looked down on her, because he was so tall, and said in a voice gentle and tender with understanding: 'Mary! Mary!' That was all he said, and his wife made no reply.

"From that time on Mr. Lincoln was a different man to me. Although he was just a human being and a neighbor, still he seemed to possess qualities that I didn't see in other people. I felt that whatever might happen, he would understand. And when, years later, he was nominated for the Presidency, and during the years he served in that

high office, I felt that the nation was safe because it had at its helm a man a little different from other men, with a greater sense of justice and a deeper human sympathy. All through my life, since my early days, I have heard Mr. Lincoln's voice—'Mary! Mary!' it has said—and he might have been speaking to the whole world!"

A few years passed and Mr. Lincoln reached the White House, and Mrs. Johnson was a young lady. At his first inaugural his neighbor, Annie Eastman, this same young lady, was not forgotten, and to her great delight she came East to attend the event as a guest of the Lincolns.

Annie Eastman was not concerned with the affairs of state at that early period, and although she sat with others close at hand when the oath of office was administered, the outstanding memory was a simple occurrence at the brilliant reception.

"The great room and the lights! But Mr. Lincoln as he stood shaking hands with people was just Mr. Lincoln next door. As I passed in front of him, he remarked, 'Well, here we are, and look at these gloves, Annie; they were clean when we began!'"

With this comment he held out his large hands, palms up, for her to see, and he laughed whimsically at the dirty, smudged whiteness.

He was the same tall man, towering above everybody at the reception, and yet to Annie Eastman he was just a bit different from other men—he was more human and more kind.

2. TWO THINGS MR. LINCOLN WOULD NOT LOAN

My first recollections of the Lincoln family dates from the summer of 1855 when my father and family moved into the house on the east side of Eighth Street. Lincoln lived on the south corner of the same block. We were neighbors of Mr. Lincoln until he left Springfield never to return alive. At the request of Mrs. Lincoln to my mother, I lived with the family on several occasions; during the absence of Mr. Lincoln and son Robert I attended to the horse and sometimes drove him hitched to the family carriage for Mrs. Lincoln. I distinctly remember Mr. Lincoln and family, as they were at that time, 1855 to 1861. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and three sons, Bob, Will, and Tad, as they were called by everyone at that time.

I recall that Bob, the elder and Tad the younger, were *Mama* boys. They neither one had the slightest personal appearance or deliberate easy manner of Mr. Lincoln. They both resembled their mother in looks and actions. Will was the true picture of Mr. Lincoln, in every

way, even to carrying his head slightly inclined toward his left shoulder. (This Mr. Lincoln always did while I knew him.) I had several talks with Mr. Lincoln, mostly relating to my duties at his house during his absence. Before going away he would stop at our house and tell me he depended on me to see to the horses, etc.

I distinctly remember favors Mr. Lincoln granted me. Some of the neighbors' boys (playmates and mostly older than I) knowing my relations with Mr. Lincoln would sometimes persuade me to borrow the horse and harness from Mr. Lincoln to go swimming or hunting; then we would hitch the horse to a Mr. Alsop's flour delivery wagon and be gone. The occasion I have in mind occurred one Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1859. At the request of the boys I, as usual, went to Mr. Lincoln for the horse and harness to drive to Spring Creek swimming.

I approached the house from the Jackson Street side entrance, (and when I) knocked and Mr. Lincoln opened the door and looked down on me with the usual smile of enquiry on his face. I promptly stated my business. Mr. Lincoln told me to go and get the horse. Prompted by Mr. Lincoln's ever generous favors in the past, I presumed too far that time. I hesitated and then asked him for his carriage. Looking down on me with a broad smile of mirth, he said: "No, Joseph, there are two things I will not loan, my wife and my carriage." We made the journey with the same old spring wagon and had a bad runaway, tearing the wagon to pieces, also the harness, but fortunately no one was hurt.

Another transaction I had with Mr. Lincoln I well remember. One hot summer afternoon in '58 or '59, Link Dubois and I were standing on the sidewalk in front of my father's house trying to devise some way to obtain money with which to buy watermelons or ice cream. Link (who was always resourceful) suddenly exclaimed: "Did Mrs. Lincoln ever pay you that money?" (Link knew that Mrs. Lincoln had promised to pay me fifty cents some time before, and that I could never muster the courage to ask her for it.) I replied in the negative. Said he: "There comes Old Abe now, you dun him; he'll pay you." On looking up, I discovered Mr. Lincoln coming east on Market Street, going home. I remember that it required an extra prod from Link. Then I started forward and met Mr. Lincoln at Eighth and Capitol Avenue. I at once proceeded to lay my case before him. He immediately shoved his hand into his trousers pocket and produced a handful of silver coin. Handing me a twenty-five cent piece saying, "Here is a quarter for the Myers errand." then another quarter say-

ing, "Here is for the horse you took to Dr. Wallace," and then another quarter, saying, "This is for the interest on your money, seventy-five cents in all." Becoming suddenly rich again we were likewise happy.

One rascally prank we boys played on Mr. Lincoln I recall with regret. One dark stormy night in the spring or summer, we stood inside our front fence bordering the sidewalk and in the obscurity of the darkness, silently reached out with a stick and knocked from the head any stovepipe hat worn by a passerby. Then stealing back until believing all danger past we would silently creep forward again and lay in wait for another victim. One of the victims on that occasion proved to be Mr. Lincoln. After the usual retreat and wait we slipped to the front to reconnoiter the situation, arguing in whispers who the last victim was. The majority was in favor of Mr. Charles Arnold, who lived across the street, south from Mr. Lincoln, and like him always wore a stovepipe hat. The dispute suddenly terminated unanimously in favor of Mr. Lincoln whose well-known voice right in our midst transfixed us all with: "Yes, boys, it was Lincoln." He had secured his hat and appeared to enjoy our panic. He, however, told us he was not angry, but admonished us to discontinue such pranks, which we were glad to promise and I know we kept it, as far as concerned him in person.

I well remember the last time I saw Mr. Lincoln. He was standing on the platform of the car which bore him away from Springfield for the last time at the old Great Western Railroad of Illinois depot at the corner of Tenth and Monroe Streets. My older brother (long since dead) was a member of the train crew from Springfield to State Line City, Indiana. Mr. Lincoln's home life was all happiness and content as far as I could ever know. He seemed to idolize his wife and boys and they one and all loved him. My childish impression of Mr. Lincoln was that he was unlike any man I had ever known. Since then added years of observation and experience, have confirmed those youthful impressions and I do believe the greatest and most perfect character possible to humankind was embodied in that of Abraham Lincoln.

3. LINCOLN LIKED HANDBALL AND THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS

My first recollections of, and acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln were early in the year 1857. What I here relate has nothing whatever to do with his public life, but pertains only to my personal knowledge and recollection of what may be termed his social and every day life among friends, acquaintances and neighbors, here in Springfield. It

will be necessary to give briefly some personal history of myself to explain how I became acquainted and obtained my knowledge of Mr. Lincoln. I entered the employ of Bailhache and Baker, (Mr. Baker's wife was a niece of Mrs. Lincoln) proprietors, editors and publishers of the Illinois State Journal, February 2, 1857, in the capacity of bookkeeper and general businessman. I was then twenty-three years of age. The office of the paper was on the second and third floors in the building now known as 116 North Sixth street, this city. The front room on the second floor was about 16 x 20 feet, and served as editorial, business and mailing room. In the middle of the room was a large wood stove, which stood in a box of sand occupying about 3 x 5 feet; the other furniture was the editorial table, a common kitchen table, two mailing tables, three or four common wooden chairs and my desk in one corner.

In this crowded room was where I first knew Lincoln. He was a frequent visitor at the Journal office, always greeting every one with a pleasant word. Sometimes he had with him his two small boys, who would often slip out into the workroom, just back of the editorial room. When Mr. Lincoln would find that the boys had gone, he would go and find them, leading them back by the hands. This would occur two or three times at each visit when the boys were with him.

Most of these visits would occupy an hour or more, Mr. Lincoln talking with Mr. Baker, the editor, and reading the New York Tribune and other Eastern papers. These papers would be at least two days old when received; general telegraphic news reports were then unknown to the newspapers in Springfield. In those days out-of-town visitors at the office were not very frequent. When some one or more of the prominent men of the State called at the office, and Mr. Lincoln was present, questions concerning national and state affairs, then before the country, would be taken up at once, talked about and discussed.

In all these private conversations and discussions, and I heard many of them, Mr. Lincoln seemed to me to be the leading spirit, animated and earnest in his statements, holding the attention of his hearers, who seemed spell-bound and deeply impressed by his logic. He was not only fluent in his conversation, but he had at all times a most agreeable manner in expressing his views. His discussions were not only intensely earnest, but skilled in reasoning; he would frequently, in the conversations, illustrate by telling stories, which were inimitable and always pointedly applicable. Some were sublime while others brought forth peals of laughter in which he led all others.

I regret now my inability to recall some of those stories. However, there was one I remember very distinctly hearing him tell to three or four gentlemen sitting around Mr. Baker's editorial table. This story had reference to some plan or movement of one or more Democrats, in which they had ingloriously failed, owing to their neglect to reckon on or anticipate what had been planned or was being done by the Republicans.

Mr. Lincoln said: "This situation reminds me of three or four fellows out near Athens (Menard County) who went coon hunting one day. After being out some time the dogs treed a coon, which was soon discovered in the extreme top of a very tall oak tree. They had only one gun, a rifle, and after some discussion as to who was the best 'shot' one was decided on, who took the rifle and getting in a good position, the coon being in plain view, lying close on a projecting limb, and at times moving slowly along, the man fired. But the coon was still on the limb; a small bunch of leaves from just in front of the coon fluttered down. The surprise and indignation of the other fellows was boundless, and all sorts of epithets were heaped on the best 'shot' and an explanation demanded for his failure to bring down the coon. 'Well,' he said, 'you see boys, by gum, I sighted just a leetle ahead and 'lowed for the durn'd thing crawling.' "

Many of the leading and prominent men of the State at different times called at the editorial room of the Journal when Mr. Lincoln was present. Such subjects as the Dred Scott case, the Kansas-Nebraska question, the Missouri Compromise, the Mason and Dixon's Line, were then before the country. Mr. Lincoln would reply, and with such extreme animation and with such vivid expressions, and without hesitancy for words, that it seemed apparent that the whole subject being discussed was mentally comprehended and that his great gift of language enabled him to express his convictions and convince his hearers. These talks were all made in the best of humor on Mr. Lincoln's part, many of them ending with an illustrative story which he told in the same animated strain.

This all happened in the course of the year 1857. I was only once in Mr. Lincoln's law office. This was in 1857 or 1858. I was collecting subscription bills for the Daily Journal. Mr. Lincoln and his partner Mr. Herndon, were in the office. When I presented the bill to Mr. Lincoln he remarked that it was all right. Then he said to Mr. Herndon: "Bill, let me have two dollars and a half to pay this bill." Mr. Herndon after fumbling in his pockets handed Mr. Lincoln the money and he paid the bill.

A further personal knowledge of Mr. Lincoln which impressed me was love of handball. Immediately south of the Journal office there was a vacant piece of ground some 85 x 100 feet, the south end of which was the solid wall of a three-story building. The door or entrance to the ball alley as it was called was at the north end. This was in 1859 or 1860. Here I have seen Mr. Lincoln play ball a number of times. My memory is clear that Mr. Lincoln got as much or more real enjoyment in these games than any of the others. His suppleness, leaps and strides to strike the ball were comical in the extreme.

My next recollection of Mr. Lincoln was in the campaign of 1860. The political meetings of the Republicans of this city and county were held in a building erected for the purpose on the ground now occupied by the United States Government building at the corner of Sixth and Monroe streets. This building was designated and known as the Republican Wigwam. There were two galleries in the wigwam, one at the east end for the band and one at the west end for the glee club. This glee club was formed early in the campaign and was present at every meeting held in the wigwam day or night. I can recall seeing Mr. Lincoln present at only one of these meetings. This was one evening when we of the glee club espied him in one of the dark corners of the room; the lighting of the room would be called very dim and poor today, and perhaps very few of the audience knew that Mr. Lincoln was present. The members of the glee club claimed that he was present to hear some of our songs.

4. LINCOLN TELLS A YOUNG FRIEND OF HIS NOMINATION

I was acquainted with Mr. Lincoln for many years previous to the incident I am about to relate. I had business transactions with him in the purchase of real estate, at which time he had control of the sale of property owned I think by parties by the name of Bullock of Massachusetts. The purchasers of this transaction were bound to pay a certain amount at the time of sale, which some of the purchasers could not pay, and I assumed the responsibility for a short time, promising Mr. Lincoln that I would pay compound interest on the purchase money. When I went to settle with him he said: "John, it is enough for them to get the interest." This confirmed my opinion of his integrity, and I always held him in my highest estimation.

Mr. Lincoln, I and others played many a game of handball on the vacant lot adjoining my property, then situated between Washington and Jefferson streets on the east side of Sixth Street. I do not recollect the names of others who participated in those games. But one incident

took place during the ball games, which I have retained clearly in my memory. I had a nephew named Patrick Johnson who was expert in the game. He struck the ball at one time and it came in contact with Mr. Lincoln's ear. I ran to sympathize with him, and ask if he was hurt. He answered in the negative, but reached both of his hands towards heaven. In viewing his countenance I had to strain my sight, he being so many feet taller than me. I exclaimed, "Lincoln if you are going to heaven, take us both."

One or two days later Mr. Lincoln came out of the Illinois Journal office, which I think was under the control of Messrs. Bailhache and Baker or Mr. Phillips. Mr. Lincoln said: "Good morning John." "Good morning Mr. Lincoln. How is your ear?" "All right John, I have got the nomination." "For what, Mr. Lincoln." "President, John, President of the United States." "Ah, Friend Lincoln, I wish you had. I seemed to think that Mr. Seward has had that bonus in his pocket for the last six months." "No, John, he has not, I have got it," producing the telegram at the same time, and asking if I would befriend him. "No objection to your success Mr. Lincoln; it is bread and butter we all are contending for."

If Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas had lived after the war ended in this country, the State of Illinois would have reason to retain their memory for years to come. There would have taken place between them united action in support of the general government, and the Constitution and the laws governing the same. A great deal of malice and hard feeling which existed between the two sections (North and South) would never have been shown. The President would have stood by the people of the South in all their lawful claims, being the son of a Southern man.

Mr. Lincoln would have promoted the welfare of the colored race by his statesmanship beyond their present situation. He would have been inclined to sustain peace and harmony among all classes instead of encouraging political friction and discord; as had been resorted to so that no safety ever stood for the welfare of the people.

Many men are writing eulogies on Mr. Lincoln that had no knowledge of him more than by name. If Mr. Lincoln had been living and met some of them, he would have rebuked and might have slapped them on the face. The State of Illinois has reason to be proud of President Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas as two of its most prominent citizens.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN MR. LINCOLN MET EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON

(When in September, 1857, Mr. Lincoln visited Cincinnati to participate as counsel in the patent case of McCormick vs. Manny, about to come to trial in the United States Circuit Court, the available evidence indicates that he was the guest during his stay of William Martin Dickson, a lawyer of that city who had married a first cousin of Mrs. Lincoln. The relations between the two men then and later appear to have been intimate and friendly ones. Therefore eminently worth reprinting is an article by Mr. Dickson originally published in Harper's New Monthly Magazine for June, 1884, which deals at length with Mr. Lincoln's sharply contrasting visits to Cincinnati in 1855, and again in 1859, when he had become a leader in national affairs. There are in print several conflicting accounts of Mr. Lincoln's embarrassing association with the lawsuit which took him to Cincinnati, but in the opinion of the present writer Mr. Dickson's version is the one to be accepted without reserve by students. Mr. Lincoln's state of mind when he received the bill of the Cincinnati hotelkeeper is amusingly reflected in a letter he addressed to Mr. Dickson, June 7, 1860, which will be found in *New Letters and Papers of Lincoln*, Compiled by Paul M. Angle, Boston, 1930.)

In the summer of 1857 Mr. Lincoln made his first visit to Cincinnati. He was original counsel for the defendant in a patent reaper suit pending in the United States Circuit Court for Northern Illinois. The argument of the case was adjourned to Cincinnati, the home of Judge McLean, at his suggestion and for his accommodation.

Mr. Lincoln came to the city a few days before the argument took place, and remained during his stay at the house of a friend. The case was one of large importance pecuniarily, and in the law questions involved. Reverdy Johnson represented the plaintiff. Mr. Lincoln had prepared himself with the greatest care; his ambition was up to speak in the case, and to measure swords with the renowned lawyer from Baltimore. It was understood between his client and himself before his coming that Mr. Harding, of Philadelphia, was to be associated with him in the case, and was to make the "mechanical

argument." Mr. Lincoln was a little surprised and annoyed, after reaching here, to learn that his client had also associated with him Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, of Pittsburgh, and a lawyer of our own bar, the reason assigned being that the importance of the case required a man of the experience and power of Mr. Stanton to meet Mr. Johnson. The Cincinnati lawyer was appointed "for his local influence." These reasons did not remove the slight conveyed in the employment, without consultation with him, of this additional counsel. He keenly felt it, but acquiesced. The trial of the case came on; the counsel for defense met each morning for consultation. On one of these occasions one of the counsel moved that only two of them should speak in the case. This motion was acquiesced in. It had always been understood that Mr. Harding was to speak to explain the mechanism of the reapers. So this motion excluded either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Stanton from speaking—which? By the custom of the bar, as between counsel of equal standing, and in the absence of any action of the client, the original counsel speaks. By this rule Mr. Lincoln had precedence. Mr. Stanton suggested to Mr. Lincoln to make the speech. Mr. Lincoln answered, "No; do you speak." Mr. Stanton promptly replied: "I will," and, taking up his hat, said he would go and make preparation. Mr. Lincoln acquiesced in this, but was deeply grieved and mortified; he took but little more interest in the case, though remaining until the conclusion of the trial. He seemed to be greatly depressed, and gave evidence of that tendency to melancholy which so marked his character. His parting on leaving the city cannot be forgotten. Cordially shaking the hand of his hostess, he said: "You have made my stay here most agreeable, and I am a thousand times obliged to you; but in reply to your request for me to come again I must say to you I never expect to be in Cincinnati again. I have nothing against the city, but things have so happened here as to make it undesirable for me to ever return here."

Thus untowardly met the first time Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. Little did either then suspect that they were to meet again on a larger theatre, to become the chief actors in a great historical epoch.

While in the city he visited its lions, among other places of interest the grounds and conservatories of the late Nicholas Longworth then living. The meeting of these remarkable men is worthy of a passing note. Nor can it be given without allusion to their dress and bearing. Mr. Lincoln entered the open yard, with towering form and ungainly gait, dressed in plain clothing cut too small. His hands and feet seemed to be growing out of their environment, conspicuously seen

from their uncommon size. Mr. Longworth happened at the time to be near the entrance, engaged in weeding the shrubbery by the walk. His alert eye quickly observed the coming of a person of unusual appearance. He rose and confronted him.

"Will a stranger be permitted to walk through your grounds and conservatories?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Y-e-s," haltingly, half unconsciously was the reply, so fixed was the gaze of Mr. Longworth.

As they stood thus face to face the contrast was striking, so short in stature was the one that he seemed scarcely to reach the elbow of the other. If the dress of Mr. Lincoln seemed too small for him, the other seemed lost in the baggy bulkiness of his costume; the overflowing sleeves concealed the hands, and the extremities of the pantaloons were piled in heavy folds upon the open ears of the untied shoes. His survey of Mr. Lincoln was searching; beginning with the feet, he slowly raised his head, closely observing, until his upturned face met the eye of Mr. Lincoln. Thus for a moment gazed at each other in mutual and mute astonishment the millionaire pioneer and the now forever famous President. Mr. Lincoln passed on nor did Mr. Longworth ever become aware that he had seen Mr. Lincoln.

The grounds and conservatories were viewed and admired. And so afterward the suburbs of the city—Walnut Hills, Mount Auburn, Clifton, and Spring Grove Cemetery. He lingered long in the grounds of Mr. Hoffner in study of the statuary. He sought to find out whom the statues represented, and was much worried when he found himself unable to name correctly a single one.

A day was given to the county and city courts. An entire morning was spent in Room 1 of the Superior Court, then presided over by Bellamy Storer, eccentric and versatile, in the maturity of his extraordinary powers. His manner of conducting the business of that room, miscellaneous, demurrers, motions, submitted docket, etc., was unique. The older members of the bar remember it well. To describe it literally, would do gross injustice to that really great judge. To mingle in the same hour the gravity of the judge and the jest of the clown was a feat that only he could perform without loss of dignity, personal or judicial.

On this morning the judge was in his happiest vein, in exuberant spirits, keeping the bar "in a roar," assisted much in this by the lively humor of poor Bob McCook.

Mr. Lincoln greatly enjoyed this morning, and was loath to depart when the curtain dropped. He said to the gentleman accompanying

him: "I wish we had that judge in Illinois. I think he would share with me the fatherhood of the legal jokes of the Illinois bar. As it is now, they put them all on me, while I am not the author of one-half of them. By-the-way, however, I got off one last week that I think really good. I was retained in the defense of a man charged before a justice of a peace with assault and battery. It was in the country, and when I got to the place of trial I found the whole neighborhood excited, and the feeling strong against my client. I saw the only way was to get up a laugh, and get the people in a good humor. It turned out that the prosecuting witness was talkative; he described the fight at great length, how they fought over a field, now by the barn, again down to the creek, and over it, and so on. I asked him, on cross-examination, how large that field was; he said it was ten acres, he knew it was, for he and some one else had stepped it off with a pole. 'Well, then,' I inquired, 'was not that the smallest *crap* of a fight you have ever seen raised off of ten acres?' The hit took. The laughter was uproarious, and in half an hour the prosecuting witness was retreating amid the jeers of the crowd."

Mr. Lincoln remained in the city about a week. Freed from any care in the law case that brought him here, it was to him a week of relaxation. He was then not thinking of becoming President, and gave himself up to unrestrained social intercourse.

His conversation at this time related principally to the politics and politicians of Illinois—a theme of which he never seemed to weary. A strange chapter in the story of our country that is. What a crowd of great men arose with the first generation of white people on the broad Illinois prairie! There were Hardin, Logan the judge, Bissell, Trumbull, Douglas, Lincoln, and many other scarcely lesser names. Of these he discoursed as only he could. The Kansas-Nebraska agitation was at its height, and Douglas the prominent figure. Of him he spoke much.

Indeed, the story of Lincoln interlaces with that of Douglas. They are inseparable. It is the relation of antagonism. Parties might come and go—Whig, Know-Nothing, Union, Republican—they were never on the same side until, amid the throes of revolution, they met in the defense of the Union. Douglas was a perennial stimulus to Lincoln. Webster was wont to say, if he had attained any excellence in his profession, he owed it to his early conflicts with Jeremiah Mason. In his public speeches Lincoln seemed ever addressing Douglas; even to the last, as seen in his great speech at New York, when he made the words of Douglas his text.

When Lincoln was driving an ox-team at four dollars a month, and splitting rails he first met Douglas, then teaching school in Central Illinois.

Mr. Lincoln loved to tell the story of Douglas. It is indelibly written in my memory. Not in the very words can I repeat it, and yet even that in the salient points.

He said Douglas, when he first met him, was the smallest man he had ever seen—in stature under five feet, in weight under ninety pounds. He was teaching a country school, and lodging with a violent Democratic politician, a local celebrity. From him Douglas got his political bias. Douglas was his protege. He encouraged Douglas in the study of the law, procured the books for him, had him admitted to the bar before a year, pushed him into the office of prosecuting attorney, and into the Legislature.

When Van Buren became President, the patron wanted the office of register of the land-office, and sent Douglas to Washington to procure the place for him. In due time Douglas returned with the commission in his pocket, but not for his patron. It was to himself. The old man was enraged at the ingratitude, and swore vengeance. He listened to no explanations. It was not long before he had an opportunity to gratify his feelings.

Douglas became the Democratic candidate for Congress, the whole State constituting one Congressional district. His opponent was Mr. Stuart—still living, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln. After an animated contest Douglas was defeated by one vote in a poll of 36,000. The old patron rejoiced in the belief that one vote was his.

Mr. Douglas's sensitive nature was overwhelmed by this defeat. He gave way to uncontrollable grief, sought consolation in excessive drink, and his career seemed at an end. But time brought its accustomed relief, and he re-appeared in the arena, again the thunderer of the scene. The years to follow were to him years of unbroken prosperity. He became successively Judge of the Supreme Court, Representative in Congress, and Senator. The name and fame of the Little Giant overspread the land. These, however, were cheerless years to Mr. Lincoln, yet with unshaken fortitude he bore the banner of Whiggery. It was his custom to follow Mr. Douglas about the State, replying to him.

But a change came; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill awakened the moral sense of the State, and by common consent Mr. Lincoln became its representative. Mr. Douglas, in Washington, was alarmed at the uprising, and hurried home to educate the people up to conquering

their prejudice against slavery. He made a canvass of the State, Mr. Lincoln following him and replying to him. "After having spoken at a number of places," said Mr. Lincoln, "I was surprised one evening, before the speaking began, at Mr. Douglas entering my room at the hotel. He threw himself on the bed, and seemed in distress. 'Abe, the tide is against me', said he. 'It is all up with me this evening. I cannot speak, but I must, and it is my last. Let me alone tonight.' I saw he was in great distress; he could not bear adversity; and I acquiesced in his request and went home."

They did not meet again in debate, if I mistake not, until the great contest of 1858.

Mr. Lincoln had a high admiration for the abilities of Mr. Douglas, and afterward was glad to have his aid in behalf of the Union, and commissioned him a major general; but he thought him in debate and in politics adroit, unscrupulous, and of an amazing audacity. "It is impossible," said he, "to get the advantage of him; even if he is worsted, he so bears himself that the people are bewildered and uncertain as to who has the better of it."

"When I," said Thucydides, "in wrestling have thrown Pericles and given him a fall, by persisting that he had no fall he gets the better of me, and makes the bystanders, in spite of their own eyes, believe him." Thus doth man from age to age repeat himself; and yet not quite always. We hear of Gladstone felling trees, but it is not reported that he and Froude have wrestling matches.

Some weeks after this conversation with Mr. Lincoln I met Mr. Douglas, and drew from him his opinion of Mr. Lincoln. His very words, terse, and emphatic as they were, I give: "Of all the — — — Whig rascals about Springfield, Abe Lincoln is the ablest and most honest."

The Kansas-Nebraska Bill had indeed turned the tide against Douglas; the Republicans were successful, having a majority of one on joint ballot in the Legislature, thus securing the Senator.

With a common voice the Republicans of the State proclaimed Lincoln Senator. In caucus he received forty-nine votes out of the fifty-one Republican majority. If I recall the figures aright, Mr. Trumbull the other two. But these refused in any contingency to vote for Mr. Lincoln. "After balloting for some time, I learned from a trustworthy source," said Mr. Lincoln, "that on a certain future ballot these two men would cast their votes for the Democratic candidate, and elect him. I called a meeting of my friends, explained the situation to them, and requested them on the next ballot, after these two

men had voted for Mr. Trumbull, to change their votes and elect him. At this there was a murmur of disapprobation and declarations never to do it. I resumed and said: 'Gentlemen, I am not here to play a part; you cannot elect me; you can elect Mr. Trumbull, who is a good Republican. You put me in a false position if you use my name to the injury of the Republican Party, and whoever does it is not my friend.' They then reluctantly acquiesced, and Mr. Trumbull was elected."

This is the most significant act in the merely personal history of Mr. Lincoln. It exhibited the self-control and equilibrium of his character, as well as his party fidelity. There is now before me a letter of his in which he announces his motto in political affairs, "Bear and forbear." This self-poise, self-abnegation, and forbearance enabled him to bring the ship of state safely through the stormy seas before him. He never labored for effect; there was nothing theatrical about him; he was not concerned about his personal relations to affairs; smiled when he was told that Seward was using him and getting all the glory. He sought nothing fantastical; but felt it to be his supreme duty to bring peace with honor to his distracted country.

A picturesque administration may please the unskillful, but it makes the judicious grieve. The machinery of government, like that of the human body, is usually working best when it is attracting no attention.

The bread thus thrown upon the waters by Mr. Lincoln in securing the election of Trumbull returned, and not after many days. But when he had these conversations it was unknown to him. To the suggestion he would certainly be selected as the next Senator, he quietly replied, "I don't know." But when the time came the Republican convention unanimously nominated him for Senator—an act without precedent in our Senatorial history.

The debate followed. At that time, under the influence of a strong partisan enthusiasm, I felt that Lincoln had greatly the advantage. But upon reading the debate now, its moral bearings aside, as a mere intellectual feat, the advantage of either is not apparent. The argument of slavery is put with all the telling force of Douglas's vigorous mind and intense nature. He was a veritable "little giant."

Mr. Lincoln as we have seen, remained in Cincinnati about a week, moving freely around. Yet not twenty men in the city knew him personally, or knew that he was here; not a hundred would have known who he was had his name been given them.

He came with the fond hope of making fame in a forensic contest

with Reverdy Johnson. He was pushed aside, humiliated, and mortified. He attached to the innocent city the displeasure that filled his bosom, shook its dust from his feet and departed never to return. How dark and impenetrable to him then was the thin veil soon to rise, revealing to him a resplendent future! He did return to the city, two years thereafter, with a fame wide as the continent, with the laurels of the Douglas contest on his brow, and the Presidency in his grasp. He returned, greeted with the thunder of cannon, the strains of martial music, and the joyous plaudits of thousands of citizens thronging the streets. He addressed a vast concourse on Fifth Street Market; was entertained in princely style at the Burnet House; and there received with courtesy the foremost citizens, come to greet this rising star.

The manner of the man was changed. The free conversation of unrestraint had given place to the vague phrase of the wary politician, the repose of ease to the agitation of unaccustomed elevation.

Two men have I known on the eve of a Presidential nomination, each expecting it—Chase and Lincoln. With each, but in different degrees there was an all-absorbing egotism. To hear, every waking moment, one's hopes and prospects canvassed, develops in one the feeling that he is the most important thing in the universe. Accompanying this is a lofty exaltation of spirits; the blood mounts to the brain, and the mind reels in delirium. Pity the Presidential aspirant.

With high hope and happy heart Mr. Lincoln left Cincinnati after a three days' sojourn. But a perverse fortune attended him and Cincinnati in their intercourse. Nine months after Mr. Lincoln left us, after he had been nominated for the Presidency, when he was tranquilly waiting in his cottage home at Springfield the verdict of the people, his last visit to Cincinnati and the good things he had had at the Burnet House were rudely brought to his memory by a bill presented to him from its proprietors. Before leaving the hotel he had applied to the clerk for his bill; was told that it was paid, or words to that effect. This the committee had directed, but afterward neglected its payment. The proprietors shrewdly surmised that a letter to the nominee for the Presidency would bring the money.

The only significance in this incident is in the letter it brought from Mr. Lincoln, revealing his indignation at the seeming imputation against his honor, and his greater indignation at one item of the bill. "*As to wines, liquors, and cigars, we had none—absolutely none.* These last may have been in 'Room 15' by order of committee, but I do not recollect them at all."

Mr. Lincoln again visited Cincinnati on his way to Washington.

His coming was not heralded by the roar of cannon, but it was greeted by an outpouring of the people such as no man here ever before or since has received; they thronged in countless thousands about the station, along the line of his march, covering the housetops. They welcomed him with one continuous and unbroken storm of applause. Coming events were then casting their dark shadows before them. All men instinctively desired to look upon and cheer him who was to be their leader in the coming conflict.

There was an informal reception at the Burnet House, the people, in line, filing through and shaking his hand until a late hour in the evening. His manner was quiet, calm, resolute, and observant. All exaltation of feeling was gone. His reception amused and instructed him. As they passed before him, this one eagerly and enthusiastically grasped his hand, speaking out, "Be firm, don't back down." He was a good Republican. But this one takes his hand quietly, releases it slowly, while whispering, "The country expects a conservative administration." This is a Bell and Everett man. Another touches his hand with the tips of his fingers, and, with a curious gaze, passes on in silence. That is a Douglas man.

The reception over, Mr. Lincoln passes to his room to find his little son fretfully waiting his coming to be put to bed. The father lovingly takes him in his arms and retires to an adjoining room, undresses him, and puts him to bed. As he gazes upon the placid features of his sleeping child for a moment his mind turns from all around him and all before him, back to his quiet life and home, to the grave of the little one not with him. Its last sickness is before him; also the dream that warned him that his child could not live—the dream that ever came to him before coming calamity—that was once again to startle him, presaging his tragic end.

One may lift himself out of his early environment, but its impress is enduring.

About this weird and wonderful man—one of those unique characters that do not repeat themselves in history—is fast gathering a cloud of myth and legend, obscuring the real man. That we may retain some glimpses of this is the apology for these reminiscences.

CHAPTER XIX

BEFORE AND AFTER LINCOLN'S LOST SPEECH

(There is here reprinted a revised and condensed report of an address delivered by Joseph Wilson Fifer, sometime governor of Illinois before the Bar Association of that State in 1880 at Bloomington. It deals in an intimate and informing way with a much discussed incident in the anti-slavery years of Abraham Lincoln—his unreported speech at the Republican state convention held in Bloomington on May 29, 1856—an arresting and moving protest which, as events were to prove, marked the beginning of his successful candidacy for the Presidency.

Governor Fifer spoke with authority and from first-hand knowledge of the events of a fateful period and his address vividly reflects the impress of Lincoln on young men who accepted and gladly followed his leadership. Born at Staunton, Virginia, in 1840, the son of a stone mason, as Lincoln had been the son of a carpenter, young Fifer at the age of seventeen accompanied his family to Illinois, settling in McLean County, where, his school days ended, he became a maker and layer of brick. At the opening of the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the Thirty-third Illinois Infantry, and although severely wounded at the assault on Jackson, Mississippi, in 1863, returned to his regiment as soon as he was able and served with it until it was mustered out of service.

Then the future governor entered the Wesleyan University at Bloomington, supporting himself by manual labor. He was graduated with honor from that institution in 1868 and at once began the study of law. Admitted to the bar in 1870—a man of ability and strong personality—he quickly won a lucrative practice, and at the same time became as a Republican a leader in political affairs, holding in turn various city, county, and legislative offices. In 1889 he began a single term as governor of Illinois. That ended he returned to Bloomington and until an advanced age was active in his profession and an honored participant in public affairs. He died in 1938 in his ninety-eighth year.)

Lincoln, ever since I came to Illinois and heard of him, has been

the beau ideal of my thoughts, I have thought of him as the greatest American that this country ever produced. In order to understand him and his lost speech, you must understand what was happening in the early fifties and from that time on to the beginning of the Civil War. The agitation over the question of slavery and free territory, and the dissolution of the American Union, was becoming acute. The old parties were breaking up, political lines were marching and counter-marching and crossing each other at every angle. The Whigs of the South had united with the Democrats, forming a party, as they said, to resist the encroachment of the North on slavery, their peculiar institution.

After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the decision in the Dred Scott case, parties began to break up in the North and it was supposed that a new one must be formed to resist the further extension of slavery into free territory. Beveridge, in his Life of Lincoln makes an egregious error when he says that Lincoln went into the Republican Party hesitatingly and reluctantly. He did nothing of the kind. I have talked with his old friends at Springfield and Bloomington, and they are one voice in telling me that he, more than any man of his period, saw that a new party must be formed to arrest the further spread of slavery, and he stayed back purposely with his old Whig friends to talk to them as a Whig on the subject of the new party. It appeared on the surface as though his hold-back straps were stronger than his traces. As long as he remained a Whig they would listen to him, he knew that, but when he went over, bag and baggage, into the new party, antagonism would grow up and he would lose his influence. These intimate friends of his told me that he made up his mind to burn the bridges behind him and to go over, bag and baggage, into the new party in the convention that was held here in Bloomington. It was left to newspaper men to inaugurate that movement. They met at Decatur on Washington's Birthday in 1856. Lincoln was present and assisted in writing the resolutions that were adopted. It was at his suggestion that a convention was called in Bloomington on the 29th of May, 1856.

When they met, the delegates had no credentials. There was nobody to issue credentials. It was really a mass meeting and the leaders were agreeably disappointed at the crowd that assembled. The men that came were enthusiasts in opposition to the spread of slavery. They wanted to take measures to prevent the dissolution of the Union and they were of one mind on that question. They met, and, as Lincoln had predicted, the party was made up of old Whigs and Free Soil

Democrats. There were many Democrats there. Lyman Trumbull came over from the Democratic Party on the slavery question, was elected to the United States Senate by the liberals and throughout the Civil War was the recognized leader of the Senate.

John M. Palmer, a Free Soil Democrat, was there and was made president of the convention. There were many other Democrats present. They talked of nominating Lincoln for governor. He sat down on that promptly and said: "We must nominate for governor a Free Soil Democrat." Joseph Medill was there. I will tell the story about Lincoln's speech as Mr. Medill has told it more than once to me, and what he said about it was corroborated by all the leaders that were there with whom I have talked.

Medill said that after the business of the convention had been completed the time came for speech making. Palmer made a great, a powerful speech. Lovejoy was there and he made a speech. It was supposed that Lovejoy was the most eloquent man in the State. One other speech or two were made and then Medill said there was a call for "Lincoln, Lincoln." Lincoln got up back in the audience where he sat and said awkwardly and in a slow sort of way; "If there is no objection I will speak from where I am." The crowd would not have it that way and called: "The platform, platform, Lincoln, the platform." He came forward. Medill was there representing the Chicago Tribune, taking notes. Lincoln was introduced and commenced in rather a slow way, but Medill said he could see an unusual determination in the man's face; he could see a suppressed animation in the man. Lincoln began slowly, but rose as he progressed, and Medill said it was the greatest speech finally to which he ever listened. He said that at times Lincoln seemed to reach up into the clouds and take out the thunderbolts.

Medill could not give any connected story, neither could anybody else with whom I have talked, but he could remember fragments. He said toward the close Lincoln reached the point where the South had threatened to destroy the Union. Then he rose to supreme heights, raised his great arm above his head and shook it with clenched fist as he warned the South: "We don't propose to dissolve this Union ourselves and by the gods that rule this universe we don't intend that you shall do so." Medill said Lincoln finally got through and sat down. Men jumped to their feet; they stood on their chairs; they waved hats, they waved handkerchiefs, they waved their canes, anything they had. They rushed on the stage and embraced Lincoln and congratulated him. Medill said then he looked at his paper. There lay

his pencil across it and he discovered that he had only taken down a few sentences of the speech.

Now I will come to my conclusions on that speech when I tell you something about my personal experience. I was not living in Illinois at the time of this speech. I was living down near Staunton, in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia where I was born and where my ancestors lived for two hundred years within thirty miles of the place whence came the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln. And I sometimes think that about my only claim to distinction is due to the fact that I was born near where the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln were born and where they lived and many of them died.

I came out here the next year with my father's family and settled a few miles west of Bloomington. I soon heard of Lincoln. I read how he had gone out and gathered hickory bark with which to make a light to read law by night. That appealed to me. Ever since I was a small boy I had wanted to be a lawyer; it was the altar at which I worshipped, and I read from that time on all I could get about Lincoln. When I came to Bloomington, as I did quite frequently, if I had time I would dodge into the courthouse to see Judge Davis on the bench and lawyers within the bar. I saw Lincoln there and, when sitting alone, unanimated, his face was about the saddest I ever looked upon. The melancholy seemed to roll from his shoulders and drip from the ends of his fingers. When another lawyer would step up to him and rouse him, instantly his whole countenance would change in appearance. He had sort of a changeable or flexible face and you would hardly know it was the same man. I never heard him open his head either before a court or jury but I heard him make a great speech in 1858, the year of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas. There was no joint debate here, but both Lincoln and Douglas spoke here during that memorable campaign. Douglas came down from Chicago with George B. McClellan, afterwards commander of the Union Army. He spoke out here in a little grove and his friends, Democrats and Republicans, have told me that it was the greatest speech of his life. They said that he fairly tore up the ground, and made a great impression.

Davis and Fell and Swett, and all Lincoln's friends prevailed on him to come here and he spoke in the old courthouse yard. The meeting was well advertised and my brother, a little older than myself, who was killed in the Union Army toward the close of the Civil War, was with me. There was a large stand for the speakers and distinguished guests but no seats for the audience. My brother and I

elbowed our way through the crowd packed around the stand like sardines in a box, till we got within ten feet of where Lincoln stood on the platform. Judge Davis presided and introduced Swett who, in turn, introduced Lincoln. Lincoln did not seem to be embarrassed in the least, and I thought he never would get through getting up; he just kept on undoubling, but finally he straightened up. He was dressed in a black suit, a tall, slender specimen of humanity, six feet four inches tall. He commenced rather slowly and awkwardly. He would run out on a sentence, and if it did not seem to suit him he would come back and try it again. He did that two or three times and one man standing near me said: "Pshaw, that man can't talk. Why didn't they nominate Swett?" Swett was a fine orator and he had made a beautiful introductory speech. But finally Lincoln seemed to find himself, and I have never heard such a speech before or since. He would raise his great arm, with clenched fist above his head, and shake it in the air and bring it down with an emphasis that fairly made your hair stand on end and your heart quit beating. I can remember some things he said but I could not give a connected story of his speech. Douglas had accused him of being in favor of negro equality, amalgamation of the races and intermarriage. When he came to that point he said: "Judge Douglas accuses me of being in favor of negro equality. I have never advocated negro equality. I do not believe that the negro is the equal of the white man. He certainly is not his equal in color; he is not his equal in education; he may not be his equal in social attainments, but in the right to eat the bread his own hands have earned he is the equal of Judge Douglas, of myself or of any living man. He accuses me of being in favor of intermarriage between the races."

And then he said with great emphasis: "I forever protest against the false logic that because I do not want a negro woman for my slave, I must, necessarily, want her for my wife." His sentences seemed to charge like a detachment of Sheridan's cavalry. They went through that crowd like a cannon ball through a field of corn. He enunciated very clearly; his voice was far reaching and I am sure he was heard in the outskirts of an audience which filled the courthouse yard and extended out into the streets.

The one thing that impressed me more than any other was that what Lincoln said seemed, as it were, to gurgle up from some great fountain of truth and sincerity and he swept that audience with him whether they wanted to go or not. Lovejoy was our congressman in this district at the time. He was a great orator. I had an opportunity

within a week to compare him with Lincoln. Lovejoy came to our neighborhood to deliver a political address and I went to hear him. He was eloquent, yes; he was logical, yes; his words came easily, yes. He seemed to have every element of the orator, but what he said, his sentences, seemed to fall short, they did not seem to reach the mark; in a word, the speech seemed tame and insipid in comparison with the speech I heard from Lincoln.

Now I am prepared, after telling you of my personal experience, to give you my conclusions regarding the historic lost speech. In the first place, a thing very much to a speaker's advantage, the crowd was all of one mind. They were enthusiasts; they had made up their minds as to where they stood on the political questions of the day. Lincoln, when he made his lost speech, put their thoughts into words, a thing possibly which they could not do for themselves. They were thinking just as Lincoln thought, and were with him in everything he said. I am not minimizing Lincoln's speech as it was made. Doubtless it was a great speech, eloquent and logical, but it is my belief that if it had been put into cold type and you read it there would be a feeling of disappointment. You would see that it was logical; the sentences were well formed and all that. But as I saw Lincoln, and as I had others explain him to me, there was some subtle influence about the man himself, something in the way he stated a proposition, something peculiar in his logic, a subtle influence in his personality, so that every word he said seemed to come from the fountain of truth and sincerity, and he carried his audience with him. Those are things no scrivener can put on paper, and if Lincoln's entire speech had been reduced to writing it would still be the lost speech of Abraham Lincoln.

I have talked about the lost speech; now what about the man himself? This strange man, without distinguished ancestors, without powerful and wealthy kindred came among us. Unheralded he strode across this little grain of sand on which we live and disappeared, leaving the world startled and amazed at his wonderful achievements. Born in the beech woods of Kentucky, in a log cabin under a clap-board roof, his cradle rocked on a dirt floor by the foot of a mother whose hands at the same time were busy with the needle, with only three months schooling, as he tells us himself, yet he wrote the best English of any man of his time. Soon after he was elected in 1860 he notified Mr. Seward that he, Seward, was to be appointed Secretary of State and he asked him to write a patriotic appeal to the people of the South imploring them not to secede, not to destroy the Union of

the fathers. Seward tried his hand and gave what he wrote to Lincoln. Lincoln had promised to incorporate it in his first inaugural message, but he was not pleased with what Seward said; so he pushed it aside and wrote this:

“My dissatisfied fellow countrymen: You can have no war unless you yourselves are the aggressors. You have taken no oath to destroy the Union, while I have taken a most sacred oath to support, maintain and defend it. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus when the chords of our Union are touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

Within forty days this patriotic appeal for peace was answered by the thunder of Beauregard’s cannon as he fired upon our flag at Fort Sumter. And then, again, in his second inaugural, he said:

“Peace does not seem so distant as it did. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. But if it be God’s will that it continue until the wealth piled by the bondman’s 250 years of unrequited toil is sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash is repaid by another drawn by the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.”

A letter that he wrote to a widow in Massachusetts who lost five sons in battle is framed and hung up in the University of Cambridge, England, as a model of good English to the students of that land. We are told that more has been written and said of this strange man than was ever written and said of any man that ever lived. His speeches and his writings have been translated into all the languages of the world. To the brown man of the Orient, the slim bather in the sacred waters of the Ganges, the humble dwellers living under the straw-thatched roofs along the Rhine and the Danube, the peasants in the forests of Russia and on the frontiers, in palace and in hovel the world over, his name is as familiar as it is to the people in Central Illinois, where he grew to mature manhood, where his character was developed and where his mortal remains now repose.

But, the fame of this man will never rest on the fact that he could write good English nor that he could tell a good story nor that he was a great lawyer. It rests and it must forever rest upon the facts of his

great statesmanship in conducting the war to a successful conclusion and saving the American Union.

When he quit Springfield and went to Washington and took the oath of office he surveyed the situation around him and exclaimed, almost in the bitterness of despair: "The occasion is indeed piled high with difficulty." And so it was. He looked around him and he found that he was the President of the United States with a great civil war on his hands and yet he had not been elected by a majority of the American people. Another thing: he saw that the old Whig Party of the South had joined the Democrats and that they stood as one party to resist, as they said, the encroachment of the North upon the South. He surveyed still farther and he saw that many men of another party, the old abolition party who ought to have been his friends and who ought to have upheld him, were becoming a powerful factor. They were men of intelligence, men of conscience, and I honor them for their hatred of slavery, but cannot agree with them in all their contentions. Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Thaddeus Stevens and all the leaders said to Lincoln: "Let the South go in peace." Wendell Phillips and Greeley both said that if they had their way they would make for the South a bridge of gold over which they might pass out of the Union. They were men of conscience; they hated slavery and believed it was a sin in the sight of God and they did not want to belong to a Union which would make them a party to that wrong. It was a short-sighted policy because, if the Confederacy had succeeded, it would have fastened slavery on this country for another hundred years. When Lincoln would not accede to those terms they insisted that he should at once issue a proclamation of freedom and let the slaves go free. This he said he could not do for the Constitution recognized the institution of slavery and he had taken a solemn oath to uphold the Constitution. Besides his paramount object was to keep the Border States in the Union. He knew that some of the best Union men in the land lived in these States; they had read the great speeches of Webster and Clay in favor of the Union and what these great men said sank deep into their hearts and minds. They were willing to fight and die, if need be, for the Union but were not willing to fight for the illegal and unconstitutional purpose of interfering with slavery where it existed.

Now after Lincoln was inaugurated Horace Greeley, an abolitionist and a good and able man, wrote an editorial urging him at once to issue the proclamation of freedom. Lincoln answered this editorial and said in effect:

"My present object is to save the Union. If I can save the Union by freeing all the slaves I will do that; if I can save the Union by freeing part of the slaves and leaving others in slavery I will do that; if I can save the Union by freeing none of the slaves I will do that. I will do anything and everything under the Constitution to save the American Union."

Greeley, it is said, when things didn't go to suit him, could swear like a drunken sailor, and when he read this reply he swore, as was reported, that he'd be damned if he ever wanted to cause that man to write another letter; he closed him up so completely.

Now these radicals embarrassed Lincoln in another way. They induced him to appoint John C. Fremont to the military district of Missouri. Fremont was never more than a third-rate man and it was a fortunate circumstance that he was not elected President in 1856. The first thing he did, the first crack out of the box, he issued a proclamation emancipating the slaves in his military district. That placed Lincoln in a most awkward position. If he overruled and set aside Fremont's proclamation then he would call down on his head the anathemas of the radicals. If he allowed it to stand it would convince the Union men of the Border States that the war was a war interfering with the institution of slavery which was recognized by the Constitution. He set aside the proclamation of Fremont and drew down upon his head the anathemas of this radical party. Many of them opposed him from that day until his death. They called him that "slave hound from Illinois." They referred to him as a third-rate man from a third-rate western town, and after he was assassinated one of them said that the Almighty had used the hand of an assassin to remove from high office a weak and vacillating President. Those men were good men, they wanted to be right and I honor them in their dislike of slavery, but their judgment was all wrong.

There was another embarrassing fact for Lincoln growing out of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions. These resolutions, in substance, declared that in case Congress usurped powers not delegated to it by the people of the several States, a State had a right to nullify such laws and, if need be, withdraw from the Federal compact. And it is doubtless true that a large proportion of the American people believed in this doctrine at the outbreak of the Civil War. This was the legal issue involved in that conflict, and in that conflict the doctrine of secession and nullification was shot to death on the battlefield and will never be heard of again.

These are the questions that confronted this plain man of the people

after he took the oath of office and surveyed his surroundings and well might he exclaim: "The occasion is indeed piled high with difficulty." We had gone on for a hundred years in prosperity and peace. We boasted that we were an ocean-bound republic; that we were the greatest and the fairest people beneath the sun, and so we were; but, finally, friends, we were called up as a people before the judgment bar of the God of nations, and our boasted free institutions went on trial before the civilized opinion of mankind. It was, indeed, a supreme crisis, for if this free government failed what other could ever hope to endure? In that crucible were cast the rights of the free and the hopes of the bond, and there also in the fury of envenomed opposition hissed and crawled the serpents of sedition and dismemberment, which had threatened for near a century the stability and perpetuity of our free institutions. That brought on the Civil War and I want to say here, that I do not claim, and never did, that that war was fought by any political party. I have never claimed that the rebellion was put down by any single party. That rebellion was crushed and the Union was saved by the common patriotism of the American people.

In our own state Trumbull and Logan and thousands and thousands of Democrats came over and joined the Union ranks, but the war came on and in that war the Blue and the Gray met in more than two thousand battles and skirmishes. They fought along that wide flung battle line from the Rio Grande to the Potomac, a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles. They fought on the plains of Texas; they fought in the swamps and the canebrakes of the South; they fought along the valleys of great rivers; they fought on mountainsides; they fought amid the snows along the ridges of the Alleghenies; they fought with shot and shell; they fought with sword and bayonet; they fought until five hundred thousand American citizens lay stretched on the bloody field. They fought until we piled up a national debt that taxed generations from the cradle to the grave. They fought until human nature could hold out no longer. Finally Sherman cut loose from his base and started on his ever memorable march from Atlanta to the sea while Grant, sturdy old Grant, pushed his army like a plough-share through the Wilderness in his onward march to Richmond. Johnston surrendered to Sherman in Carolina, Lee to Grant at Appomattox and the great rebellion was at an end, and the declaration of Lincoln in his lost speech, "We do not intend to dissolve this Union and by the gods that rule this universe we do not intend that you shall dissolve it," was fulfilled.

From first to last, all over the North the cry went up, when Fort

Sumter was fired upon: "The Union, it must and it shall be preserved." It was this cry that inspired our Boys in Blue before Vicksburg, it inspired Thomas at Chickamauga, it nerved the arm of Meade at Gettysburg, it marched and counter-marched with Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and, thanks be to God, it triumphed with Grant at Appomattox and the Union was saved.

It is idle now to contend, in the pride of individual opinion, as to where the right lay in this great strife. History is already recording the final verdict, and that verdict we know will be just and kind to all, but let no faint-hearted patriot doubt that God's eternal truth will be established in it, nor should we forget that at the bar of history prior adjudications of armed force cannot be pleaded, and that he who would win in the Supreme Court of civilized opinions must leave captive colors and the spoil of cities and come with fruits of justice and humanity in his hand.

To this judgment bar we of the North bring the broken chain of human bondage; we bring tears of joy from cheeks unvisited by smiles; we bring a union of American States under a single flag; we bring the answered prayers and the fulfilled prophecies of our forefathers who planted free institutions in a wilderness and here, in all meekness and charity, we are content to rest our cause. Let judgment be pronounced, let it be told whether the hero born of woman has indeed crushed the serpent with his heel and whether God has verily marched on over a redeemed and purified land.

Throughout this bloody strife this plain man, Lincoln, child of the western wilderness, stood firm and steadfast when our armies were being driven back in defeat and disaster; when our flag drooped at half-mast, heavy with blood; when our bravest men looked at each other in silence and seemed to doubt the final result of the sanguinary struggle, firm as a wave-repelling rock. Many another star rose and set in that great conflict, but his burned with an ever increasing luster to the last. Great, serene and steadfast, yet one of the people, and trusting only God more than the people, Lincoln seized the helm of state in the darkest hour this nation ever saw, and left it in the dawn of a resplendant glory to lie down, weary and broken, beneath a mountain of public gratitude, the greatest and most enduring that marks the grave of mortal man.

CHAPTER XX

FOUR YOUNG MEN WHO HEARD LINCOLN SPEECHES

(There are here assembled the recollections of four men who met or heard Mr. Lincoln in their youth, recollections that vividly reflect the profound impression he made upon the young men of Central and Southern Illinois in critical years, an impression that more often than not took practical shape in votes for him when in 1860 he became the Republican candidate for President.

1. **WHEN MR. LINCOLN MADE READY TO MEET SENATOR DOUGLAS** is the title chosen for the reminiscences in 1909 put on paper by Dr. James Miner, who passed his youth in Winchester, Illinois, and whose father was E. G. Miner, a Whig leader in Scott County, and a long-time friend of Mr. Lincoln. The speech recalled by Dr. Miner, Mr. Lincoln's first public protest against the Nebraska Bill, was delivered before a convention of the Whigs of Scott County on August 26, 1854, and indicates the care with which Mr. Lincoln prepared for his fight against slavery and his debates with Douglas. Nor, as Dr. Miner intimates, did it fail to receive attention from the press, for on September 2, the Springfield Journal in reporting the Whig convention in Scott County noted that after the transaction of business there were calls for Mr. Lincoln who was in the audience, and added: "He responded to the call ably and eloquently, doing complete justice to his reputation as a clear, forcible and convincing public speaker."

2. **THE FIRST OF THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATES** reprints the salient portions of an article William W. Calkins contributed to the Ottawa Free Trader of February 10, 1907. Mr. Calkins long a prominent citizen of La Salle County, Illinois, as a youth of sixteen on the morning of August 21, 1858, tramped from his father's farm to Ottawa to hear Mr. Lincoln and Senator Douglas for the first time jointly discuss the issue of slavery extension. The town seethed with people, fully 10,000 heard the debate, and at its conclusion the admirers of Mr. Lincoln carried him off on their shoulders. In the evening he heard Owen Lovejoy speak at the courthouse. Lincoln and Lovejoy remained in Winchester as Sunday guests of Joseph O. Glover, mayor of the town, and to his young friend, Joseph O. Cunningham of Urbana, Lincoln wrote his impressions of the previous day's debate.

“Douglas and I,” said he, “for the first time this canvass crossed swords here yesterday; the fire flew some, and I am glad to know that I am yet alive. There was a vast concourse of people—more than could get near enough to hear.”

3. *A BOY AT LINCOLN'S FEET* was the title its author, Dr. Garrett Newkirk, gave to the third article here reprinted when it was first published in the *Outlook*, of New York, on February 9, 1921. Dr. Newkirk was born in 1847 in Stark County, Illinois, and in old age was fond of recalling the fact that “at nine he knew by heart almost all of Uncle Tom’s Cabin, and was ready to debate the slavery question with anybody.” Grown to manhood he studied medicine at Rush Medicine College, Chicago, and later became a specialist in dental medicine and surgery. Until 1900 Dr. Newkirk practiced his profession in Chicago, serving also as president of various city and state dental associations, but passed his last years in delightful retirement at Pasadena, California. Mr. Lincoln’s visit to Toulon was the great event of Dr. Newkirk’s boyhood. The fifth joint debate with Douglas had taken place the previous day at Galesburg. Mr. Lincoln passed the night at Kewanee, and in the morning of October 8 a delegation headed by his friend Thomas J. Henderson met and escorted him to Toulon where during the afternoon he spoke at the courthouse square.

4. *THE LAST DEBATE BETWEEN LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS* was held at Alton in Southern Illinois on Friday, October 15, 1858. Twenty-one years earlier Alton had been the scene of the first great tragedy in the anti-slavery movement—the assassination of Elijah Parrish Lovejoy, preacher and editor, by a pro-slavery mob because of his refusal to suspend the journal he had founded to wage war against human bondage, and on that day it was thronged with thousands who had come from points as far distant as Springfield to hear the two best known men in Illinois discuss what had become the absorbing question of the hour. “It is entirely safe to predict,” declared the *Chicago Press and Tribune* on the morning of the debate, “whatever may be the future political relations of the two men that Douglas will never again dare to brake the lance with Lincoln. He has had enough of that to satisfy him for the rest of his natural life.” One of those who read this prediction when made—Lincoln and Douglas never again faced each other in public discussion—was Henry Guest McPike of Alton, who was then taking an active part in the formation of the Republican Party in Southern Illinois and who, always an honored figure in the affairs of the town, lived to be one of the last survivors of an historic event. Mr. McPike’s account of the debate, as he recalled it in old age,

is here reprinted from the February, 1906 issue of the Magazine of History. Mr. McPike was born in 1825 at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, but removed at an early age to Illinois, and during the remainder of his life had an active and prominent part in the history of the town of Alton, for four years beginning in 1888 serving as its mayor. He died in April, 1910, at Alton, in his eighty-fifth year.)

1. WHEN MR. LINCOLN MADE READY TO MEET SENATOR DOUGLAS

One day in the summer of 1854 my father and I were walking along on the north side of the town square in Winchester when we met Colonel N. H. Knapp. He stopped us and said to my father: "Miner, Abe Lincoln is over at the Akin House and wants to see you. He is going to speak in the courthouse this afternoon. He has got up a speech on the Kansas-Nebraska bill which he has never made before and he has come down here to 'try it on the dog' before he delivers it to larger audiences."

My father laughed and passed on, going to the Akin Hotel situated on the southeast corner of the block on which the new courthouse now stands. Lincoln and Richard Yates had driven to Winchester from Jacksonville that morning. In the afternoon about 150 or 200 gathered in the upper room of the old courthouse situated in the center of the public square, now the city park. On the west side of the old courtroom there was a dais or raised platform for the judge's seat and desk. Lincoln stood in front of this platform on the floor and made his speech which was a reply to various arguments advanced by Senator Douglas in favor of his Kansas-Nebraska bill. In January, 1854, Douglas had introduced in the Senate his Kansas-Nebraska bill abrogating the Missouri Compromise line, and May of that same year it became a law. It was a shock to the feelings of the people of the North and especially in the State of Illinois, where it caused a revolt among a large portion of his Democratic following and compelled him to hurry home from Washington to mend his fences.

Mr. Lincoln began by telling how in the minds of the people the Missouri Compromise was held as something sacred, more particularly by the people of Illinois, as the bill had been introduced in the Senate in 1820 by a senator from Illinois, Jesse B. Thomas. He spoke of the aggressiveness of the slave-holding party, their eagerness to acquire more slave territory; alluded to several arguments that Douglas had made in his speeches in favor of the Kansas-Nebraska bill and replied to them. He used several illustrations in making his points; one in particular I remember, because it was the only time he laughed

during his whole speech. Otherwise he was as earnest and solemn as though he had been delivering a funeral oration. I remember he impressed me with the feeling that the country was on the brink of a great disaster. Douglas, in his speeches had introduced the Squatter Sovereignty idea, that the people of a territory should be allowed to settle the question of slavery, or any other question, among themselves, and that the people of the South had as much right to go into these territories as the people of the North. Mr. Lincoln said: "Let us see about equal rights of the North and South. How is it in congressional representation? The South has representation for three-fifths of its slave population." He then took the comparison of one of the congressional districts in the black belt of Georgia where there were five black persons to one white one, and compared the ratio of white representation in Congress of its representatives by our representatives in the sixteenth congressional district of Illinois. One white man's vote in Georgia was equal to three white men's votes in Illinois. "Talk about equal rights," said he, "I would like some man to take a pointer dog, and nose around, and snuff about, and see if he can find my rights in such a condition."

After the meeting was over my father asked Yates what he thought of Lincoln's speech. He said: "Miner, I have heard this winter all the big men in Congress talk on this question, but Lincoln's is the strongest speech I ever heard on the subject." In none of the histories of Lincoln's life can I find any notice of this speech, but I am sure that this was the first speech he ever made on the Kansas-Nebraska question.

It was the first time I had ever seen Mr. Lincoln. While the people were assembling in the courtroom he and Richard Yates sat talking side by side on one of the juror's benches, in the northwest corner of the room, surrounded by a number of citizens of Winchester. Scott County was then in the old sixteenth congressional district and Yates represented it in Congress. He had just returned from Washington where he had been all winter and summer in the midst of the discussion and strife of Congress in the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He was a splendid looking man, well made, erect, easy and graceful in form with mild brown eyes, long wavy brown hair and always dressed in the height of fashion. As a boy I had heard a great deal of Yates and little of Lincoln. I could but compare the two as they sat there side by side and the comparison was not favorable to Lincoln. It seems almost useless to tell of the appearance of Lincoln. There are so many pictures of him and so many descriptions that his personal appearance is fairly impressed upon the minds of nearly every man,

woman and child in the United States, but this was the first time I had ever seen him and I was rather shocked that he was to be speaker instead of Yates. He was a tall, ungainly looking man. When he stood up his arms appeared too long for his body, and when he sat down in an ordinary chair his legs seemed so long that his knees were nearly on a plane with his waist. His large bony face when in repose was unspeakably sad and as unreadable as that of a sphinx, his eyes were as expressionless as those of a dead fish; but when he smiled or laughed at one of his own stories or that of another then everything about him changed; his figure became alert, a lightning change came over his countenance, his eyes scintillated and I thought he had the most expressive features I had ever seen on the face of a man. He was not a graceful orator, but a very impressive talker. He made few gestures, more with his head than he did with his hands or arms. In telling the story of the pointer dog "nosing and snuffing around" he imitated with his head and face the acts of a dog doing that.

In the fall of 1856, I went to Waverly, Morgan County, to live and during the next four years I was frequently in Springfield where I met Mr. Lincoln a number of times. The last time I saw him in Springfield was about a week after the election of November, 1860. I was going to the Wabash railroad station as Mr. Lincoln was on his way to his residence, and I walked with him down to his house. I congratulated him on his election. He thanked me, but had little to say about it. The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia in February, 1861. He was on his way to Washington and stopped in Philadelphia one day and night, held a reception at the hotel and I attended it. Early the next morning he stood in front of Independence Hall and raised the flag of our country to the top of the flag staff on the hall, pulling the halyard himself. Then he made the speech which has been so often quoted:

"All the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in, and were given to the world from this hall. I never had a feeling politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty not alone to the people of the country, but I hope to the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time, the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of man. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help to save it. If it cannot be

saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful! But if this country cannot be saved without giving up the principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it."

Mr. Lincoln had been told by Detective Pinkerton of the plot to assassinate him the next day in Baltimore on his way through that city to Washington. That was the last time I saw him alive. In April, 1865 I attended his funeral obsequies held at Springfield, and was one of the thousands who filed slowly through the old state house and viewed his remains lying on a catafalque in the upper room. People of the present day have little idea of the grief, loss, and utter helplessness the people of that time felt in the death of Mr. Lincoln. I saw strong men shed tears and heard women cry aloud, and for weeks the only ray of hope and consolation was in Garfield's expression: "God reigns; and the government at Washington still lives."

2. THE FIRST OF THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATES

It was my rare good fortune to be present at the first joint debate of Lincoln and Douglas held in Ottawa, La Salle County, Illinois, on August 21, 1858. I was then a farm boy of sixteen, secretary of a Democratic club out in the country, and though not supposed to know much about politics, I had begun to learn pretty fast. Those days, beginning with 1856, were big with events of national importance, and it is the truth to say that every citizen of Illinois felt an absorbing interest in the mighty contest of parties; an interest in which the families of each shared—men, women and children, to an extent hard to realize now and scarcely to be appreciated except by those of that time who are still alive—and the number is not great.

In the campaign of 1858, as the time for the first debate between Lincoln and Douglas approached, the whole population of La Salle County—not alone in the cities and villages, but in every township—and on every farm, were occupied mostly in political discussion at home, or, of evenings, in the little district schoolhouse. In the latter the farmers and the ambitious boy orators had their inning and settled all political questions to their own satisfaction at least. Fired with enthusiasm, they awaited impatiently the 21st of August, which dawned upon them bright and beautiful. During all the preceding night and early on the 21st, delegations from every town and hamlet began to arrive in Ottawa. The next counties also contributed their quotas of patriotic people, until an attendance of 30,000 was estimated. Having never been over twenty miles from home, I looked upon the animated scene as unequalled except by the triumphal pro-

cessions of imperial Rome—about which I had read in an old dog-eared history that somehow happened to be in the house, and with the family Bible, the New York Tribune, the Free Trader, an almanac, and a few other books, constituted our library.

The great feature of the day was a wagon or float, profusely decorated with flags and bunting—and filled with young girls—in a number representing every State in the Union. Party enthusiasm reached high water mark when, in the afternoon, Douglas and Lincoln, their approach heralded by martial music and the shouts of thousands, appeared and occupied the soft side of one of the pine board seats on the platform, which had been erected in Washington Park. Also seated here were the prominent men and politicians of the county—with not a few from other parts of the State who were well known to all. Determined to see the whole show close at hand, I managed to wriggle up and onto the stand and squeeze in between the legs of two wise-looking farmers, who graciously allowed me to remain. Immediately opposite sat the Little Giant and not far away Honest Old Abe.

Thus I had the opportunity of my life and made during the three hours of the debate, a study of these intellectual giants. Every detail of action and expression is as clear to me as fifty years ago. I will not pretend that I then fully understood the great questions discussed, the arguments and subtle distinctions and sophistries of Douglas, nor the keen, unanswerable logic of Lincoln, but these made an impression that later bore fruit. It was their personality and frame that held me spellbound. Judge Douglas—short in stature but of compact build and slightly corpulent, had a massive head and firm jaws; his aspect was leonine; he appeared as one born to command—whose *ipse dixit* was law to his followers—and it was. He was a ready orator, never lacked for words and uttered them with a force of speech calculated to carry conviction to his hearers. He made few gestures and these were graceful; an emphatic shake of the head and rather long black hair often ended a sentence.

Lincoln was the very opposite in appearance and manner to Douglas. His attitude was much the same as that portrayed in the Lincoln Park, Chicago, statue. He was gracious and smiling all through his two speeches. His head, like that of Douglas, was large, massive. He wore a long linen duster, much soiled with travel. Neither he nor Douglas were laundried up for the occasion. In address he was fluent, persuasive and logical; he made few gestures. Honor and candor shone out in every line of his face, then slightly wrinkled about the

brows, but not from trouble. It was intense, constant thought that planted the wrinkles there. It is a matter of history that many of Lincoln's friends, leading men, had fears about his being able to cope with the renowned Senator, but Lincoln feared not. Why? He knew that he was on the right, the just side of the questions at issue, and that right must win. A very few who knew Lincoln well at his home said: "We can send you a man who can answer Douglas." This is history, too. Douglas, in speaking, impressed the hearers with the idea that he was reproving them for not swallowing his Popular Sovereignty heresies at one gulp. Lincoln asked his audience to investigate, then decide. The three hours' debate ended, there was a rush by all for the heroes of the day, and in accordance with the custom of the time, they were seized and conveyed away on the shoulders of honest yeomen to their quarters—Douglas to the famed Geiger House, Lincoln to the residence of Joseph O. Glover, opposite the park. It is certain that the writer was not at the tail end of the procession. In this contest of two great men, both parties, as a matter of course, claimed the victory. Subsequent events proved that Lincoln was right. This debate was but the entering wedge to mightier forensic battles. There were six more debates but, one question—"No. 2"—in the second battle at Freeport put to Douglas by Lincoln, buried forever the former's hope for the Presidency, as the latter had predicted, provided Douglas answered it. He did; he had to. Yet, behold Medill, Long John, Judd, et al, beseeching Lincoln not to ask that question. Two years pass—Lincoln is President, Douglas is still senator. War comes, the Titanic conflict opens. The mighty Douglas, true to the Union, throws his whole power and personality to the right side—the Nation. In his last speech, the shadows of death gathering fast, he says: "There can be now but two parties in this country—patriots and traitors." He died. Like Clay and Webster, disappointment and o'ervaulting ambition contributed to his end. Had he lived, he would, like Logan, have entered the army of the Union, and have been made at once a major general. This was Lincoln's intention, according to General Francis E. Spinner, ex-Treasurer of the United States, who gave the writer this information some years ago.

3. A BOY AT LINCOLN'S FEET

There was great excitement in Stark County, Illinois, upon a day early in the autumn of 1858. Mr. Lincoln was to speak at Toulon, the countyseat, and I, a lad of eleven years, was to ride sixteen miles with my father in the bandwagon to see and hear the man I had

heard so much about. It was during the period of the seven joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas, candidates for the United States Senate, that were being held in different parts of the State about once a week. In the intervening days they spoke separately at other places, as a rule following one another on alternate days. If Lincoln came, as I remember, on Tuesday, Douglas arrived on Wednesday, and spoke from the same platform. All the Republicans and many Democrats went to hear Lincoln; all the Democrats and many Republicans attended the Douglas meetings. Some there were, of course, unaffiliated with either party, who wished to hear both candidates before making their choice.

On the morning of this day you may be sure our chores on the farm were done and breakfast eaten before daybreak. The sun was hardly risen when we had driven to the crossroad village of Bradford and stabled our horses in Uncle Zach's barn. The bandwagon soon came along and took us in. It was an ordinary farm wagon with a seating rack above the wheels and steps leading up in the rear. There was a high seat for the driver and the horses numbered four. The band consisted of five pieces—two fifes, one bass, and two tenor drums. The distinctive uniform of my father, one of the fifers, was a faded brown coat and a palm-leaf hat with the brim religiously trained to turn up behind and down in front. As a subscriber to the New York Tribune, his beard was trimmed in Horace Greeley style. His experience with the fife dated back to the days of his youth, in the old General Trainin's of the Empire State.

The second fifer on the wagon was Dalrymple ("Uncle Dal") likewise a prairie farmer, a tall, straight Virginian, with iron-gray beard that reached to his waist and a wide-rimmed hat of black. He played with enthusiasm, keeping time vigorously with his heel. His instrument my father despised because it had a mouthpiece that gave forth a high metallic screech. Father insisted that a fife should be melodious, played like a flute, with no "tube" attachment.

Curtiss, the blacksmith, could make the bass drum roar to be heard a mile, and his timing was exact. But the star performer of our band was Pettingill, the harness-maker, a little man from Maine. My greatest wish for years was that I might play the little drum as he did. It seems to me yet that I have never seen another who could make the "r-r-r-roll" so perfect with a pair of sticks.

Little "Mollie Stark" County was then untouched by a railroad, and all who went to Toulon that day from twenty miles around rode in buggies, wagons, or on horseback. As we went on, the delegations

from our section fell in behind the band in long procession on the dusty road. Stirring music announced our coming to every village and corners.

Spoon River had no Anthology at that time, and few bridges. We forded the stream at Fuller's Mill, barely wetting the horses' feet. Passing through Jersey Township, we arrived at the fairgrounds just north of Toulon about eleven o'clock. Here the clans were gathering, according to arrangement, to greet Mr. Lincoln on his arrival from Cambridge, where he had spoken the day before. Soon the entire racetrack was bordered by the crowd, in all manner of conveyances. Our driver secured a position close to the "inside" track and near the entrance. We had a half-hour of waiting, enlivened by the playing of several bands in turn.

The reader would hardly guess in what manner Mr. Lincoln came in through the high-posted gateway. A young man in the neighborhood had trained a pair of two-year-old steers to drive in harness. These were attached to a low barouche, the top of which, turned back, reached nearly to the ground. In this vehicle, towering high with his plug hat, sat the future President, beside him the little driver under a wide-brimmed slouch.

Then the cheering began, and at first Mr. Lincoln tried to rise from his seat in acknowledgement; but he could not rise far in the moving carriage without losing his equilibrium. Just as his long form got bent to about the shape of a letter S he would suddenly sink back with an impact no doubt that was hardly pleasant. The entire combination was so ludicrous that the crowd went wild. Mr. Lincoln laughed with them, and decided to keep his seat, raising his hat and bowing while he made the circuit of the half-mile track. The cheering was a forewave of that to be heard within two years in that famous wigwam by the lake. Then, passing into the road, the unique equipage led the procession uptown with our band in the lead, each player doing his best.

Having dinner with a friend of my father's made us late at the meeting. The platform from which Mr. Lincoln spoke was at the south side of the courthouse, where there was a wide, open square. Opposite on the north, was another stand for an overflow meeting, which was addressed, according to my remembrance, by Frank P. Blair. I was sorely disappointed that we were on the outskirts of a great crowd, with Mr. Lincoln speaking. My father, being quite deaf, had not expected to hear much of the speech, and was quite content

with his situation. I straightway asked if I might get nearer if I could. I shall be ever grateful for his answer: "Go ahead; come back here when it's over."

Being slender and persistent, I somehow wormed my way through that human mass till I stood directly at Mr. Lincoln's feet, near the edge of the platform. I am sure I could have touched his boots. There, with hat in hand, I stood nearly an hour, looking up and listening. I understood much of what he was saying, for I had read the newspapers and heard the issues discussed at home. But it was the form, the action, the presence of the man that impressed me chiefly; his towering height, his straightness when he stood erect, his long arms, now swinging, now extending forth; his limbs that seemed to bend like a huge jackknife bringing his head forward at times toward his audience, till it seemed to me he was in danger of falling. I had the feeling that he was the most dead-in-earnest man I had ever heard speak, that he meant every word and knew just what he was talking about; that he was so honest he would never think of trying to deceive anybody. In a word, he inspired my full confidence, that never wavered from that moment, no matter what any one might say.

I have at least one distinct memory incident to this address. Standing near Mr. Lincoln as I did, hatless, with upturned face, I was conscious now and then of falling mist upon my brow. This, we know, any speaker will emit addressing an outdoor audience with intent to be heard by the farthest listener. I had to keep my red bandanna handkerchief in hand for use whenever he leaned directly toward me; and yet I had no thought of changing my position till the last word was said. In later years the unpleasant memory was relieved by a thought suggested—that I had been baptized that day, indeed, into the faith of him who spoke, "the faith that right makes mighty," as he had said, and that the speech I heard was being repeated with ever-increasing influence throughout the world.

I have no further memory of the day except that fife and drum were little heard upon the homeward way, that I was very sleepy, and dozed at times in the rough-going wagon with my head on father's knee. No remembrance comes of that late supper, prepared, I know, with the appetizing art that only a mother knows. Twenty months later came that greatest of all conventions, in Chicago. My father, born and raised in New York State, wished earnestly for Seward's nomination, while I, in secret, hoped for that of Lincoln, and when it came my joy was unrestrained.

4. THE LAST DEBATE BETWEEN LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS

The speeches in the debate were really a review of important points which had been brought out elsewhere in their campaign by the two great speakers. The debate occurred at the northeast corner of the city hall, where we had erected a great platform, at the base of two hills. There the speakers could be seen and heard by a vast number of people. We had counted on a large crowd to hear the close of the debate, but we were greatly surprised at the magnitude of it. Early in the morning people began arriving in vehicles from the country districts. Madison County and the adjacent counties, which contributed to the throng, were strongly Democratic, and no doubt Judge Douglas had the majority of the audience with him.

I was a member of the committee on arrangements, and was chosen to represent the Republican Party on the platform with the speakers. Judge Douglas sat to the right of Mr. Lincoln. His appearance was in strong contrast with that of his antagonist in debate. Lincoln—tall, gaunt and ungraceful in his gestures; Douglas—short, thickset and much more graceful. The day was a beautiful one—one of the prettiest I have ever known in October. When the hour for the speaking arrived the whole arena was crowded with thousands of people for several blocks in front of the stand. It was planned to make the close the greatest of the series of debates. The weeks of strenuous struggle throughout the State were to be ended at Alton. The press of Illinois and of St. Louis had stirred up interest in the debate by printing sharp comments on the speeches. Nothing had been so intensely interesting since the discussion of the slavery question and the adoption of the State constitution. Tables for use of the newspaper reporters were set up before the speakers' stand and representatives were there from the greatest papers in the country. Revel W. English was named as the Democratic representative on the platform, while I was the Republican representative.

When the speakers were introduced the audience repressed its excitement and listened eagerly. It seemed to me that Judge Douglas was suffering from a severe cold and was very hoarse. He labored under a disadvantage which to me seemed to detract from the power of his argument. From a distance his voice sounded like that of a mastiff giving short, quick barks. He had the opening speech, and on being introduced was received with a tumult and great enthusiasm. Throughout the speech Judge Douglas received such cheering as I had never heard before.

When Lincoln was introduced he gained the immediate attention of his audience. He threw into his voice and gestures an animation that bound the audience with a spell. When he touched on the slavery feature of his address, it seemed to me there came an eloquence born of the earnestness of a heart convinced of the sinfulness—the injustice and the brutality of the institution of slavery, which made him a changed man. So long as I live I will never lose the impression he made upon me. It helped strengthen my convictions on the subject of human slavery, and I have heard boys who heard him say that it shaped their opinions and fixed their views in after life. His long arms rose and fell and swayed in air in gestures which became to the audience under his spell models of grace and beauty. His tones rang out clear, and his resonant voice proclaimed with profound conviction the doom of slavery or the doom of the nation. “A house divided against itself cannot stand,” said he, “and this nation must be all free or all slave,” suiting his words to those of the Christ when he denounced sin and said that sin and unrighteousness could not exist with righteousness in the heart of the same individual. He argued that the principles of slavery and freedom could not exist in the nation side by side. Frequently he would pause in his argument and, turning to Judge Douglas at his side, would say, “Is not that so, Judge Douglas; is not that so?” I forgot the ungainly form and homely face and seemed to see the great heart of Lincoln beating in its horror at the infamy of the institution against which he inveighed. Wild and long continued cheering from Republican throats punctuated the points of Lincoln, while the Democrats stood silently or glumly listening to his discourse. The audience was orderly, with no disturbing feature to mar it. Frequently Lincoln would turn to his little opponent in the debate and with his face beaming benevolence, he would refer to “My friend, Judge Douglas.”

The Alton debate was a great one—some asserting it was the greatest of the seven. Men listened to it who became widely known in public life, thereafter, and some of them publicly said that the debate at Alton sounded the knell of slavery, while it paved the way for the election of Lincoln as President two years later. It made such an impression on my mind that today the tones of Lincoln are still vibrating in my ears, and it stirred my heart as nothing else did and made me a greater foe of the institution of slavery.

CHAPTER XXI

OTHER YOUNG MEN HEAR AND WEIGH MR. LINCOLN

(As indicated in preceding pages during the decade prior to the Civil War there was coming to maturity in Illinois and other parts of the Middle West a great number of young men, destined to carve for themselves careers of varying usefulness and honor, who in age regarded as prized possessions their recollections of the speeches they had heard Mr. Lincoln deliver in their youth and early manhood, profoundly earnest and moving speeches which persuaded because they proyed, and so helped to shape and strengthen the convictions of a goodly army of first voters. The recollections of four of these men afford in part material for the present chapter.

1. *A SOUTHERN ABOLITIONIST'S MEMORIES OF MR. LINCOLN* captures the reprint of parts of a suggestive article contributed by Moncure Daniel Conway to the June, 1865, issue of the fortnightly *Review of London*. Conway, like Cassius M. Clay, was an unusual figure in the anti-slavery movement. Born in Virginia in 1832, the son of a slaveholder and a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he early became an uncompromising foe of human bondage, and as a minister first of the Methodist and later of the Unitarian creed preached against it in his native State and from pulpits in Washington and Cincinnati. In 1863 Conway went to England to speak and write in behalf of the Union cause. He had not been long in England when he was invited to become pastor of South Place Chapel, a congregation of liberal inclinations, and this post he filled with growing influence for more than a score of years.

During the same period he was a regular and welcome contributor to English newspapers and magazines, and won the friendship of some of the finest spirits of the Victorian era. Conway's exile was broken by frequent visits to America, and in 1885 he returned here to end his days. The literary harvest of his old age included, besides an exhaustive life of Thomas Paine, ripe volumes on Carlyle, Emerson and Hawthorne, and an autobiography published shortly before his death in 1907, remarkable for its wealth of incident and unfailing human interest.

2. *WHEN LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS MET AT FREEPORT* reprints in

part an article first published in the March, 1922, issue of the Wisconsin Magazine of History. Its author, Martin P. S. Rindlaub, was for more than half a century the editor and publisher of newspapers in various towns of Illinois and Wisconsin. He was a resident of Warren, Illinois, when he listened to the debate between Mr. Lincoln and Senator Douglas at Freeport, on August 27, 1858. Mr. Rindlaub passed his last years in Platteville, Wisconsin, where he died in 1932 at the age of ninety-four years.

3. **A YANKEE REPORTER RECALLS MR. LINCOLN'S DROLL SIDE** reprints an amusing extract from the recollections of Henry P. Goddard first published in the February 13, 1909, issue of Harper's Weekly. Mr. Lincoln made many friends during his visit to New England in the opening days of March, 1860, but with few did he leave so abiding an impression as he made on the youthful reporter who heard him speak at Norwich, and who, after service in the Union Army, was to achieve an unusual career as journalist and man of letters.

4. **WHEN THE PRAIRIES OF ILLINOIS WERE ON FIRE** captions some rearranged extracts from an article contributed by Hamilton Busbey to the March, 1911, issue of the Forum. Busbey, who in later years was long a prominent and active newspaper correspondent in Washington, passed a part of his early manhood in Illinois, and retained vivid memories of the campaign of 1860 which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. His recollections of a memorable period are a noteworthy and welcome addition to our knowledge of how and in what measure the Springfield lawyer shaped the thoughts and actions of the young men of his time.)

1. **A SOUTHERN ABOLITIONIST'S MEMORIES OF MR. LINCOLN**

In June, 1856, when the Republican convention that nominated Mr. Fremont for the Presidency, was holding its sessions in the city of Philadelphia, there were counted out, on the nominating vote for a candidate for the Vice Presidency, 110 votes for Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, late minister at Paris, was nominated, having received 259 (votes); but the large vote for a man whose name few of the delegates had ever heard, excited attention, and I remember well the surprise with which the question was whispered from seat to seat: "Who is Abraham Lincoln?" "He is one of our Western men," said a delegate, "of whom you are likely to know more one of these days." About two years after this (1858) Mr. Lincoln was indeed brought very prominently before the country. Those

two years had been crowded with portentous events. Slavery, then dominant at Washington, had, in 1853 (1854), swept away what was known as the Missouri Compromise, by which a line had been agreed upon, with reference to the territories of the West north of which slavery could not go. The object of the abolition of this line was the advancement of the "peculiar institution" of the South into that vast portion of the territory, wrested from Mexico by a Southern President, known as Kansas. As the result of the destruction of this compromise emigrants from the North and from the South had poured into Kansas, and that territory had become the theatre of civil war. The man who had introduced the act abolishing the Missouri Compromise, and who had chiefly secured its adoption, was Mr. S. A. Douglas, a senator from Illinois. When, in 1858, this senator was put forward by his party for re-election, the Republicans resolved to confront him with Abraham Lincoln, who contested his seat on the absorbing issue of the prohibition of slavery in territories by Congress. Illinois thus became the arena of a close political conflict; and, as it involved the one question at issue in the States, the eyes of the nation were fixed upon the contestants. Mr. Lincoln's antagonist, Judge Douglas, was a man who had long been known in the country as a master in debate. The impression which his speeches (the few that I heard) made upon my own mind was that of vigour, of various talent, and of consummate ability in detecting the weak points of his antagonist, and covering up his own. Mr. Douglas was re-elected by a majority of eight in this contest, which was preliminary to the great presidential campaign in which he suffered a defeat under which he seemed to sink, and soon after which he died.

It was during this memorable political struggle, which presently led the champions to address public meetings far beyond the limits of their State, that I first saw and heard Abraham Lincoln. It was at Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, an important point as being at the very center of the country, and on the line separating the free from the slave States. Across the Ohio River, narrower than the Thames, rise the hills of Kentucky, and one may (or could) stand in the streets of Cincinnati and see slaves at their work. From the towns of Newport and Covington, on the Kentucky side, hundreds of persons were in the habit of coming to the political meetings of the city, or to witness the performances of their favorite actors, among whom may have been Wilkes Booth. (I once saw this man on the stage in Cincinnati, and a worse actor, and a face into which more vile passions were distilled I have not often seen.) To the great delight of the Ken-

tuckians, and of the Democracy, so-called, Mr. Douglas had delivered a public address there advocating what he used to call his “gur-reat perrinciple” that the newborn territories should be allowed to arrange their own institutions—and especially to introduce or exclude slavery—as freely as full-grown States. Mr. Lincoln was soon after invited to the city. The meeting was in a large public square, and two or three thousands of persons were present, possibly more, to hear this new man. Party feeling was running very high, and there were adverse parties in the crowd who had come with the intention of disturbing the meeting. Mr. Lincoln appeared on a balcony in the clear moonlight, and without paying the slightest attention to the perturbations of the multitude, began his address. I had at first paused on the skirts of the crowd, meaning to leave soon; but an indefinable something in the tones of the man’s voice induced me to go closer. Surely if there were to be chosen a figurehead for America it must be this! There was something undeniably grotesque about his face, and yet not a coarse line; it was battered and bronzed, but the light of an eye, both gentle and fiery, kept it from being hard. The nose was a good strong buttress—such as Bonaparte would have valued—to a solid brow; and the forehead rose to its greatest height in the region assigned to the benevolent and the conscientious organs, declining along those of firmness and self-esteem into what I should call a decidedly feeble occiput. But never was there a case in which the sage’s request—“Speak, that I may see you”—had more need to be repeated; for a voice more flexible, more attuned to every kind of expression, and to carry truth in every tone, was never allotted to mortal. Although he seemed to me oddly different from any other man whom I had seen, he seemed also related to them all, and to have lineaments characteristic of every section of the country; and this is why I thought he might well be taken as its figurehead. His manner of speaking in public was simple, direct, and almost religious; he was occasionally humorous, but rarely told anecdotes as he did in private conversation; and there was no sarcasm, no showing of the teeth. I had not listened to him long, on the occasion to which I refer, before I perceived that there was a certain artistic ability in him as a public speaker, which his audience would least recognise when it was most employed. Early in the address some adverse allusion to slavery brought a surge of hisses, but when it broke at his feet, there was the play of a faint smile on his face as he gathered from it the important knowledge of the exact proportion of Kentucky which he had to deal with on the occasion. I have often wondered that Mr. Lincoln’s

power as an orator—surpassed as it is by that of only one other American—is so little known or thought of in Europe; and I have even found the impression that he was, as a speaker, awkward, heavy, and ungrammatical. It is a singular misjudgment. For terse, well-pronounced, clear speech; for careful and easy selection of the fit word for the right place; for perfect tones; for quiet, chaste, and dignified manner—it would be hard to find the late President's superior. In those days it was, when slavery was concerned, "a kind of good deed to say well," and sufficiently proved the man who, when the public meeting must give way to the camp,

"With his deed did crown
His word upon you."

He had said with an emphasis which made the proposition seem novel, "Slavery is **WRONG!**"—then came the hiss. After a moment's pause he continued—each word driven through and clenched—"I acknowledge that you must maintain your opposition just there, if at all. But I find that every man comes into the world with a mouth to be fed and a back to be clothed; that each has also two hands; and I infer that those hands were meant to feed that mouth and to clothe that back. And I warn you, Kentuckians, that whatever institution would fetter those hands from so doing, violates that justice which is the only political wisdom, and is sure to crumble around those who seek to uphold it. This is the constant testimony of the men who founded this Republic. It was this that made Jefferson tremble for his country when he remembered that God is just; and this that made your own great statesman, Henry Clay, pray that his tongue might cleave to the roof of his mouth ere it voted to carry slavery into any territory where it did not exist. Your hisses will not blow down the walls of Justice. Slavery is wrong; the denial of that truth has brought on the angry conflict of brother with brother; it has kindled the fires of civil war in Kansas; it has raised the portents that overhang the future of our nation. And be you sure that no compromise, no political arrangement with slavery will ever last which does not deal with it as **A GREAT WRONG.**" The Kentuckians had no sibilant arguments to bring forward now. How much more serious Mr. Lincoln was than the mass of his party in these views may be estimated by the fact, that when his speeches, with those of Judge Douglas, were afterwards collected for circulation as a campaign document, it was thought prudent to omit the above passage, which I noted down at the time, and probably others of similar import.

Early in the war I had the opportunity of a private interview with

the President. The hour of eight in the morning was named by him, and I found that even that was not early enough for his work to begin. In the anteroom was a young woman with her child, whose plea the President would hear. Sad and tearful when she presently entered his room, she was radiant enough on her return, and doubtless some poor prisoner was set free that day to return home. My friend and I were also there to plead for prisoners; believing that the hour had come when slavery had earned the right to perish by the sword which it had taken, we came to implore the President to be our deliverer from this fearful demon that had so long harried the land and poisoned life for all who loved their country or justice. The President listened very patiently, and gave us his views fully. The words which remain now most deeply fixed in my memory are these:—"We grow in this direction daily; and I am not without hope that some great thing is to be accomplished. When the hour comes for dealing with slavery I trust I shall be willing to act though it costs my life; and, gentlemen," he added, with a sad smile and a solemn tone, "*lives will be lost.*"

Throughout the conversation the President spoke with profound feeling of the Southerners, who, he said, had become at an early day, when there was at least a feeble conscience against slavery, deeply involved commercially and socially with the institution; he pitied them heartily, all the more that it had corrupted them; and he earnestly advised us to use what influence we might have to impress on the people the feeling that they should be ready and eager to share largely the pecuniary losses to which the South would be subjected if emancipation should occur. It was, he said, the disease of the entire nation, and all must share the suffering of its removal. It was entirely through this urgency of Mr. Lincoln to all whom he met, that all the slaves in the District of Columbia were paid for when liberated (though many thought the slave himself was the real owner to be paid), and a full price offered by Congress to all Slave States that would, even gradually emancipate their slaves.

Mr. Lincoln answered well Frederick the Great's definition of a prince—"the first of subjects." His confidence in the people was as simple and unhesitating as his loyalty to them was perfect. He believed that there was under all parties a substratum of patriotism and I never saw his eye shine more than when some one told of a town in Ohio where, up to the time of the war, two party flags had been flying, and whose inhabitants, when they heard of the attack upon Fort Sumter, cut down the two poles with their flags, and mak-

ing the two into one, hoisted it with the Stars and Stripes alone at its head.

I believe there is but one instance of the President's losing his temper. Many of the Northern people were scandalised that Kentucky should, in the beginning of the war, declare herself neutral in the contest; and also that, in dealing with slavery, the opinion of that State should be so much consulted by the President. On one occasion, when a senator of very decided opinions was in consultation with the chief magistrate, the latter said, concerning some proposition, "But will Kentucky stand that?" "Damn Kentucky!" exclaimed the senator. "Then damn *you*!" cried Mr. Lincoln with warmth. But, much as he loved his native State, there were points on which he would "put his foot down," even to her. A Kentuckian wishing some government aid in recovering his slaves, escaped and escaping, "reminded him," he said, "of a little story. When I was going down the Ohio once on a steamer, a little boy came up to the captain, and said, 'Captain, please stop the boat a little while; I've lost my apple overboard!'"

Mr. Lincoln was a gentleman; he was incapable of rudeness; he was benevolent in small things; and he had humility. In manners and personal bearing he gave the impression of fine blood, which could speak through his cheeks on occasion; and when one looked upon his towering form, moving through the fashionable crowd at his receptions with awkward ease, he might well say—as the Yunani sage said of Zoroaster—"This form and this gait cannot lie, and nothing but truth can proceed from them." His conversational powers were extraordinary, and his wit, with a quaint and fresh way he had of illustrating his ideas, made it a delight to be in his society. The simple Theism, which I believe, without knowing a great deal about his religious opinions, to have been the substance of his faith, was real to him; and it is worthy of remark that all the religious deputations, representing all sects, which have crowded the President's house for four years have not prevailed to evoke any utterance from him savouring of cant or narrowness.

2. WHEN LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS MET AT FREEPORT

I was present in 1858 at one of the celebrated discussions between Lincoln and Douglas at Freeport. Lincoln and Douglas were the opposing candidates for the United States Senate, and a series of joint discussions at seven different points in the state had been arranged. Meetings were held in advance, by each party, at every hamlet and

crossroad within a radius of forty miles of the place where the joint discussion was to take place, in order to awaken its adherents to the importance of being present and supporting its champions. They organized themselves into delegations which rallied at convenient points, and formed into processions of men and women, in wagons and carriages—but few of the latter as they were not as common then as they became later. Many, too, were on horseback, and usually starting the night before, headed by bands of music, with flags and banners, hats and handkerchiefs waving, proceeded to the place of meeting.

Many of these processions were half a mile in length. As they advanced the air was rent with cheers in the Republican processions, for Honest Old Abe, and in the Democratic, for the Little Giant. The sentiments painted in great letters on the banners carried in each of these processions left no one in doubt as to which party its participants belonged. Over the banners of the Douglas processions were “Squatter Sovereignty”; “Let the People Rule”; “This is a White Man’s Country”; “No Nigger Equality”; “Hurrah for the Little Giant.” On the other hand, the Republicans carried banners with such mottoes as “Hurrah for Honest Old Abe”; “Lincoln the Giant Killer”; “No More Slave Territory”; “All Men are Created Equal”; “Free Kansas”; and “No More Compromise.”

Douglas arrived on the scene in a coach drawn by four gaily caparisoned horses, which had been placed at his disposal by his admirers; his coming was greeted by a rousing welcome. Scarcely had the cheering occasioned by his appearance ceased when an old-fashioned Conestoga wagon, drawn by four horses, was driven to the stand. On one of the seats sat Lincoln, accompanied by half a dozen farmers in their working clothes. The driver was mounted on the near rear horse and guided his team with a single rein attached to the bridle of one of the lead horses. The burlesque was as complete as possible and the effort was greeted with a good-natured roar.

The contrast between Lincoln and Douglas could hardly have been more marked. Lincoln was six feet four inches tall. He was swarthy as an Indian, with wiry, jet black hair, which was usually in an unkempt condition. He wore no beard, and his face was almost grotesquely square, with high cheek bones. His eyes were bright, keen, and a luminous gray color, though his eyebrows were black like his hair. His figure was gaunt, slender, and slightly bent. He was clad in a rusty-black Prince Albert coat with somewhat abbreviated sleeves. His black trousers, too, were so short that they gave an appearance

of exaggerated size to his feet. He wore a high stove-pipe hat, somewhat the worse for wear, and he carried a gray woolen shawl, a garment much worn in those days instead of an overcoat. His manner of speaking was of a plain, unimpassioned character. He gesticulated very little with his arms, but moved his body from one side to the other. Sometimes he would bend his knees so they would almost touch the platform, and then he would shoot himself up to his full height, emphasizing his utterances in a very forcible manner.

The next time I saw Lincoln was in the summer of 1860, after he had been nominated for the Presidency. It was at a great Republican mass meeting at Springfield, Lincoln's home, and was said to have been the largest political meeting ever held in this country. It was held at the fairgrounds, and half a dozen stands were erected in different places for as many speakers. I took a position on a side hill where I could have full view of one of the stands. While I waited, there was commotion in the vicinity of the stand, and then some men removed the roof from over the desk. A carriage drove up and Lincoln was escorted into the stand. Being assisted, he mounted the desk. There he stood on top of the desk, his tall form towering far above, his hands folded in front of him, and the multitude cheering to the echo. When quiet was restored he told the audience that he did not come to make a speech; that he had simply come there to see the people and to give them an opportunity to see him. All he said did not occupy two minutes after which he entered his carriage and was driven to other portions of the grounds.

3. A YANKEE REPORTER RECALLS MR. LINCOLN'S DROLL SIDE

On the night of March 9, 1860, while still in my teens, I was sent to the old town hall at Norwich, Connecticut, to report the speech of one Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for the local newspaper of which I was a reporter. Mr. Lincoln was on a brief political tour of the State and was to address the Republicans of Norwich and the vicinity on the issues of the hour in the spring election, now close at hand. The story of the Lincoln-Douglas debates was of course known to me, and I knew that a stalwart orator had dared confront the Little Giant of Illinois, and in a contest for the United States senatorship, in which the latter had won the coveted prize, but the former had sprung into national prominence.

Of Mr. Lincoln's personality I had only a vague anticipation. Accustomed to the carefully dressed and, as a rule, polished speakers of the East, it was quite a surprise to find the orator of the evening a

tall, lank, raw-boned son of the soil, with an ill-fitting coat, limp shirt, collar and black tie that was way out of its place when he had finished. Although at the time I pronounced him the homeliest man I had ever seen upon the rostrum, long ere he had finished his speech I was convinced that here was a man novel and interesting, a strong, powerful child of a civilization that we of New England hardly understood; a man who spoke the truth and knew that he spoke it, and was worth listening to as one who was a thoughtful and wise adviser on the great problems confronting us.

After Mr. Lincoln had finished his speech he was entertained at the local hotel by several prominent Republicans. Next day the town was full of reports of his amusing stories and the cheery Western manners that had won him many friends. Some months later I heard from the lips of the Hon. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, Connecticut, the story of an incident that occurred at this gathering that has never before been published.

It appears that after the callers had all bidden good-by to Mr. Lincoln Mr. Trumbull recalled another story (he had told many) that he thought would amuse Mr. Lincoln, so he went back to his room, knocked, and was told to enter. He found Mr. Lincoln disrobing and was about to withdraw, but on explaining his errand he was told that he must stay and tell the story. He did so, Mr. Lincoln listening and laughing heartily. Some time next year, during Lincoln's first administration, Mr. Trumbull was aroused by the ringing of the doorbell at his home at Stonington about one o'clock in the morning. Putting his head out of the window, he asked who wanted him, and was much surprised to hear a caller reply: "Mr. Trumbull, this is Mr. Anson Burlingame"—the Massachusetts Congressman who had been an active campaign orator the previous year. Mr. Burlingame explained that he had called to ask Mr. Trumbull to tell him the last story that he had told Mr. Lincoln at Norwich in 1860. As a reason for this late call and strange request he stated that, as Mr. Trumbull knew, he had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Austria, but that the Emperor of that country had pronounced him *persona non grata* on account of the active interest he had manifested in the House of Representatives in the success of the Kingdom of Italy in the Austro-Italian War in 1859. When Mr. Lincoln was advised of this he changed the appointment to the Chinese court, at which Mr. Burlingame did distinguished service.

Mr. Burlingame said that he had been on to Washington to thank Mr. Lincoln for his appointment, and that, when he saw him, the

President said: "Burlingame, my sending you to China instead of Austria reminds me of a little story. I have no time to tell it now, as I am going into a Cabinet meeting, but the story was told me last year in Connecticut by Mr. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, and my first official order to you is to stop at Stonington on your way home to Boston and have him tell you that story." Hence Mr. Burlingame had taken the New Yorker steamer to Stonington, and when he found that the steamboat train did not leave till an hour after the boat got in he seized the occasion to rush up to see Mr. Trumbull, who thereupon told him the story from his window. Mr. Burlingame laughed heartily, thanked Mr. Trumbull, and hurried to the train.

"What was the story, Mr. Trumbull?" exclaimed one of the auditors. Just then, "In there broke certain people of importance," as Browning puts it, who carried off Mr. Trumbull from the city. I went into the army shortly after and never saw him again. And so the tale remains untold.

4. WHEN THE PRAIRIES OF ILLINOIS WERE ON FIRE

I was eighteen years old when Lincoln and Douglas canvassed Illinois for the senatorship of that State, and the speeches which commanded the attention of the nation profoundly impressed me. (Two years later Mr. Lincoln was) nominated by his party for President, and the enthusiasm of the plain people swept Illinois like a prairie fire. I remember a drive of thirty odd miles to hear Owen Lovejoy, one of the Lincoln supporters, speak. The bed of the farm wagon was thickly strewn with hay and straw, and I went to sleep with the stars blinking at the moon. The dreams of youth were optimistic and the fragrance of flowers came to us with the breeze, which heralded the crimson glow of morning. In the throng which heard the speaking there were hundreds who had driven more miles across the prairie than we had done, and they remained for the torchlight procession. It was a wonderful campaign, and it is not strange that the figure of Abraham Lincoln towered high in youthful imagination.

The North uprose in response to Lincoln's call to arms in April, 1861, and for four years the conflict raged. Only those who lived at the front can properly estimate the ruin wrought. The severest possible strain was put upon the manhood and womanhood of the country. March 4, 1865, President Lincoln delivered his second inaugural address, and the storm had spent its force. Andrew Johnson had succeeded to the Vice-President's chair, and he represented the strong Union sentiment of the mountain districts of Tennessee. An end had

been put to drafting and recruiting for the Federal Army, and reconstruction was the subject of profound thought. The President was kindly disposed toward the vanquished, and his life was never more valuable to the people at large.

I was a member of the staff of the Louisville Journal in the later years of the war. It was the 14th of April, and, having had a strenuous day, I had gone to bed earlier than usual. A room had been fitted up for me in the office of the Journal so that I could promptly respond to any emergency call during the night. I was roused from deep slumber by the foreman of the composing room who stood over me with blanched face. It was midnight and I was informed that confused reports from Washington were to the effect that the President and all the members of his Cabinet had been murdered. Orders were sent to the press room to hold the forms for the latest information. Scores of dispatches were brought to me and I edited them at a little table in the composing room. It was after three o'clock in the morning when threads were untangled and woven into a coherent story.

(Next day) Mr. Prentice (its editor) said he would like to have me represent the Journal at Springfield, and General John M. Palmer, then in command at Louisville, gave me warm letters of commendation to his friends and the friends of Mr. Lincoln in Springfield. My reception in the capital of Illinois was all that could be desired. I shall never forget the hours that I stood as a guard of honor over the casket, or the reverence of the host that filed past the face of the dead. It was May 4th when the remains of the distinguished dead were placed in the receiving vault, and when I recall the imposing ceremony, I feel that it is sometimes worth while to bear the troubles of a nation and to suffer martyrdom.

Mary Todd, who was brought up in the aristocratic atmosphere of Lexington, Kentucky, would never have become the wife of Abraham Lincoln had both remained in the State in which they were born. Social barriers were too strong for that. The poor boy of the cabin could not have found an opportunity to meet on equal terms the girl reared in a home of culture with slaves to wait upon her. But change of environment opened the door of opportunity, and there was a marriage in which the fires of affection often burned low. I gained the impression from my frequent talks with General Palmer that President Lincoln was more anxious to preserve Kentucky to the Union than any other of the Border States for the reason that it was the birthplace of himself and of the mother of his children.

When the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, came to the United States

in the latter part of December, 1851, he found a responsive soul in William T. Coggshell, at one time editor of the Ohio State Journal, but who died of fever when United States Minister to Ecuador. Mr. Coggshell toured the country with Kossuth and introduced him in Kentucky to James F. Robinson, a slave-holder, who was proud of his Revolutionary ancestors, and in Illinois to Abraham Lincoln, who was made to feel by his conditions of birth and boyhood in Kentucky, that all men are not equal in opportunity at the threshold of life. Change of environment added to the stature of Lincoln. North of the Ohio River there was more freedom for him than in the State of his nativity, and he became the standard bearer of those who were opposed to the domination of slavery. He was moved to action by the same liberty-loving spirit which lifted Kossuth above his fellowmen. Attempts to disrupt the Union after he had been elected President of the United States saddened Lincoln, but did not undermine his courage. At a reception given to him by Governor Dennison of Ohio, the bright-eyed young daughter of Mr. Coggshell attracted his attention, and taking her by the hand he stooped and kissed her on the left cheek. The child blushed and asked:

“Mr. President, what shall you do when you get to Washington?”

Placing his hand on the head of the girl he slowly and pathetically said:

“What shall I do? Ask God. He knows best. But you, little one, can say when you grow up, that Abraham Lincoln bent halfway to meet you.”

The South American fever which proved fatal to William T. Coggshell, ended the life of his brilliant daughter; but the mother of the girl, a slender, gray-haired, dignified woman, is still with us, and it was from her that I recently heard the story.

CHAPTER XXII

A GROUP OF COUNTRY EDITORS CHAMPION MR. LINCOLN

(The article by Thomas J. Pickett, here reprinted was first published in the Daily State Journal of Lincoln, Nebraska, on April 12, 1881. Its author, long an outstanding figure among the country editors of Illinois, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1821, the son of a veteran of the War of 1812, but as a lad mastered the printer's trade in Peoria, and at the age of nineteen founded the Tazewell Reporter at Pekin, one of the countyseats regularly visited by Mr. Lincoln in his half-yearly trips over the Old Eighth Circuit.

Thereafter for more than half a century Mr. Pickett was an editor and publisher of newspapers in Pekin, Peoria, Rock Island and Quincy, Illinois; in Paducah, Kentucky, in Kirwin, Kansas, and in Nebraska City, Lincoln, Riverton, and Ashland, Nebraska. He early became a devoted and helpful follower of Mr. Lincoln, led in the formation of the Republican Party in Illinois, and in 1861 was appointed by his great friend custodian of the army quartermasters depot on the Island of Rock Island. Later he entered the Union Army rising to the colonelcy of the One Hundred and Thirty-second Illinois Regiment. Four of Colonel Pickett's sons became newspaper editors or printers, or both, and three of his grandsons are newspaper owners at the present time.

Early in 1891 Colonel Pickett removed to Ashland, Nebraska, to assist his son and namesake in the publication of the Ashland Gazette. There he died in December, 1891, and his grave is in the Ashland cemetery. One who knew him in his last years describes him as tall and slender, severe of visage, and in garb and bearing very like the average Southern colonel of his period.)

I first met Mr. Lincoln in a Whig congressional convention in Tazewell County, Illinois, in 1840. At that time there were but three congressional districts in the State. The central district was Whig in politics and the other two Democratic. Sangamon and Morgan were the largest counties in the middle district, and there was quite a rivalry as to which should furnish state congressional timber. Both counties possessed men of marked ability—E. D. Baker, S. T. Logan,

and Abraham Lincoln, hailing from Sangamon, and John J. Hardin, Richard Yates, William Brown, and other able men belonging to Morgan. Both counties claimed the candidate. The Whigs of Morgan unanimously agreed to put forward Hardin, but those of Sangamon were divided between Baker and Lincoln. To settle the matter a vote of the Whigs of the county was taken and Baker was victorious by four majority. It was then arranged that Lincoln should lead the Baker delegation to the district convention. The congressional convention was quite exciting and resulted in the choice of the Morgan County candidate by one majority. Baker was greatly mortified with the unexpected termination of the contest, and Lincoln—who had been his rival at home—arose and moved that the next congressional convention to meet two years from that time, should be requested to nominate E. D. Baker, of Sangamon. The Morgan delegation objected that the resolution was introducing the most objectionable feature of Jacksonism into Whig policy, and Lincoln's resolution was laid on the table. The act of Mr. Lincoln in endeavoring to secure the nomination and advancement of his county rival was unselfish and noble.

During the presidential campaign of 1844 a discussion was arranged in Peoria between Mr. Lincoln and ex-Congressman W. L. May. The last named had been a noted man in Illinois politics. As an electioneer he was unrivaled—had been a preacher, was a capital story-teller and could play the Arkansas Traveler all through on the violin. To add to his other accomplishments, when excited his profanity was fearful to listen to. May was a very inconsistent politician—had been everything at times and nothing very long. He left Kentucky a Whig, but going to Democratic Illinois had turned his political coat. During the Harrison tornado of 1840 he again joined the Whigs and was eloquent against Van Buren and his gold spoons. In the succeeding campaign he once more joined the Democracy.

The discussion was held in one of the churches. The night was sultry and the door and the low windows of the crowded house thrown open. Colonel May made the opening speech and went through the arguments on his side of the question. In closing he ridiculed, in pleasant vein, the pole raised by the zealous Whigs of the town near the public square. He explained the three kinds of wood of which it was constructed, and informed the audience that the main or lower stick, like the Whig Party, was hollow and without heart! The Democrats applauded, the Whigs looked serious and Colonel May took his seat. Mr. Lincoln replied to the several points raised by his ad-

versary and in closing said: The Whigs of Peoria had no cause to be especially proud of their pole; it was not made of the best timber and was not straight, but there was one thing about it he could explain, account for and admire. The hollow place at the butt of the pole was where Colonel May had crawled out of the Whig Party, and his party friends now propose to close it up so that the colonel never could return. His perfect good nature in telling this struck the funny chord of all the crowded audience. They rushed out of doors and windows whooping and yelling as they went. To make May's discomfiture more complete, he instantly sprang to his feet, as Lincoln sat down, and such oaths as he uttered were never before heard in an orthodox pulpit. Swinging his arms he exclaimed, as the laughing crowd hurried out: "Leave you blank infernal coons! Blank you, you are such blank cowards you won't stay till I skin your blank champion, blank him to blanknation." But there was method in the gallant colonel's madness. He had lived in Springfield, and knew that if he carried his indignation too far there was danger that Lincoln would throw him over the pulpit rails. The morning after the debate May complained that his adversary was discourteous in introducing personalities. Mr. Lincoln replied: "Colonel, I was like the little boy who kissed the girl at school. When the teacher asked him why he had acted so rudely, replied, 'She stood so fair I couldn't help it!'"

A few years after this John Calhoun, of Springfield (nicknamed Candlebox from some of his actions in the Kansas-Nebraska troubles), Democratic candidate for Congress in the Springfield district, happened in Peoria, and his party friends induced him to make a political speech. In their handbills announcing the meeting the Whigs were invited to make a reply. Learning that Mr. Lincoln was at Tremont (then the countyseat of Tazewell County) twelve miles distant, and believing we had no speaker capable of meeting Calhoun, I sent a messenger for him and Mr. Lincoln reached Peoria about the time the meeting opened. He repaired to the courthouse, where the gathering was held, and quietly took a seat near the door. Calhoun spoke for an hour and a half to the satisfaction of his friends, and the opposition began to think it was time to have a reply. One of them asked Mr. Calhoun to suspend his remarks for a few moments. He then read the Democratic handbill inviting a reply to their speaker. The chairman of the meeting (State Senator Sweat) inquired, "Have you a speaker present?" "We have," was the reply. "Name him," said the chairman. "Abraham Lincoln of Springfield." There was a hurried consultation in a low tone of voice between Calhoun and the

chairman, and the last named jumped to his feet and indignantly exclaimed: "We want it understood that this is a Democratic meeting and bullies around with pistols and sling shots must not interrupt it!" A desire to interfere with the meeting was disavowed, but as discussion had been invited, and Calhoun had already spoken more than an hour and a half, it looked like fair play to hear the other side. But no, Calhoun continued to talk and talk, and it was evident that he intended to continue until it was too late for a reply. Finally, after repeating several of his points at nearly twelve o'clock he took his seat. The audience called loudly for "Lincoln, Lincoln."

Even Democrats, disgusted with the unfairness of the managers, joined in the call. The tall form of Mr. Lincoln then loomed above the doorway, and he pleasantly protested against making a reply. In the first place because it was too near Sunday (it was Saturday night). Secondly, Calhoun, who was an old friend and neighbor, evidently did not want him to speak. But the excited crowd insisted and he consented to address them briefly, and for thirty minutes poor Calhoun was first skinned and then drawn and quartered, and the operation was performed with the utmost good nature. Not expecting a reply from such an antagonist, the Democratic nominee had made some wild assertions, and as the crowd dispersed a prominent Democrat was heard to remark: "If ever Calhoun makes another speech in Peoria we must find the whereabouts of Abe Lincoln and know that he is more than twelve miles away."

On the 22nd day of February, 1856, the anti-Democratic, anti-Nebraska editors of Illinois held a state convention at Decatur for the purpose of comparing notes and organizing for the campaign. Dr. Ray, of the Chicago Tribune, Paul Selby, of the Jacksonville Journal, and some twenty-five other editors took part in the pleasant and harmonious gathering. The meeting issued a call for the first Republican state convention. Previous to the editorial convention two or three journals—my own among the number—supposing that a state ticket might be agreed upon by the editorial meeting, had recommended Mr. Lincoln as their first choice for governor. Reading these notices Mr. Lincoln attended the Decatur gathering to protest against his nomination. He gave his reasons which in substance were: "The Kansas-Nebraska bill has disgusted thousands of Illinois Democrats who will now vote with us if we only make nominations to suit them. If you place my name at the head of the ticket the Trumbulls, Cooks, Judds, and Palmers and their following will say it is nothing

but the revival of the old Whig Party, and they will continue to vote as heretofore, but if you nominate an anti-slavery-extension Democrat like Colonel W. N. Bissell, we can redeem Illinois." His advice was followed by the state convention at Bloomington and the gallant Bissell was triumphantly elected, and for the first time the prairie State cast a majority against the Democracy. Since that time she has pretty steadily persisted in her anti-Democratic fashion.

Soon after this Mr. Lincoln's unselfish act met with an ungracious return from the anti-Nebraska Democrats, who joined to elect Colonel Bissell. Mr. Lincoln was the choice of a vast majority of the party for the United States senatorship, and the anti-Nebraska Democrats had a small majority in the legislature. But several members of Democratic antecedents declined to vote for Mr. Lincoln. Their choice was Lyman Trumbull, a man of magnificent intellect but cold as an iceberg, and utterly destitute of heart. Many ballots were taken, and Mr. Lincoln's friends were indignant at what they deemed the treachery of the clique of four or five followers of Trumbull. The deadlock was finally broken by Mr. Lincoln himself, who begged and pleaded with his friends to withdraw his name and elect Trumbull. He finally convinced all his friends, with one exception, and Trumbull was chosen. The devoted friends of Lincoln joined the four or five Trumbull men to prevent the election of the Democratic caucus nominee. The man who refused to vote for Trumbull was James M. Campbell, of McDonough County. Conversing with Mr. Lincoln on this subject some time after the election, the writer of these reminiscences remarked that if he had been a member, he would have stood with Campbell. Mr. Lincoln quietly replied, "Well, you would have done wrong; that's all."

To show that Lincoln was not a man of resentments, I would state in this connection that one of his first acts after his election to the Presidency was to appoint Norman B. Judd, of Chicago, as minister to Prussia. Mr. Judd was one of the Trumbull coterie who had persisted in the opposition to Mr. Lincoln for the U. S. Senatorship. A few months prior to the meeting of the Republican national convention of 1860 Mr. Judd, an aspirant for the governorship of Illinois, called at my office in Rock Island, while on an electioneering tour, and in the course of conversation asked: "Name your man for the presidential nomination at Chicago." I promptly replied, "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Judd, in a sneering tone said, "I am not joking; tell me your honest choice." I repeated, "Abraham Lincoln." He quickly re-

sponded, "I am astonished that any one should think of his nomination when we have first class statesmen in our party like Lyman Trumbull, Salmon P. Chase and John M. Palmer."

The appointment of Mr. Judd was generally opposed by Mr. Lincoln's most intimate friends, David Davis, Jesse K. Dubois, and others. On one occasion in Springfield when hard pressed by his personal friends, who brought arguments to bear against Mr. Judd's appointment, Mr. Lincoln replied: "I cannot understand this opposition to Mr. Judd's appointment. It seems to me (a favorite expression) he has done more for the success of the party than any man in the State, and he is certainly the best organizer we have." Unlike his most intimate friends, the great President cared not for the fact that Mr. Judd placed no high estimate on his (Lincoln's) ability or statesmanship.

The mention of Judge Davis' name calls to mind the fact that in the writer's opinion that gentleman did more efficient work in securing Lincoln's nomination than any other individual. It was not done on political grounds either, but from a sincere and hearty admiration of Abraham Lincoln's great and noble qualities. I don't believe David Davis was ever a partisan Republican. His Southern birth, education and conservative habit of thought were rather in opposition to the sweeping ideas of many of the Republican leaders, but he knew Lincoln intimately—his honesty, great ability and love of country, and on the day the presidential convention assembled, David Davis performed the work of a score of ordinary men. At the Tremont, Sherman and other hotels, he outtalked the friends of William H. Seward, and convinced many that the convention would act wisely in choosing Lincoln for their standard bearer. While he was doing yeoman's services for his friend, others who claimed to be leaders were damning Mr. Lincoln with faint praise. On the morning the convention met, I asked Hon. O. H. Browning, of Quincy, his opinion of the result. He replied: "Oh, if Lincoln would withdraw, as he should do, we could nominate that great statesman, Edward Bates, of Missouri. But as it is, of course Seward will be nominated." Great leaders like Trumbull and Browning could not bear the thought of choosing him, but others who did not claim to be great leaders, like David Davis and R. J. Oglesby, backed by the Republican people, went manfully into the fight and success crowned their labors.

In conversation with Mr. Lincoln once on the subject of the joint debates with Douglas, he asked me which of the speeches was my favorite. I told him I liked his Freeport address better than any other.

He replied: "It is very singular; I have asked many friends that question but none agree with me. I was better pleased with myself at Ottawa than at any other place." At Ottawa his friends were so delighted with what they believed was his complete triumph over the Little Giant, that he was taken, much against his will, on the shoulders of an admiring crowd and carried to his hotel. In giving an account of the debate, Douglas' organ, the Chicago Times, gravely announced that Lincoln, the champion of the Republican Party, was so badly used up by his antagonist that his friends were forced to carry him to his hotel! When they met afterwards in Charleston, Coles County, Mr. Douglas quoted what the Times had said of the Ottawa debate. In his closing reply, Mr. Lincoln heatedly replied: "Mr. Douglas is nearly my weight. Now let him give his consent to my proposition and resist with all his might. I will take him on my shoulders to his hotel and put him to bed!" Douglas, pleased that he had ruffled the temper of his usually placid antagonist, laughingly declined the proposition.

Speaking of the discussion between these two great Illinoisans reminds me that at Galesburg, where from twenty-five to thirty thousand people were assembled, during Douglas' speech, I was standing on the outskirts of the immense crowd and Mr. Lincoln came and said: "I am anxious to know whether my voice can be heard as far as Douglas'. Listen and let me know." I gave close attention and concluded that Mr. Lincoln's thin wiry voice was much better adapted for outdoor speaking than the heavy voice of his rival.

It is pleasant to know that Lincoln and Douglas were personal friends—that when the old flag was fired on at Sumter President Lincoln promptly called in Douglas to advise with him as to the policy to be pursued in stamping out the fires of rebellion. And furthermore, that the sons of both of these great patriots are now fighting shoulder to shoulder under the same political flag.

Early in April, 1859, I addressed a letter to Mr. Lincoln inviting him to visit Rock Island and deliver his lecture on "The Dignity of Labor." I also stated in a postscript that I intended to confer with Republican editorial friends in the several sections of the State with a view to bringing his name forward as a presidential candidate. He replied as follows:

Springfield, April 26 (16), 1859.

T. J. Pickett, Esq.,

My Dear Sir:

Yours of the 13th (is) just received. My engagements are such that

I cannot (can not) at a (any) very early day, visit Rock Island, to deliver a lecture, or for any other object.

As to the other matter you kindly mention, I will (must) in candor, say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency. I am certainly (certainly am) flattered and gratified that some of my friends (that partial friends) think of me in that connection, but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort, such as you suggest should be made.

(Let this be considered confidential.)

Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN

CHAPTER XXIII

GLIMPSES OF MR. LINCOLN ON THE EVE OF HIGH STATION

(There are here assembled six accounts by young men of first meetings with Mr. Lincoln in the years immediately preceding his nomination for and election to the Presidency. Each of them has intimate and appealing details which clearly entitle it to a place in these pages.

1. **WHEN A CHICAGO PRINTER FIRST MET MR. LINCOLN** is the title given to an account by Abram E. Smith of his early contacts with the man who quickly became a hero to a wide-awake youngster intent on making his way in the world. It was originally published on February 12, 1909, in the *Republican*, a weekly journal of Woodstock, Illinois, of which its author was for a time the editor, and affords a lifelike portrait of the Springfield lawyer as he appeared to those who met him in the days when undreamed of greatness was waiting him just around the corner. Thirty-odd years ago it was the writer's privilege to meet Mr. Smith, a white-haired elder then serving as United States consul at Victoria, British Columbia, and to enjoy many delightful talks with him. His recollections of vanished days, marked by humor and a rare command of detail, had the tang of the prairies in them. It is to be regretted that Mr. Smith never made time to write them down and gather them into a volume. Had he done so we would now have at command another invaluable source book on the Illinois of Mr. Lincoln's time.

2. **MR. LINCOLN STUMPS FOR FREMONT BUT DOUBTS HIS ELECTION** is taken from an article by Noah Brooks which was published in *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1878. Mr. Brooks was that one of the Washington newspaper correspondents of the Civil War period who shared in fullest measure the confidence and good-will of Mr. Lincoln. The present writer can bear witness to the personal charm Mr. Brooks exerted on all who enjoyed his acquaintance in his latter years. Mr. Lincoln in an earlier time liked to have the young correspondent with him whenever opportunity offered; he was often the President's guest at the White House or on summer nights at the Soldiers' Home, and it had been planned that he should serve Mr. Lincoln as secretary during the latter's second term. His accounts of

his first meeting with Mr. Lincoln when the latter had not yet won national fame, and of how as President he "never forgot the comfort and enjoyment of those about him" have a value all their own for the Lincoln student.

3. **A DAY WITH MR. LINCOLN IN WISCONSIN** titles an article originally published in the *Free Press* of Milwaukee on April 7, 1902. Its author, Charles Caverno, born in Strafford, New Hampshire in 1832, at the time of Mr. Lincoln's visit to Milwaukee was a young lawyer in that city. He afterward prepared for the ministry, and for nearly half a century was pastor of Congregational churches in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Colorado, being at the same time a frequent contributor to the religious and secular press. From the first he was a devoted follower of Mr. Lincoln, and in old age delighted to recall that when in 1864 he went to the polls to vote a second time for his great friend he carried in his arms his eldest child, Julia H. Caverno, who, grown to womanhood, was to graduate at Smith College and serve for many years as professor of Greek at that institution. And the daughter in turn delights to recall that when a young woman and a teacher in the Chicago schools, she took her father to view the lately unveiled statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens in one of the parks of that city, he walked about it again and again saying quietly: "Look at it. That's just the way the old fellow looked that night in the lobby of the hotel. That's Lincoln just as I saw him." Mr. Caverno died at Lombard, Illinois, in 1916 in his eighty-fifth year. "To know him," writes an old friend, "was to frequent the highest peaks of human experience."

4. **A SEWARD EDITOR IGNORED MR. LINCOLN'S VISIT TO KANSAS** seems not an inappropriate heading to give the two contemporary accounts here reprinted, the first by Albert D. Richardson and the second by Franklin G. Adams, of one of the unusual incidents of the half year preceding Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency—his visit in December, 1859 to Kansas, still a territory fighting for admission to the Union as a free State. Mr. Lincoln's journey to Kansas was prompted by an invitation he had received from Daniel Webster Wilder and Mark W. Delahay. Wilder, then in his twenty-seventh year, was a native of Blackstone, Massachusetts, who had graduated at Harvard in 1856 and late in the same year had been admitted to the bar in Boston. In August, 1858, he became a resident of the village of Elwood, Kansas, opposite St. Joseph, and a little later editor of the *Elwood Free Press*, a fighting anti-slavery journal. In December, 1859, he had before him a long and honorable career in journalism, letters and politics.

Born in Talbot County, Maryland, in 1817, Delahay was an adventurer of sorts who for a considerable period enjoyed an intimacy with Mr. Lincoln that prompted some of the men who knew Delahay to question Mr. Lincoln's ability now and then to rightly measure the real worth of his fellows. After wasting a small fortune in his youth, Delahay for a time was a lawyer in Scott County, Illinois, and then moved on to Kansas. Delahay went to the territory a Democrat, but, trimming his political sails to the prevailing breeze, soon announced himself an anti-slavery advocate, and as such edited the Leavenworth Times with a spirit and vigor that once prompted the destruction of his press and type by a pro-slavery mob.

The first election under a constitution barring slavery from Kansas was to be held on December 6, 1859, and that prompted Wilder and Delahay to invite Mr. Lincoln to visit and speak in the territory. Moreover, Wilder, who had visited Lincoln in Springfield the previous summer and conceived a high regard for him, had political ambitions of his own, while Delahay was moved by a desire to be United States senator for the future State of Kansas. The two men met Mr. Lincoln on December first at St. Joseph, and during the following six days he delivered as many speeches in Elwood, Troy, Doniphan, Atchison and Leavenworth. On the cold winter morning when he rode from Elwood to speak at Troy John Brown was hanged at Charlestown in Virginia and that tragic fact had its measured and carefully considered place in the address he delivered that night in Atchison.

On December 8 Mr. Lincoln was back in his Springfield law office well satisfied with the results, present and prospective, of his visit to Kansas. Delahay had assured him that he had made a most favorable impression on those who heard him, and that when chosen the Kansas delegation to the coming Republican national convention of which Delahay expected to be a member, would be for him. Then Lincoln had promised Delahay, who was always hard up, the \$100 he would need for the trip to and from Chicago. Delahay proved a false prophet. He was not chosen a delegate to the convention and the Kansas delegation at the outset voted for Seward. But Mr. Lincoln kept his promise regarding the \$100 and when he became President he appointed Delahay first surveyor general of Kansas and then federal judge for the Kansas district—with unhappy consequences. Delahay was often in his cups, and his conduct both on and off the bench compelled his resignation at the end of a decade.

In the years immediately preceding the Civil War and during that conflict Albert D. Richardson was a gifted and widely known member of the staff of the New York Tribune. His account of his meeting with Mr. Lincoln at Troy originally formed part of a chapter in his *Field, Dungeon and Escape*, which for a dozen years following its publication in 1865 had as many interested readers as any book of its period. Franklin G. Adams was a pioneer resident of Atchison and a militant leader of the anti-slavery men in that town. His account of how he helped to secure an audience for Mr. Lincoln in Atchison had its first printing in Volume VII of the *Proceedings of the Kansas State Historical Society*. A letter written in 1902 by Daniel Webster Wilder to the secretary of that society adds an informing footnote to the narratives of Richardson and Adams. Wilder writes that Benjamin F. Stringfellow, fighting leader of the pro-slavery forces in Kansas, was in the audience which heard Mr. Lincoln's address at Doniphan. "John A. Martin," adds Mr. Wilder, "used to say that Stringfellow called it the greatest anti-slavery speech he ever heard."

5. "A MAN IN THE CAR AHEAD WANTS COMPANY," is the title the writer has given to a story told him many years ago by the late Gabriel Lewis Smith and here printed for the first time. Mr. Smith was born in Orange County, New York in 1829; received an academic education at Plainfield, New Jersey, and in 1847 began the study of law at Elmira, New York, being admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He began practice in the village of Millport, but after 1853 was a resident of Elmira. Mr. Smith in early manhood was one of the founders of the Republican Party in his section of New York, and thereafter for half a century a leader of the Elmira bar, serving one term as county judge, but is now best remembered for his adroit and successful conduct of the defense in more than one criminal case where when trial began the odds appeared hopelessly against his client.

In old age it gave Mr. Smith keen and ever renewing delight to tell of how he had met and talked with Mr. Lincoln when the latter was homeward bound after delivery at Cooper Institute, New York, of the address that less than three months later helped to win him the Republican nomination for President. And he had reason to recall with pride a second meeting with Mr. Lincoln. In the first days of the Civil War he was appointed by Governor Morgan a member of a senatorial committee for the enlistment of troops, and soon afterward was made adjutant with authority, to raise the One

Hundred and Seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers. This task was promptly discharged by leading citizens of Elmira and nearby towns, Mr. Smith mustering in personally nearly 500 men.

This regiment was the first mustered in under Mr. Lincoln's call of May 3, 1861, for 300,000 men, to serve three years, and it received the personal thanks of the President for being the first to arrive in Washington under that call. Mr. Smith was its first adjutant, its first major and its second lieutenant colonel, but was forced by disability to leave the service in the spring of 1863, receiving an honorable discharge from a hospital in Washington. There followed in 1864 his election already referred to for a single term of service as county judge, after which his career for nearly forty years was that of a busy and successful lawyer. When Mr. Smith died in the closing days of 1906 he was the oldest active member of the Elmira bar.

6. "TOO BAD BOB HAS SUCH A HOMELY FATHER" captions an account by Marshall S. Snow of Mr. Lincoln's visit to his son Robert at Exeter, New Hampshire in the late winter of 1860. It was first printed in the Springfield News, on January 28, 1909. Its author was a classmate of Robert Lincoln at Phillips-Exeter Academy and later for a long period of years a member of the faculty and dean of Washington University at St. Louis. Mr. Lincoln arrived in Exeter in the afternoon of February 29. The following two days he spoke at Concord, Manchester and Dover, having his son for one of his auditors at the first of these places.

The morning of Saturday, March 3rd he returned to Exeter, where he spent the day with Robert, and in the evening addressed the citizens of the town. Sunday he attended Phillips Church and visited with his son, meeting many of the latter's classmates. In chats with friends in old age Robert Lincoln was wont to assert with a smile that he was mainly responsible for his father's first nomination for President. He had flunked, he would relate, in his examinations for entrance to Harvard; had been sent to Exeter for a year of study before a second trial, and it was concern for the progress he was making that prompted his father's Eastern trip—a trip that made new and powerful friends for the elder Lincoln and a few months later contributed in no small measure to his choice as a candidate by the Republican national convention. No doubt the motives for Mr. Lincoln's trip shrewdly blended fatherly concern with political ambition. He desired to know how his son was getting on with his studies, and he also welcomed an opportunity to prove to Eastern

audiences his quality as a political speaker. Both desires had satisfactory reward.)

1. WHEN A CHICAGO PRINTER FIRST MET MR. LINCOLN

The first time I ever saw Abraham Lincoln was in the spring of 1856, when "Long John" Wentworth was the Republican candidate for mayor of Chicago. I was then working in the composing room of the Chicago Daily Journal published by the Wilson Brothers. There was a Republican meeting held, Saturday night before the city election, in the old Metropolitan Hall, corner of Lake and LaSalle streets. I was then but a boy and went alone to hear Long John. I had seen Wentworth often on the street, and wanted to hear him speak. There was a crowd at the meeting, and Long John was chairman and the whole shooting match, as I found afterwards was his custom. He was six feet near six inches tall, and squinted awfully, with a semi-humorous leer. He was greeted with both applause and hisses. I remember he said, after a few remarks about Thomas Dyer, the Democratic candidate, that he had met that afternoon at the hotel, on his way to Dubuque, to try a law case, Abraham Lincoln of Springfield, whom he had persuaded to address the meeting and who now was on the platform.

Long John turned half around towards another long-legged man sitting near by, who looked as if he was a stranger and might be a farmer. His legs were crossed, his feet looked large, his face was beardless, and his hair unkempt at loose ends. When Wentworth got through, Mr. Lincoln slowly rose up till he reached as high as did Long John, and as it appeared then to me, hesitatingly and diffidently faced the audience. I do not remember much of any of the speech, only the provincialism of his dialect, when he said he had "he'erd" about the meeting and he thought he would stay over and attend it. I cannot give any idea of the way his speech impressed me.

Some weeks after, about 6:30 in the morning, as, carrying my dinner pail, I was about ascending the stairs to the old Journal office, I saw coming up from Randolph Street, on the opposite side of Dearborn, going towards the entrance to the Tremont House, a tall man whose countenance seemed familiar, but I could not place him. He stooped slightly as he walked slowly, solemnly along with his hands clasped behind him. I noticed he wore a tall hat from which the silk was gone, that he had shoes on that needed blacking, and his coat, made after the Prince Albert style, was not new. As he entered the

doors of the hotel he halfway stopped, took off his hat with his left hand, and with his right took out a letter. Then he carefully replaced his hat and read the letter as he disappeared in the hotel. It flashed on me then that it was Abraham Lincoln, and subsequent inquiries showed my intuition was correct.

About this time in the same year, I can not recall the date, I learned that Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, famous as being steadfastly opposed to the extension of slavery, was in Chicago, holding court in the dingy room on Clark Street, then used as United States courtroom. I was anxious to see Judge McLean, because he was a Black Republican, to use current slang, on the United States Supreme Court bench. I went up the narrow flight of stairs. As I reached the top, I found the door of the first room open. There right in front of me was a large man with a black gown on that I knew at once was Judge McLean, sitting in a large armchair, with desk in front. The judge looked very solemn as I wandered in shyly, scared almost to death, and sat down in the first chair. As soon as I got my bearings I saw there were not more than thirty or forty men present and that the tall man who was talking so solemnly was Mr. Lincoln. He referred to a book in his hand, and with right forefinger endeavored to impress the judge. As I gazed with ears and probably mouth open, looking steadily at the judge, while Mr. Lincoln was sideways to me, I seemed to catch the eye of the judge for a moment. I feared it was reproof for my temerity, and so confused was I that I really heard nothing I can remember, but I satisfied my curiosity to see the Black Republican justice, not dreaming that the greater man was the lone lawyer addressing the judge.

The next time I saw Abraham Lincoln he had been nominated as Republican candidate for United States senator against Stephen A. Douglas. I had then become his devout worshiper, having read his Bloomington speech and heard of him in various ways. It was on the occasion of a speech Mr. Lincoln made from the Lake Street balcony of the old Tremont House. There was a large crowd, but I maintained my position and heard the speech through. I thought he acted so kind of humble, spoke at first as one unused to speaking, with hesitation, deliberately, and alluding to his opponent as "Judge" Douglas, as though he felt his own inferiority in culture and rank. At first I felt sorry for him, sorry he was not a more fluent speaker. I had heard Judge Douglas the previous evening, from the same place, and he was a more graceful and more fluent orator. I feared that Mr. Lincoln was no match for the Democratic champion, but as he went

on I grew more interested, and thought though not so eloquent, not so fluent, he knew what he was talking about; he lost his diffidence, made strong assaults on Douglas and his Nebraska bill, and that he was a grand, able man. I know that I forgot all about the length of the speech, though I stood all the time, and it lasted over two hours.

As heretofore stated, all this time I was working in the composing room of the Chicago Journal office, and often had occasion to go into the editorial room. Indeed, I had become somewhat free there with Andrew Shuman, afterwards lieutenant-governor, Richard L. Wilson, formerly postmaster of Chicago, and Charles L. Wilson, afterwards secretary of legation to England. Perhaps a week after the Tremont House speech I happened in the business office of the Journal to see about an advertisement, and to my astonishment and awe, there sat Mr. Lincoln with his long legs crossed, telling a story to Mr. Wilson, the manager, and three or four other men. As I came in, Mr. Lincoln saw me, and I suppose my face expressed a lad's awe at meeting a great man so near at hand. He kept on with his story (which I was too nervous to remember) and actually winked at me in a pleasantly humorous way. To say I was at once delighted, embarrassed and happy is stating it mildly. I stayed as long as I could, came away reluctantly, and with tumultuous feelings. Afterwards I met Mr. Lincoln perhaps two or three times in the editorial room of the Journal, and came to fairly worship the great man who talked so familiarly, and so pleasantly, though, of course, I never addressed him directly.

It was years before I again saw Mr. Lincoln. During that time tremendous events had occurred. He had been defeated for United States senator, but had been elected President of the United States, and the Civil War was in progress. I had then removed to Woodstock, Illinois, and during the first month of his incumbency of that great post, by his direction, altho I had just attained my majority, I was appointed on the recommendation of E. B. Washburne, afterwards secretary of state and minister to France, to the office of postmaster of Woodstock, which position I held until after Booth had so cowardly assassinated this great, loving President.

In 1862 I made my first visit to Washington. I happened to be there just after the bloody catastrophe at Fair Oaks, when the wounded were being brought there every hour by the hundred, in all kinds of conveyances. General gloom pervaded Congress and the city. The President held no receptions during the few days that I was there, but as I stood in front of the old National Hotel an open

carriage drove up Pennsylvania Avenue, and seated therein was President Lincoln. I knew him in an instant, for though the lower part of his face was covered with a beard, his strong prominent features, sad eyes and grizzled face made him easily recognizable. No cheers greeted him as he rode with two or three men down the avenue. It was a time of gloom for Union men, and while the numerous rebel sympathizers dared not openly express their feelings, they looked upon the sad and patriotic President as an enemy.

I did not again see the face of Abraham Lincoln until with thousands of others I gazed into his open funeral bier in Chicago, where it halted for a day enroute for Springfield. The martyred President had joined the Immortals. His name and fame belonged to his country and to the world, and will shine brighter and clearer as the ages roll by. I count it a joy and a privilege that I ever saw and heard the great emancipator.

2. MR. LINCOLN STUMPS FOR FREMONT BUT DOUBTS HIS ELECTION

During the presidential campaign of 1856 I lived in Northern Illinois. As one who dabbled a little in politics and a good deal in journalism, it was necessary for me to follow up some of the more important mass meetings of the Republicans. At one of these great assemblies in Ogle County, to which the country people came on horseback, in farm wagons, or afoot, from far and near, there were several speakers of local celebrity. Dr. Egan of Chicago, famous for his racy stories, was one, and Joe Knox of Bureau County, a stump speaker of renown was another attraction. Several other orators were on the bills for this long-advertised Fremont and Dayton rally, among them being a Springfield lawyer who had won some reputation as a shrewd close reasoner and a capital speaker on the stump. This was Abraham Lincoln, popularly known as Honest Abe Lincoln. In those days he was not so famous in our part of the State as the two speakers whom I have named. Possibly he was not so popular among the masses of the people; but his ready wit, his unfailing good-humor, and the candor which gave him his character for honesty, won for him the admiration and respect of all who heard him. I remember once meeting a choleric old Democrat striding away from an open-air meeting where Lincoln was speaking, striking the earth with his cane as he stumped along and exclaiming, "He's a dangerous man, sir! a damned dangerous man! He makes you believe what he says, in spite of yourself!" It was Lincoln's manner. He admitted away his whole case, apparently, and yet, as his political

opponents complained, he usually carried conviction with him. As he reasoned with his audience, he bent his long form over the railing of the platform, stooping lower and lower as he pursued his argument, until, having reached his point, he clinched it (usually with a question), and then suddenly sprang upright, reminding one of the springing open of a jackknife blade.

At the Ogle County meeting to which I refer, Lincoln led off, the raciest speakers being reserved for the later part of the political entertainment. I am bound to say that Lincoln did not awaken the boisterous applause which some of those who followed him did, but his speech made a more lasting impression. It was talked about for weeks afterward in the neighborhood, and it probably changed votes; for that was the time when Free-Soil votes were being made in Northern Illinois. I had made Lincoln's acquaintance early in that particular day; after he had spoken, and while some of the others were on the platform, he and I fell into a chat about political prospects. We crawled under the pendulous branches of a tree, and Lincoln, lying flat on the ground, with his chin in his hands, talked on, rather gloomily as to the present, but absolutely confident as to the future. I was dismayed to find that he did not believe it possible that Fremont could be elected. As if half pitying my youthful ignorance, but admiring my enthusiasm, he said: "Don't be discouraged if we don't carry the day this year. We can't do it, that's certain. We can't carry Pennsylvania; those old Whigs down there are too strong for us. But we shall, sooner or later, elect our President. I feel confident of that."

"Do you think we shall elect a Free-Soil President in 1860?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. Everything depends on the course of the Democracy. There's a big anti-slavery element in the Democratic Party, and if we could get hold of that, we might possibly elect our man in 1860. But it's doubtful—*very* doubtful. Perhaps we shall be able to fetch it by 1864; perhaps not. As I said before, the Free-Soil party is bound to win, in the long run. It may not be in my day; but it will in yours, I do really believe."

Of course, at this distance of time, I cannot pretend to give Lincoln's exact words. When I heard them, the speaker was only one of many politicians of a limited local reputation. And if it had not been for Lincoln's earnestness, and the almost affectionate desire that he manifested to have me, a young newspaper writer, understand the political situation, I should not have remembered them for a day. Four years afterward, when Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, his

dubious speculations as to the future of his party, as we lay under the trees in Ogle County, came back to me like a curious echo. If he was so despondent in 1856, when another man was the nominee, would he not be still more so in 1860, when he, with his habit of underrating his own powers, was the candidate?

Soon after the campaign of 1856, I went to California and . . . I did not see Lincoln again, until 1862, when I went to Washington as a newspaper correspondent for California.

When Lincoln was on the stump, in 1856, his face, though naturally sallow, had a rosy flush. His eyes were full and bright, and he was in the fullness of health and vigor. I shall never forget the shock which my first sight of him gave me in 1862. I took it for granted that he had forgotten the young man whom he had met five or six times during the Fremont and Dayton campaign. He was now President, and was, like Brutus, "vexed with many cares." Shown into the gallery of Dr. Gurley's church, in Washington, I could not see the President, but, on coming out I had a close view of him. The change which a few years had made was simply appalling. His whiskers had grown, and had given additional cadaverousness to his face, as it appeared to me. The light seemed to have gone out of his eyes, which were sunken far under his enormous brows. But there was over his whole face an expression of sadness, and a far-away look in the eyes, which were utterly unlike the Lincoln of other days. I was intensely disappointed. I confess that I was so pained that I could almost have shed tears. Of course, this distressful impression gradually wore off. By and by, when I knew him better, his face was often full of mirth and enjoyment; and, even when he was pensive or gloomy, his features were lighted up very much as a clouded alabaster vase might be softly illuminated by a light within. But the transformation which his face had undergone during the lapse of years was most surprising to me. I am bound to say that the Lincoln of 1862 did, in appearance, better become the presidential office than the Lincoln of 1856 could have done. His form, always angular, was fuller and more dignified; and that noble head, which is to this day the despair of painters and sculptors, appeared far nobler than when I first saw him in Illinois. . . .

3. A DAY WITH LINCOLN IN WISCONSIN

In the fall of 1859 (September?) Mr. Lincoln delivered in Milwaukee an address before the State Agricultural Society. The annual fair of that society was held in Eldred pasture ground, north of Spring

Street, now Grand Avenue, between Twelfth and Fourteenth Streets. The year before, in 1858, the famous debate between Lincoln and Douglas had taken place in Illinois. The prize before them in this debate was the United States senatorship. This Mr. Douglas won. That result came about because the legislature was chosen under an old apportionment, which favored the Democrats. The popular vote, however, was against Mr. Douglas by 7,000. The moment I learned that fact I became an advocate of the nomination of Mr. Lincoln by the Republicans for the Presidency. I was a young lawyer and had not much to do beside straight thinking and figuring in politics. William H. Seward was the heir apparent to the next Presidency with the Republicans largely throughout the nation. Wisconsin was overwhelmingly in favor of Seward. But to my view this was the lay of the land—any Republican to be elected must carry Indiana and Illinois. Mr. Lincoln can carry everything in the East that Mr. Seward can, and he can carry Illinois against Judge Douglas even, for he has already done it. Can Mr. Seward do that? Doubtful. The margin against Douglas in the senatorial contest is small—only 7,000. State pride could easily overcome that as against Mr. Seward. But Lincoln could carry the state high and dry and sweep Indiana along in the current with him. We cannot afford to make experiments; to risk any uncertainty. Lincoln can be elected! Whether Mr. Seward could be is uncertain. That was the way the figures stood on my slate for nearly a year before Mr. Lincoln came to Milwaukee to deliver the agricultural address. When I saw the announcement that he was to speak at the state fair I said: Behold the Lord hath delivered the next President into my hands for inspection! I had never seen Mr. Lincoln before, and I never saw him afterward; but I did see him on that day, as I will relate.

I had better say that, though I was New Hampshire born and bred, I had known of Mr. Lincoln as a Whig politician and orator back as far as the days of the Taylor, Cass and Van Buren contest of 1848. On the morning of the day of the address I went to the fairgrounds as early as 9 o'clock and stayed outside to watch for the coming of Mr. Lincoln. With him were John W. Hoyt, secretary of the agricultural society; General Rufus King and, I think, E. H. Brodhead. They alighted outside the grounds. Being on good terms with the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Lincoln, I was introduced to him at once. General King made a pleasant remark about the reliability of my politics. This brought out the noted smile, a hearty handshake and some pleasant words of greeting, and I was installed among the com-

pany of personal attendants for the day. We spent an hour looking over the exhibit. Nothing particular occurred or was said. Mr. Lincoln now and then made a remark which showed he had a farmer's eye for good points in stock, tools or machinery. He took hold of the handles of a plow and tipped it about as though the muscles of his shoulders knew all its proper motions and tingled to exercise them.

Mr. Lincoln's presence did not seem to attract attention. Sometimes there might be a score of persons in the retinue and sometimes it was reduced to half that number or less. When the time came for the delivery of the address we went to the stand from which he was to speak. There were 200, possibly 300, persons assembled. There was no crowd—you could have gone back and forth among them with ease at any time. People came and went during the delivery of the address, as they took passing glimpses at other parts of the show. One may wonder now at this lack of interest in Mr. Lincoln, but it must be remembered that then, to Democrats—one-half the people of the State—Mr. Lincoln was a beaten discarded Illinois politician, and to the other half—Republicans—Mr. Seward was the only possible candidate for the Presidency. No ray from the glamour of what was to be fell back to Mr. Lincoln as he delivered the address on that day. Mr. Lincoln read his address, holding his manuscript in his hands. There was no noticeable rhetoric in the address and no effort of oratory in its delivery. It was a plain speech of a plain man to plain men.

Mr. Lincoln had fine command of his sentences and of his voice. He could give a clear, sharp emphasis to a word that would give it the force of a whole argument. When the address was finished we sauntered down to the gate, where Mr. Lincoln and friends took the carriage back to the city. After dinner he was taken for a drive about the city, and I did not see him again till 4 o'clock. It was the understanding, so far as the word could be passed about (I think no notice was given in the papers), that Mr. Lincoln should have a Republican reception at 4 o'clock in the Newhall House parlors. I was promptly on hand. Mr. Lincoln came on time from his room to the parlors, in dress suit of faultless black broadcloth. Its loose fit did not seem ungraceful on his large frame. His necktie was of the black silk 'kerchief order, the ends of which pointed in no particular direction. That was the only evidence of carelessness about his dress. General King acted as marshal for the occasion. The general requested Captain Bowens of the Scott Guard and myself to act as ushers.

There was no special interest in this reception for Mr. Lincoln. One

or two hundred people may have dropped in in the course of the hour—probably nearer one hundred than two. A score or so of ladies came in. Mr. Lincoln greeted them very pleasantly and with ease of manner. Indeed, I do not see why Mr. Lincoln should have been called awkward and ungraceful. He was large and had to have room for his motions, but I do not see how he could have handled his great frame more gracefully than he did. Every lady to whom he was introduced received the token of a low bow and that indescribably sweet smile—the sweetest I have ever seen on the face of man.

At 5 o'clock the reception seemed to be over and then those who were left fell to and had a free-for-all political interview. We asked him questions about everything that was in the air at that time. The slavery and free soil contest was on and feeling was at its whitest heat. Mr. Buchanan's administration was drifting on towards its pointless, helpless conclusions; the secessionists were lashing themselves into fury, the nominations for the Presidency and the election were to come in the next year; and here was a political seer and we plied him with questions about everything, from principles to the significance of a town election in some remote State. There was nothing that he was not familiar with but his answers were often cautious.

In this conference it was determined to have a political meeting in the evening and to have a speech from Mr. Lincoln from the balcony of the Newhall House. At 7 o'clock a band was brought out to play in the street in front of the house. At that hour Mr. Lincoln came down to the parlors to await directions. Toward 8 o'clock some of us went out on the balcony to look down into the street to see the assembly that was to be addressed. Mr. Lincoln started up from his chair before the fireplace and went out with us. There was no one in sight except the band in the street and folks travelling up and down on the sidewalk intent upon their own affairs. Mr. Lincoln peered over the railing of the balcony and, discovering the situation, with a light laugh said: "Well, we can't call that a crowd, can we?" We then started to go back into the rotunda. I was a little ahead and turned to look at Mr. Lincoln as he was following, and behold! a change! His countenance was fallen! That afterward well known, indescribable, pathetic look of suffering sadness had taken the place of that equally indescribable smile. It was an awesome sight. He looked to me as though his soul was dreaming on something a thousand miles from that place. We were drifting along, a score or so of common-sized men, under his huge stature and he was looking into vacancy over our heads evidently paying no more attention to us

than if we were ants on the ground. I had seen his face in sober, settled calm many times during the day, but this was something away beyond calm, something in the region of mental pain. What occasioned it I know not. Was it the disappointment to his strong ambition of the blank, vacant street? Had life all along had disappointments till they furrowed his mobile face with their lines and set it to that pathetic expression?

In a moment we were in the rotunda and the winning smile was back in its place. There was disappointment among us over that failure to secure a speech, but a little consultation developed the plan to have Mr. Lincoln speak right there in the space between the office and the parlors. There were enough present to make an audience of respectable proportions for the space. So a chair was brought for him to speak from. He did not like that foundation. There was a radiator just north of the office which had a wide marble cover. Mr. Lincoln's attention was directed to that and he said "Yes." The chair was placed beside it and then several men gave hands to steady him as he stepped from the chair to the top of the radiator. It was a narrow platform, but it answered very well. From that marble-topped radiator Mr. Lincoln spoke to us for nearly or quite an hour on the political issues of the day. I am not going to report that speech. I can only say that we had here in Milwaukee substantially the Cooper Institute speech delivered some months later in New York. This Cooper Institute speech was the turning point in the fortunes of Mr. Lincoln, making it possible for him to secure the Presidency. I was in the East when that Cooper Institute speech was delivered. Have you ever watched the turning of the tide—a slow, resistless motion in one direction and a moment later a slow, resistless motion in another? That was what you could see in the East as the result of that speech. Men said as they read it: "Well, what? Who is this? Here is a strong man—a man of grasp and force. Why, this man would do for the Presidency". The tide turned—set in that direction, and the result is history. Well, we had the main drift of the Cooper Institute speech in Milwaukee from the marble top of a radiator in the spaceway of the office of the Newhall House. Had Mr. Lincoln been disposed to action in the Newhall House he could not well have employed it. But he was scarcely more than conversational throughout. He made few gestures. Now and then, when he wished to be very emphatic he would put both arms up on one side as far as he could reach and bring them down in an arc as low as he could stoop, and then carry them up as high as he could reach on the other side. In anyone else that might

have been awkward, but in him it was not. You were reminded by it of the sweep of great elm limbs in a storm.

Well, the Newhall House speech was over. Mr. Lincoln was assisted down from the radiator, there was a general all-round hand-shake with him and we went our way, and he to his room in the hotel. He took the earliest train the next morning for Racine, then to Freeport, thence to his home, then in a few months to the Cooper Institute speech, and then—well, he was on the way to the results of the convention in the wigwam in Chicago and to election to the Presidency, and to whatever else now belongs to the name of Abraham Lincoln. So began and so ended my day with Mr. Lincoln in Milwaukee in the fall of 1859.

4. A SEWARD EDITOR IGNORED MR. LINCOLN'S TRIP TO KANSAS

Mr. Richardson—Late in the autumn of 1859, he (Mr. Lincoln) visited the territory (of Kansas) for the first and last time. With Marcus J. Parrott, delegate in Congress; A. Carter Wilder, afterwards representative, and Henry Villard, a journalist, I went to Troy, in Doniphan County, to hear him. In the imaginative language of the frontier, Troy was a town—possibly a city—but, save a shabby frame courthouse, a tavern and a few shanties, its urban glories were visible only to the eye of faith. It was intensely cold. The sweeping prairie wind rocked the crazy buildings, and cut the faces of travelers like a knife. Mr. Wilder froze his hand during our ride, and Mr. Lincoln's party arrived wrapped in buffalo robes.

Not more than forty people assembled in that little bare-walled courthouse. There was none of the magnetism of a multitude to inspire the long, angular, ungainly orator, who rose up behind a rough table. With little gesticulation—and that little ungraceful—he began, not to declaim, but to talk. In a conversational tone, he argued the question of slavery in the territories, in the language of an average Ohio or New York farmer. I thought: "If the Illinoisans consider this a great man their ideas must be very peculiar." But, in ten or fifteen minutes, I was unconsciously and irresistibly drawn by the clearness and closeness of his argument. Link after link it was forged and welded, like a blacksmith's chain. He made few assertions, but merely asked questions: "Is not this true? If you admit that fact, is not this induction correct?" Give him his premises, and his conclusions were as inevitable as death.

His fairness and candor were very noticeable. He ridiculed nothing; burlesqued nothing; misrepresented nothing. So far from distorting

the views held by Mr. Douglas and his adherents, he stated them with more strength probably than any one of their advocates could have done. Then, very modestly and courteously, he inquired into their soundness. He was too kind for bitterness and too great for vituperation.

His anecdotes, of course, were felicitous and illustrative. He delineated the tortuous windings of the Democracy upon the slavery question from Thomas Jefferson down to Franklin Pierce. Whenever he heard a man avow his determination to adhere unwaveringly to the principles of the Democratic Party, it reminded him, he said, of a "little incident in Illinois." A lad, ploughing upon the prairie, asked his father in what direction he should strike a new furrow. The parent replied: "Steer for that yoke of oxen standing at the further end of the field." The father went away and the lad obeyed. But just as he started the oxen started also. He kept steering for them, and they continued to walk. He followed them entirely around the field, and came back to the starting-point, having furrowed a circle instead of a line.

The address lasted an hour and three quarters. Neither rhetorical, graceful, nor eloquent, it was still very fascinating. The people of the frontier believed profoundly in fair play, and in hearing both sides; so they now called for an aged ex-Kentuckian, who was the heaviest slave-holder in the territory. Responding, he thus prefaced his remarks: "I have heard, during my life, all the ablest public speakers, all the eminent statesmen of the past and the present generation, and while I dissent utterly from the doctrines of this address and shall endeavor to refute some of them, candor compels me to say that it is the most able—the most logical—speech I ever listened to."

Mr. Adams—I first saw Mr. Lincoln and heard him talk in Atchison in 1859. He was not then popularly known in Kansas. He was known to be a candidate for the nomination in 1860 as President. The people of Kansas were for William H. Seward. Seward had fought our battles in the United States Senate. He was the idol of our people; yet Lincoln was greatly admired for his noble defense of our free-state cause in his great debate(s) with Douglas in 1858. In Atchison we appointed a committee to receive him and to provide a place for his address in the evening. He was taken to our best hotel, the Massasoit House, and a good many of the citizens came into the hotel office to shake hands with him, and to hear him talk. He was soon started, with his chair tipped up, and among the first to engage in conversation with him was Colonel P. T. Abell, the head and brain of the pro-

slavery party in our town and largely in the territory. Both had been Kentuckians. Abell knew many citizens of Illinois who had moved there from Kentucky. The two immediately found mutual acquaintances about whom they could converse, and Lincoln began to tell stories, relating incidents in the life of Illinois Kentuckians.

I was on the committee to provide a place for the Lincoln meeting that evening. Judge P. P. Wilcox was a member of the committee. The best audience room in town was that of the Methodist Church. Our committee hunted up the trustees and Wilcox says he had considerable difficulty in gaining consent to have a political meeting in a church. I scarcely remember how it was, but Wilcox says we met with such a rebuff and refusal that he lost his patience, and it took the best I could do in the way of persuasion to get the church, which we did. I still remember the appearance of Mr. Lincoln as he walked up the aisle on entering the church and took his place on the pulpit stand. He was awkward and forbidding, but it required but a few words for him to dispel the unfavorable impression, and he was listened to with the deepest interest by every member of the audience. I have mentioned the attachment of the people of Kansas for William H. Seward. Our own local paper, the Atchison Champion, of which John A. Martin was the editor, made no mention of Mr. Lincoln's presence in Atchison at that time. Martin was wrapped up in Seward and could not brook the thought of any encouragement or countenance given by the people of Atchison to a rival candidate.

5. "A MAN IN THE CAR AHEAD WANTS COMPANY"

One morning in the early March of 1860 I boarded an Erie train at Binghamton to return to my home in Elmira. The conductor and I were old acquaintances, and as we exchanged greetings while he punched my ticket, he said: "Mr. Smith, there is a lawyer from the West in the car ahead who wants company, and if it is agreeable to you I will take you in and introduce you. Of course I was agreeable and a few minutes later I for the first time shook the powerful hand of Abraham Lincoln then homeward bound from delivery, at Cooper Union, New York, of the address which convinced thoughtful men in the East that a political star of the first magnitude had arisen in the West.

Informed by the conductor that I also was a lawyer, he at once began to ply me with questions as to the methods and practices prevailing in our Eastern courts, and the makeup of the men who were then leaders of the bar of New York State and city. The recent trial and

acquittal in Washington of Daniel E. Sickles for the fatal shooting of Philip Barton Key, who had betrayed his wife, was then a topic sure to be discussed in any meeting of lawyers. In this trial James T. Brady, then one of the ablest members of the New York City bar, had for the first time made successful use of the plea of temporary insanity, and Mr. Lincoln was keen to know all I could tell him about Brady and his ways of winning a reluctant jury to his own way of thinking.

He had also many questions to ask about Charles O'Connor and William M. Evarts, then at the noontide of great careers, and had I seen them in action. I made such replies to these questions as my limited first-hand knowledge of the two men permitted, and he repaid me with some most amusing anecdotes of his own experiences on the circuit in Illinois, after which our talk shifted to politics, to John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry and to less militant phases of the anti-slavery contest. In the opening days of 1860 the Republican Party was only five years old, with success in the national field, as signs indicated, still part of a more or less remote future. I had had a hand in the upbuilding of the party in my section of New York, and was familiar with Mr. Lincoln's debates with Senator Douglas, with the rare moral and intellectual qualities he had displayed in those discussions, and of how he had forged to leadership in Illinois.

So I said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, you have taken the measure of Senator Douglas. What of his future and the course of the Democratic Party in this year's campaign?" He pondered my question for a moment, and then made this reply: "Judge Douglas, with great ability and great ambition, has no superior in making the worse appear the better reason, but he is without moral sense so far as concerns the slavery question, and he has split his party wide open by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and his nostrum of squatter sovereignty. The Southern Democrats will refuse to support him for President this year, and he cannot hope to win without them. Four years ago I could see no prospect of the Republican Party winning before 1864 at the earliest; now I believe that with the right candidate on the right platform we shall win an easy victory in November."

Here Mr. Lincoln again turned questioner. He first asked me to tell him what I could about Senator Seward's following in New York and what support he could count on from those Republicans who lately had been Free Soil Democrats. After that he wanted to know how the same element regarded Thurlow Weed, and what were the qualities that had given that gentleman his long continued

leadership in the State of New York, first of the Whig and now of the Republican Party. And did Horatio Seymour, who a few years later was to give Lincoln no end of trouble, guide or was he guided by that wing of the Northern Democracy which accepted his leadership.

I gave the best answers I could to these questions, and Mr. Lincoln smiled but made no comment when I spoke of Senator Seward as a statesman without real depth of conviction, and described Weed as a spoilsman of the first order. David Wilmot, who lived in the Pennsylvania town of Towanda just over the state line from Elmira, had served in Congress with Mr. Lincoln, who making friendly inquiries about him, said he had voted a score of times for the Wilmot Proviso which had given its author national fame and supplied material for the heated discussions growing out of the Mexican War. Mr. Lincoln had kind things to say of Mr. Wilmot, describing him as a man of hard common sense, resolute purpose and democratic thought and ways, who deserved well of the new party he had helped to form. Before the year closed Wilmot was to become one of Mr. Lincoln's trusted advisers and was to die holding a judgeship to which he had been appointed by his old associate in Congress.

By this time our train was nearing Elmira, and Mr. Lincoln rose to take leave of me, unfolding in sections like a carpenter's rule, and I realized his height for the first time. I am not a small man, but he towered a foot above me. Another warm grasp of the hand and we parted. I count it a privilege that I met and talked with this uncommon man on the eve of events which were to help shape his career to great ends.

6. "TOO BAD BOB HAS SUCH A HOMELY FATHER"

The only time I ever saw Abraham Lincoln was when I was a student at Exeter, New Hampshire. His son, Robert, was at Phillips-Exeter Academy, in the class above me. Mr. Lincoln had been in New York the last of February, 1860, to make his famous Cooper Union speech against slavery. He came up to Exeter to see Bob for the day. I think, perhaps, he came to stay over Sunday. The national campaign was opening, but the presidential nomination had not been made. We had heard of Lincoln, had read his speeches but I do not think any of us regarded him as likely to be the Republican nominee for President. We were for Seward, the New York candidate. As soon as it was known Mr. Lincoln was coming to Exeter, the Republican committee arranged for a meeting at the town hall, which would hold about 800 people. There were about ninety of us

boys in the academy at that time. Bob was a neat-looking boy, a favorite in the school and popular with the girls of Exeter. We turned out in full force for the meeting to see Bob's father as well as to hear Mr. Lincoln speak. Professor Wentworth presided.

Judge Underwood of Virginia had accompanied Mr. Lincoln to Exeter. He was a short man. Mr. Lincoln was very tall. They came on the stage together. The contrast was striking. When they sat down Judge Underwood's feet did not touch the floor. Mr. Lincoln's legs were so long he had trouble in disposing of them and twisted them about under the chair to get them out of the way. One of the boys leaned over and whispered: "Look here! Don't you feel kind of sorry for Bob?" We did not laugh. We were sympathetic for Bob because his father did not make a better appearance. The girls whispered to each other: "Isn't it too bad Bob's got such a homely father."

Mr. Lincoln wore no beard at that time. His hair was mussed up. It stood in all directions. As he sat there in the chair he looked as if he was ready to fall to pieces and did not care if he did. Judge Underwood spoke first, for about thirty minutes. We did not pay much attention to him. I remember I thought Mr. Lincoln the most melancholy man I had ever seen. When he was introduced he got up slowly until he stood there as straight as an arrow in that long black coat. He had not spoken ten minutes until everybody was carried away. We forgot all about his looks. Exeter was full of people of culture. It was a place to which people moved when they retired from active life. The audience was one of educated, cultivated people. I never heard such applause in that hall as Mr. Lincoln received that night. He spoke nearly an hour. There was no coarseness, no uncouthness of speech or manner. Every part fitted into the whole argument perfectly. As I recall it, the Exeter speech followed closely the lines of the Cooper Union address, which was on slavery. I suppose it had been carefully prepared. I know it captured all of us. When the meeting closed we went up on the platform and shook hands with Mr. Lincoln telling him how proud we were to have the honor of meeting Bob's father. Mr. Lincoln has always been to me the man I saw and heard in that town hall in Exeter.

CHAPTER XXIV

A YOUTHFUL EDITOR MEETS AND SERVES MR. LINCOLN

(William Osborn Stoddard's recollections of Abraham Lincoln here reprinted first appeared in the issues of the *Atlantic Monthly* for February and March, 1925. A native of New York, born in 1835, young Stoddard early in 1859 became editor of the *Central Illinois Gazette*, a weekly journal lately established at West Urbana, Champaign County, and shortly afterward meeting Mr. Lincoln, with the enthusiasm of youth, joined promptly and heartily in the movement to make the Springfield lawyer the Republican nominee for President. In 1861 Stoddard became one of President Lincoln's secretaries, and in his middle years won repute and popularity as a prolific writer of stories for boys, dying in 1925 at the age of ninety.

In his last years Stoddard cherished the belief that he had been the original Lincoln man among Illinois editors and that the articles he wrote and published in the *Central Illinois Gazette* in the early summer of 1859 did much to assure his friend's nomination the following year. An old man's memory, however, played him false in one or two particulars: It was not until December 7, 1859, that the emphatic editorial "Who Shall be President?" appeared in his journal, and not until December 21 did he place Mr. Lincoln's name at the head of his editorial columns, while on November 12 or 19, 1858 the *Olney Times* had formally declared Mr. Lincoln its choice for the Presidency—the first Illinois newspaper to take such unequivocal stand. Nevertheless, Mr. Stoddard's intimate memories of an eventful period have weight and value and are of a sort to be cherished by every Lincoln student.)

I was a fine figure to be introduced to great men, that chilly evening in April, 1859. Little had been done for my wardrobe since leaving Chicago, and that little had been adapted to prairie uses. My hair, always disposed to luxuriant growth, had last been cut on the shore of Lake Michigan, except a slash from a prairie fire. I was afterward informed by a fellow citizen that his first admiration of me had been inspired by the remarkable character of my cowhide top-boots, into which a pair of coarse trousers were tucked. My shirt

was a blue-checked hickory, and under its ample collar was a flowing black-silk neck-scarf, a remnant of Rochester days. On my head was a broad-brimmed slouch felt hat, black, and my complexion was of the combined tint-effects of sun and wind and winter fever. On the whole, there was no other man in Urbana just like me when I got out of the wagon and walked around to shift for myself and to strike for a new field of action.

The next morning I was ready for my first attack upon local journalism, although the outlook was anything but golden. I had already been aware that a too sanguine literary adventurer had attempted to set up an "Agricultural" weekly journal in West Urbana. His undertaking had failed, his entire outfit being bought in for eight hundred dollars, at a sheriff's sale, by a local medical celebrity named Dr. Walker Scroggs. He was a man of a million. Of medium height and thin, he was by no means ill-looking, and he dressed well, for in summer or winter he always had on a black frock-suit and a brilliant velvet vest of many colors. He also wore a stovepipe hat and had a pair of sharp, twinkling gray eyes.

On the ruins of the lost newspaper enterprise Dr. Scroggs had determined to establish a journal of his own planning, devoted to his isms and to a miscellaneous abuse of the many men whom he did not like. To his printing office, therefore, I made my way that hopeful morning. The paper was already three weeks old and its editor had won a sudden distinction which threatened him with libel suits and personal encounters with angry men. He had written his talk right out, in his wrath, and some of the words that he put in were of the kind mildly described as "archaic." It was, therefore, a dark morning for the *Gazette* and its remarkable conductor, and I had climbed into the gloom.

I had never seen the doctor, but there was no mistaking his personality as he sat there on the other side of the egg-stove, hugging his left knee over his right and wearing so sourly discontented a countenance. The printers were at their cases, picking type industriously, and there were no other visitors.

"Doctor," I remarked, as if we were old acquaintances, "you are trying to run a newspaper here?"

Only a nod and a grunt were his response, and after a moment of contemplation of the stove I added, kindly, "You don't know how!"

That brought down his leg as he responded, "I know that better than you do."

I continued, "You can't run a newspaper; but I can!"

His hands went behind his head half contemptuously as he replied, "The hell you can! What will you take to try it on?"

"No pay at all, just now," I told him.

I went on to make a business proposition, however, for I was well aware that he was losing money fast and needlessly. I told him that I would get out one edition of the paper, to show him what I could do. If all was then satisfactory, I would take no wages. I would agree that I would run my risk of making the paper pay its own way. As soon as I should do that, I was to have a full third partnership and control. In the meantime, at the end of the week he was to buy me a good suit of clothes and some other things and pay my board in a good boarding-house.

"Done!" he exclaimed. "Take right hold. Take the whole d—— thing and run it! I'm going out to see a patient."

Three days later I sent out the fourth number of the *Gazette*. The doctor was astonished when he read his paper. I had omitted some things that he had written for it and bluntly refused to put in any more personalities. He surrendered only after all the men and women he met had congratulated him upon the improved appearance of the *Gazette*. As yet, hardly anybody knew how it had happened, but folks were curious and it was time for me to put on my new uniform. That was what the doctor had agreed to and he seemed even in a hurry to keep his word, making energetic remarks about having such a looking customer the editor of the greatest paper in Central Illinois. I think it was the cash account that affected him most; he still kept his own name at the head as editor, while he ceased to take any care of the literary business except as a kind of skipping critic, after each consecutive issue came out.

On one of the warm days of that autumn I was upstairs at a piece of job work which a devil had carelessly pied. I was in a state of mind; my shirt-sleeves were rolled up to my shoulders and my hands were black with ink. There may have been streaks of darkness on my face. The doctor was below, rolling out some pills, and must have been standing with his back to the open street-door when a loud voice in the doorway hailed him as "Doc," and inquired into the condition of his health. I did not entirely catch the doctor's response, but in a moment he was up at the head of the stairs and at my elbow informing me, in a suppressed tone which might have been heard all over the office, "Stoddard! Old Abe is here and he wants to see you!"

My reply was in accordance with my state of mind.

"Come right down!" he said. "But do fix up a little. Why, Stoddard, you are looking like the devil."

I replied that all I would do just then was make a kind of compromise. If Mr. Lincoln wished to see me, I would go down and I would wash my hands, but I would not roll down my sleeves. The doctor was not at all satisfied, but I was aware of an audible chuckle in the room below. Up to that hour I had not met Mr. Lincoln, but had heard a great deal of him and did not believe he would care much for a little ink and light clothing. The doctor, on the other hand, considered this visit of so prominent a politician a great affair, and he was a little afraid of big men.

Mr. Lincoln greeted me cordially and plunged at once into the causes of his coming. In a minute he had me not only deeply interested but somewhat astonished. I had supposed that I knew the people and politics of that county and he had been told that I did; but so did he. He could ask about the different precincts and their leading men almost as if he had lived among them. As he was then studying Champaign County, so he was investigating the State of Illinois and other States and was getting into close relations with the current of thought and feeling, North and South. The conversation was a long one and Dr. Scroggs soon got weary of it, for he had no part in it, and he went off "to see a patient." Lincoln went out and I went back to my pied job, and did not at all suppose that so unimportant an interview was to have any permanent effect upon my life.

Somewhere along in the winter I found means to secure a cottage near the middle of the village, and in this my sister Kate and I began small housekeeping. It contained only two rooms besides the kitchen, but it would do.

In the spring of 1859 the new political campaign opened early and the whole country was on fire with excitement. The *Gazette* was also beginning to regard itself as an important journal, for we had a circulation of over two thousand, scattered over several counties. In all the long list of possible presidential candidates, the name of Lincoln had not been spoken of in any newspaper publication that I knew anything about. As a New Yorker, a born and bred follower of William H. Seward, I had been disposed to advocate him, but had at the same time a doubt of his ability to secure the Western vote. It was my opinion that the situation called for a Western man and I was not at all satisfied with any of the doctor's suggested candidates.

Just before I set up housekeeping I was temporarily boarding at the Doane House, the square hotel at the railway station. It was a

temperance house and had no bar, but its office was a large room that had been intended for hospitality. In the middle of this office was an enormous egg-stove and near this, in the corner, was the office counter. Just beyond was the door from the dining-room.

One chilly morning I came to my breakfast as early as usual, and after eating it passed out through that door into the office. Just as I did so the street door opened and Abraham Lincoln came in. He had been to the post office without any overcoat and he may well have been chilly. At all events he walked toward the stove, drew up one of the much-whittled armchairs which ornamented the office, sat down in it, cocked his feet upon the stove hearth, took off his hat, and settled it between his knees. I think he always wore a very tall hat and one that was respectable for age. This hat, now between his knees, was so full of letters that one might have wondered how he managed to put it on. The volume of his correspondence was not surprising, however, for his law business was large and he was here in attendance upon the court which was in session in Urbana. On seeing him come in, I had paused at the counter, and there I continued to stand, for there was something in this man's face and manner that attracted me unusually. My old fad for studying remarkable men came upon me with power and I put away my first impulse to go forward and speak to him. It was much better to watch him, and he appeared to be unaware of any other presence in the room. He and I were alone and he was much more alone than I.

I stood at the office counter, watching him. This morning was evidently a thoughtful one; his expression varied from minute to minute, all the while being cloudy. He read or looked at letter after letter as he opened them, and for some he did not appear to care much.

At last, however, he came to an epistle which I have wished I knew something about. It was written upon a square letter-sheet, in a crabbed but regular and very black handwriting, page after page. It seemed to interest him at once and he read on slowly, stopping at intervals as if to ponder ideas which were presented. His face at first grew darker and the deep wrinkles in his forehead grew deeper. I was also getting more and more interested. Then, if you can imagine how a dark lighthouse looks when its calcium light is suddenly kindled, you may get an idea of the change which came into the face of Abraham Lincoln. All the great soul within him had been kindled to white heat, and his eyes shone until he shut them. Before he did that, they seemed to be looking at something or other that was far

away. I had seen enough and I said to myself emphatically: "That is the greatest man you have ever seen!"

I did not disturb Mr. Lincoln or try to speak to him. I turned and made my way out of the hotel through the dining-room, and I did not pause until I had reached the *Gazette* office. I opened the door and walked in, and there at the table sat Dr. Scroggs, diligently at work upon his accustomed pills. His back was toward me and he did not turn when I came in.

"Doctor," I shouted, "I've made up my mind whom we are going for for President!"

"The hell you say!" was his mild and appreciative response. "Who is it?"

"Abraham Lincoln of Illinois!" I shouted back.

"Oh hell!" he rejoindered. "He'd never do for President. He might do for a nominee for Vice-President, perhaps, with Seward or some such man."

I was obstinate and at the end of a sharp controversy he yielded, for I told him that as soon as I could run off the current editions of the *Gazette* and the *Ford County Journal* I was going straight to Springfield and to Bloomington, to see William H. Herndon and Leonard Sweet and procure materials for a campaign life-editorial. That is precisely what I proceeded to do, without telling too many men what were my purposes. On my return the editorial was written, perhaps two full columns of it, and it was printed; but I did not stop there. I sent a letter embodying some of it to the *Century*, a New York weekly journal then recently set up by Horace Greeley's old partner McElrath, and it was printed with approval. Meantime I had done something else. Our regular exchange list was large, but for that week I added to it not less than two hundred journals, all over the country, particularly the West. Then I waited to see the result of my experiment, and it altogether surprised me. I had marked my editorial in copies sent out, and when the exchange papers came in it appeared to me that hardly one of them had failed to notice it, making extracts, and to give more or less favorable comments. Many of them reprinted it in full, or nearly so, and swung out the name of Lincoln at their column heads.

Besides the editorial, the *Gazette* of May 4, 1859, had further mention of Lincoln in its local column. The two articles read as follows:—

PERSONAL

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.—We had the pleasure of introducing to the

hospitalities of our Sanctum, a few days ago, the Hon. Abraham Lincoln. Few men can make an hour pass away more agreeably. We do not pretend to know whether Mr. Lincoln will ever condescend to occupy the White House or not, but if he should, it is a comfort to know that he has established for himself a character and reputation of sufficient strength and purity to withstand the disreputable and corrupting influences of even that locality. No man in the West at the present time occupies a more enviable position before the people or stands a better chance for obtaining a high position among those to whose guidance our ship of state is to be entrusted.

WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT?

We have no sympathy with those politicians of any party who are giving themselves up to a corrupt and selfish race for the presidential chair, and are rather inclined to believe that the result will be a disappointment to the whole race of demagogues. The vastness of the interests depending on the political campaign now commencing gives even a more than usual degree of interest to the question: "Who shall be the candidate?" Believing that a proper discussion of this question through the columns of the local papers is the true way to arrive at a wise conclusion, we propose to give our views, so far as formed, and we may add that we are well assured that the same views are entertained by the mass of the Republican Party of Central Illinois.

In the first place, we do not consider it possible for the office of President of the United States to become the personal property of any particular politician, how great a man soever he may be esteemed by himself and his partisans. We, therefore, shall discuss the "candidate question" unbiased by personal prejudices or an undue appreciation of the claims of any political leader. We may add, with honest pride, an expression of our faith in the leading statesmen of our party, that neither Chase nor Seward nor Banks nor any other whose name has been brought prominently before the people will press individual aspirations at the expense of the great principles whose vindication is inseparably linked with our success. While no circumstances should be allowed to compel even a partial abandonment of principle, and defeat in the cause of right is infinitely better than a corrupt compromise with wrong, nevertheless the truest wisdom for the Republican Party in this campaign will be found in such a conservative and moderate course as shall secure the respect and consideration even of our enemies, and shall not forget national compacts within which we are acting and by which we are bound: and the proper recognition of this

feature of the contest should be allowed its due influence in the selection of our standard-bearer.

Although local prejudices ought always to be held subordinate to the issues of the contest, it will not be wise to overlook their importance in counting the probabilities of what will surely be a doubtful and bitterly contested battlefield. It is this consideration which has brought into so great prominence the leading Republican statesmen of Pennsylvania and Illinois. If these two states can be added to the number of those in which the party seems to possess an unassailable superiority, the day is ours. The same reasons, to a less extent, in exact proportion to its force in the electoral college, affect New Jersey.

From Pennsylvania and Illinois, therefore, the candidates for President and Vice-President might, with great propriety, be chosen. It is true that our present Chief Magistrate is from Pennsylvania, and other States justly might urge that a proper apportionment of the national honors would not give her the Presidency twice in succession; but, while there are several good precedents for such a course of action, there is one point which outweighs in importance all others: to wit, *We must carry Pennsylvania in 1860*, and if we can best do it with one of our own citizens as standard-bearer, that fact cannot be disregarded with impunity. The delegation from the Keystone State will doubtless present this idea with great urgency in the national convention.

Aside from this, there are other points in favor of the two States mentioned, which cannot fail to carry great weight in the minds of all candid and reasonable men. They have both been distinguished for moderation and patriotism in the character of their statesmen, with as few exceptions as any other State. They are among that great central belt of States which constitute the stronghold of conservatism and nationality. They are not looked upon as "sectional" in their character, even by the South. They, moreover, are, to a high degree, representative States. Where will our manufacturing, mining, and trading interests find a better representative than Pennsylvania? Or what State is more identified in all its fortunes with the great agricultural interests than is Illinois?

The States themselves, then, being open to no valid objection, we come to the question of individual candidates. Pennsylvania has not yet determined her choice from among her own great men, but as for Illinois it is the firm and fixed belief of our citizens that for one or the other of the offices in question no man will be so sure to

consolidate the party vote of this state, or will carry the great Mississippi Valley with a more irresistible rush of popular enthusiasm, than our distinguished fellow-citizen,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We, in Illinois, know him well; in the best sense of the word a *true democrat*, a man of the people, whose strongest friends and supporters are the hard-handed and strong-limbed laboring men, who hail him as a brother and who look upon him as one of their real representative men. A true friend of freedom, having already done important service for the cause, and proved his abundant ability for still greater service; yet a staunch conservative, whose enlarged and liberal mind descends to no narrow view, but sees both sides of every great question, and of whom we need not fear that fanaticism on the one side, or servility on the other, will lead him to the betrayal of any trust. We appeal to our brethren of the Republican press for the correctness of our assertions.

After that I attended the "Rail-splitter" Convention at Springfield (Decatur) and I went into the political canvass head over heels, heels over head, with all the more enthusiasm because I had nearly all the stumping of Champaign County on my own hands.

Not to dwell upon the minor incidents of the political campaign, it was over at last and Lincoln was duly elected, to my great delight. At an early date after the election he held a sort of congratulation levee at the State House in Springfield. Hearing that he was to do so, I took the day off and went over to shake hands with him, for I believed that I had a vested right to tell him how I felt about it. I went to the State House and took my place in a long line of people who were there to get a look at the coming President. Some of them, indeed, were from far away and had come to tell him how much they had done to secure his election and how ready they would be to serve him further in one or another of the fat offices at Washington. One of these disinterested patriots was next in line ahead of me and his account of himself may have added point to Mr. Lincoln's question, when he heartily shook hands with me and looked down two feet or more into my face.

"Well, young man," he said, "now—what can I do for you?"

"Nothing at all, Mr. Lincoln," I responded, "but I'm mighty glad you are elected."

"How would you like to come to Washington?" he asked. "Wouldn't you like to take a clerkship or something?"

I was just telling him that I was pretty well fixed now and had never thought of going to Washington when a red-hot thought came flashing into my mind and I added: "Mr. Lincoln, the only thing that would tempt me to go to Washington is a place on your personal staff!"

"Stoddard," he said, "do you go right back to Champaign and write me a letter to that effect. Then wait till you hear from me."

That was just what I did, but I did not say a word about it to any living soul, unless it may have been Kate. That was early in November and before the end of the month I had about considered myself forgotten. I did not yet know Lincoln. About the first of December I received a letter of some length from him, ordering me to close up my affairs, go on to Washington, and wait there until his arrival.

Great preparations were made for the inauguration. The address was to be delivered and the oath taken on a temporary platform at the east front of the Capitol, and I went and surveyed the scene beforehand. I remembered how I had managed to hear Daniel Webster and I tried those tactics again. It was at a pretty early hour of the fourth of March that I gave up the procession, the music, the military and the dense pack of people upon Pennsylvania Avenue. I went and wormed in through the as yet not very suspicious crowd before the east front until I secured standing-room just beyond the line at which the soldiers of the honorary guard were to stand at rest. There I waited and I was well paid for it, for I could look right into Lincoln's face while he was speaking and could hear every word he said.

I did not even try to see the President for several days, but I did go to admire the dense pack of office-seekers which had taken possession of the White House. It was two or three days later that I worked my way among them and struggled as far as the bottom of the main stairway. The stairs were a sweltering jam, but an usher at the top was managing to receive cards in some inscrutable manner. He obtained mine and it went in, and in a few minutes Nicolay came to the bannisters to shout my name, while three or four eager patriots tugged at his coattails. I "hollered back."

"Do you wish to see the President?" he asked.

"No, I don't!" I shouted, "Tell him I'm here, 'cording to orders. That's all. He'll know what to do. I won't bother him."

I did not understand what a score of fellows found to laugh at in my reply to the great Mr. Nicolay, and it even seemed to please him. I hoped it pleased Mr. Lincoln; and it was only a few days before I received notice of my coming appointment as secretary to sign land patents.

After I secured a good boarding-house I went to my desk at the Department of the Interior. A large pile of patents had accumulated and I began to sign the President's name at the rate of about nine hundred times per diem. Shortly I received orders to transfer myself to the correspondence desk in the northeast room of the White House. At first I had to make visits to my old office to sign patents, but that was ended by an order to have them all sent up to the White House, for my presence there was needed hourly.

The business of private secretary, *per se*, was pretty well absorbed by Nicolay and Hay, but there were odd days when I had to go over and take Nicolay's place in the opposite room. That gave me more than a little instruction. Among other things, I learned that the House and Senate did not recognize any individual, but knew the private secretary only by the practical fact of his bringing a message from the President. It was therefore an important day for me when I proudly appeared at the doors of the Houses and was led in to be loudly announced to the Vice-President and the Speaker as "The President's Private Secretary with a Message." From that hour onward, by rule, I was free of the floor of both Houses.

I doubt if there was any spot in the United States in those days, outside of a battlefield, that was more continually interesting than was the correspondence desk of the Executive Mansion. I took pains, at one time, to strike an average of the number of daily arrivals, other than newspapers, and was surprised to find that it was not far from two hundred and fifty. These were of every imaginable character, with quite a number that could not be reasonably imagined. The newspapers themselves were interesting. The majority of them contained marked columns—editorials, or letters—abusive, complimentary, or advisory, which the authors fondly hoped might reach the eyes of the President. They did not do so. At one time he ordered me to make a daily digest of the course and comments of the leading journals, east and west, and I made one. It was wasted work and was discontinued, for Mr. Lincoln never found time to spend an hour upon those laborious condensations.

The letters were a study. Large packages of documents were all the while coming, relating to business before one or another of the departments. Some were in law cases. Some were in relation to claims. In any event, it was my duty to know where they properly belonged and to endorse them with the necessary reference from the President, favorable or otherwise. There was a river of documents relating to appointments to office and these too were referred to the President, except such as belonged in my custody. The larger number of the epistles belonged in one or another of the two tall wastebaskets which sat on either side of me, and their deposits were as rapid as my decisions could be made. It had to be swift work. It did seem to me as if the foulest blackguards on earth had made up their minds that they could abuse the President through the mails and they tried to do so. Added to these were the lunatics.

One day I and my paper-cutter and my wastebaskets were hard at work when in came a portly, dignified, elderly man who sat down near me while waiting for an audience with Mr. Lincoln. He appeared to be some kind of a distinguished person, perhaps a governor or something of that sort, and he watched me with an interest which evidently grew upon him. He became uneasy in his chair; he waxed red in the face. At last he broke out with:—

“Is that the way you treat the President’s mail? Mr. Lincoln does not know this! What would the people of the United States think, if they knew that their communications to their Chief Magistrate were dealt with in this shameful manner? Thrown into the wastebasket! What does Lincoln mean? Putting such a responsibility into the hands of a mere boy! A boy!”

I had been all the while watching him as he fired up. Now there had been an uncommonly dirty mail that morning and I had put aside as I opened them a number of the vile scrawls. My critic had risen from his chair and was pacing up and down the room in hot indignation when I quietly turned and offered him a handful of the selected letters.

“Please read those, sir,” I said, “and give me your opinion of them. I may be right about them. Do you really think that the President of the United States ought to turn from the affairs of the nation to put in his time on that sort of thing?”

He took the awful handful and began to read, and his red face grew redder. Then it was white with speechless wrath. Perhaps he had never before perused anything quite so devilish in all his life.

“You are quite right, sir,” he gasped, as he sank into his chair

again. "Young man, you are right! He ought not to see a line of that stuff! Burn it, sir! Burn it! What devils there are!"

But he was correct about the responsibility, for it was a big one for any fellow, old or young. It included many of the applications for pardons and all of these were at one time in my keeping. I remember some of them and what became of them. There were those who grumbled at Mr. Lincoln's strong objection to any kind of capital punishment and his tendencies toward mercy for all sinners. I may have been one of these. There came, one day, a pile of influential petitions on behalf of a Southwestern guerrilla. He was unquestionably a red-handed murderer, but the movement in his favor was a strong one. It included even loyal politicians, and next day a gang of big men of several kinds came up to see the President about it. They spoke of the high character of the papers in the case and these were sent for, but they were not in my possession. They may have been duly referred and transferred to the War Office, as was sometimes the custom. Inquiry was made there, but the papers could not be found. The delegation went its way and that application for pardon was hung up. So was the guerrilla who was the most interested person in the case; hardly had that fact been telegraphed before all the missing papers arrived at the White House. I think Mr. Lincoln did no more than look sidewise at me and I am sure he made no verbal commentary.

Nor have I forgotten the almost daily communications from "The Angel Gabriel," who professed to write in blood that appeared to me more like an inferior variety of cheap red ink. Besides, the angel mixed his inspiration terrifically and some of his work would have read well in *Puck*. One day there came a really curious paper which afterward perished with my collection of autographs in Arkansas. It purported to come from the spirits of a score or more of the old worthies of the Republic and it was certainly a strong and dignified document of advice and encouragement which would not have disgraced any of them. It was signed with the signatures of George Washington, John Hancock, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and others, as perfectly as the most expert forger could have done it if he had traced the names over the printed copy of the Declaration of Independence. It was a queer thing and so were all the letters from simple people who wished that the President would kindly step around among the several departments and attend to their business for them. Even inventors asked him to see about their patents and hurry them up.

Naturally, one of the important problems before the Administration was the procuring of guns and ammunition for the armies it was gathering. With the general perplexities of the War Department I had nothing to do, but a part of them speedily drifted into my north-east room. Every proposed vendor of condemned European firelocks was possessed by the idea that he might make a sale of them if he could induce the President to overrule the decisions of the Bureau of Ordnance. In each case of that kind, I was likely to have a specimen gun deposited in the corner. At the same time there came to the front a large number of inventors, and some of them had practical ideas and some had not.

At the first, however, I had an opportunity for studying quite a number of out-and-out cranks. I remember in particular one enthusiast who had invented a curious kind of far-shooting rifle the weight of which required it to be mounted upon a spider wheel as high as your shoulder. Oh, how that genius did abuse the President for his inability to appreciate the spider-wheel gun and for his general bad management of the war!

Then there came other curiosities, one after another, until my room looked like a gunshop. On my table at one time were specimens of steel cuirasses, designed for the loading-down of our volunteers on forced marches in hot weather. Another item was a devilish kind of hand grenade, made to burst on striking and to scatter bits of iron in all directions. Swords were on hand in several patterns and so were various descriptions of cannon. Mr. Lincoln was really deeply interested in the gunnery business and had ideas of his own far in advance of some which were entertained by a few venerable gentlemen of the War Department.

"Stoddard," he said one evening, "they say you are a pretty good marksman. I want you to be here early tomorrow morning; say half-past six. We'll go out to the Mall and try some of these guns."

The Mall is the wide grassy slope from the White House grounds to the Potomac and at that time it was badly littered with rubbish. Out in the middle of it was a huge pile of old building lumber. This was just the thing to set up a target on. I was at my room good and early and I did not have to wait long before in came the President.

"Well," he remarked, "you didn't keep me waiting. Now you take that thing and I'll take this and we'll go right along."

The weapon assigned to me was a breechloader made over from an old Springfield smoothbore musket. The new arrangement was a kind of screw twist and was fitted somewhat loosely. It carried the old

cartridges, of which he brought a supply. His own gun was a well-made affair, resembling the Spencer carbine.

A hundred yards were paced off and a target was set against the lumber. We took turns in firing and I soon discovered two things! One was that the old Springfield barrel carried first-rate and the other was that Mr. Lincoln was anything but a crack shot.

But there was trouble on the way. Washington was then little better than a fortified camp, and stringent military orders were out, forbidding all kinds of firing within the city or camp limits. There were guards set everywhere and one had been posted on the avenue at the entrance to the Mall. It consisted of a very short corporal and four men and it was now coming after us at a double-quick—and swearing. The guard came within talking range just before the piece went off.

“Stop that firing! Stop that firing!” shouted the corporal. But at that moment the gun went off.

The corporal was within a few paces when the President slowly uncoiled himself and rose to his feet. He looked like a very tall man and he may have looked even taller to the angry little warrior who put out a hand to take the culprit in charge. The other soldiers were first in catching the joke, as Mr. Lincoln looked smilingly down into the face of the corporal. It was “bout face” in a twinkling and they set out toward the avenue at a better pace than that at which they had come. I only heard, as they went, some confused ejaculations, “We’ve been cussin’ Old Abe himself!”

He was laughing in his half-silent, peculiar way.

“Well, Stoddard,” he said, “they might have stayed to see the shooting.”

The fact that Mr. Lincoln was a total-abstinence man was well known in Illinois, but not so well elsewhere. Of that fact I received a somewhat peculiar illustration. Very naturally it was understood all over the country that the Executive Mansion was a place of necessarily expensive hospitality. It may have been with this idea in their heads that several of his admirers in New York clubbed together to send him a fine assortment of wines and liquors without letting him know precisely from whom it came. It was an altogether unexpected kind of elephant and Mrs. Lincoln at once sent for me in a good deal of quandary as to what she was to do. I went down to look at it, but all I could discover was that the assortment was miscellaneous and generous.

“But, Mr. Stoddard,” said Mrs. Lincoln in evident dismay, “what

is to be done? Mr. Lincoln never touches any and I never use any. Here it all is, and these gentlemen—what is to be said to them?"

I had to laugh at her discomfiture, but advised that the only course I could see was to acknowledge the gift in due form to the only address that was provided. As for the wines and liquors, she had better send them to her favorite hospitals and let the nurses and doctors take the responsibility of their future.

"That's what I'll do!" she exclaimed, and that was the end of it, for she was positive that her husband would not allow it to remain in his own house.

There came an evening, a dark one, not long before the army was called upon to march up the river to Antietam Creek and meet the invading force under General Lee, when a fine opportunity was given me for understanding the real nature of the truce between the civil and the military powers of the country. I was sitting at my desk. The hall door was open and I was so absorbed in some epistle or other that I heard no sound of anyone coming in to interrupt me until a low voice at my shoulder said to me:—

"Leave that and come with me. I am going over to McClellan's house." I arose at once, but did so without any reply whatever, for there was something in Mr. Lincoln's voice and manner that seemed to forbid any remarks on my part. He was arrayed in a black frock uniform. Down we went and out, and the distance to be traveled was not long. He did not utter one word nor did I, for I was strongly impressed with the fact that there was something on his mind. All the while a kind of rebellious feeling was growing within me, for I inwardly growled because the President ought to have sent for his subordinate, commanding him to come, instead of going to call upon him.

The house was reached and we were shown into a well-furnished front parlor with the usual fireplace and mantel and a centre table. I went over to the right and sat down in a chair, but the President took a seat in the middle of the room. He was calm, steady, even smiling, but in half a minute there was no room there at all. Only Abraham Lincoln, filling the place brimful. Our names had been carried upstairs, I knew, but long minutes went by and I felt the hot blood surging into my cheeks, hotter and hotter with every moment of what seemed to me a disrespectful waiting-time. Not so the great man over there beyond the table, for he was as cool and solid as ice. Then—for the hall door was open—a kind of jingle, and slow, descending footsteps were heard from the stairs. It was the great

general himself, in full uniform, followed by his chief of staff, General Marcy, and an army colonel. In dress uniform with their swords they were a brilliant trio. General McClellan may have thought that he had come downstairs to receive the President formally and impressively, but he was altogether mistaken. He entered that parlor to be received there, very kindly, by President Abraham Lincoln, who somehow had taken possession and was the only man in the room.

The conference began almost immediately, for a kind of report of the situation and of plans was plainly called for. It was given, in a masterly way, by McClellan. He was a man of nerve strength, and I admired him as he went on into what was made more and more evidently a grand wrestling-match, with the control of the armies for the prize; also the future control of the political situation or field and the next Presidency of the United States. That important point was really settled before the match was over—for it was a long one. Lincoln listened well and he said little, at first. Then, a word at a time, he began to open, expanding visibly as he went on, and the match became intensely interesting. Grapple after grapple, tug, strain—down you go! Perfect accord, perfect good-will, perfect good manners, not a trace of excitement on either side. There was, in fact, a mutual yielding of many points under discussion, but at the end of it they had all been surrendered by General McClellan, with the courteous assistance of his handsome and capable chief of staff, General Marcy. Silence was my stronghold, and I held it tenaciously. A close came, and Mr. Lincoln and I were ceremoniously shown to the door. The parlor we left behind us was still, to my mind, full of Mr. Lincoln, although he had walked out. Never before had I so fully appreciated the human will in its greatest power.

Not many days afterwards, General McClellan led his forces up the valley to the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Both were reported as victories and General Lee was driven back into Virginia, but there was believed to be a fault, somewhere, in the very fact that he was permitted to get away. However that may be, the echoes of our first really great victory in a contested field were still reverberating over the country and finding their sonorous way back to Washington when, one afternoon, as I sat at my table, John Hay came hastily in with a sheet of foolscap paper in his hand and a flush on his face.

“Stod,” he said, “the President wants you to make two copies of this right away. I must go back to him.”

I took the paper and some fresh sheets and went at it, mechanically,

in the ordinary course of business. Then, as I went on from sentence to sentence, word for word, I wrote more slowly and with a queer kind of tremor. I was copying from Abraham Lincoln's own draft of the first Emancipation Proclamation. The copies went back to him, care of John Hay, and the original remained in my drawer, until one day John came for it to send it to Chicago for use at a great patriotic fair there, where it was subsequently burned up in the great fire.

I was sitting at my work one evening when the door opened and Mr. Lincoln came in. "I reckoned I'd find you here. I am going to the theatre to see Hackett play Falstaff, and I want you to come with me. I've always wanted to see him in that character. Come to my room. It's about time to go."

I was already in evening dress. We went over into his office and I believed that he was all the while trying to put away from him his load of thoughts. If he had landed his cares upon the Cabinet table they would have been stacked ten feet high. I do not now remember anything else that took place until we were seated in the Executive box at the theatre. There were some persons, even then, who criticized the President severely for his heartlessness in ever going to a theatre or listening to music at a time when the affairs of the nation required his devotion. They were represented at Ford's that night in a peculiar and offensive manner which would have given them complete satisfaction. The house was crowded and there were many soldiers in uniform who had obtained furloughs for an evening's relief from the dull monotony of camp life.

Hackett had not yet made his appearance when there came a brief and unexpected experience. One of the President's critics had a seat back toward the entrance. He arose upon his feet, and shouted out:—

"There he is! That's all he cares for his poor soldiers!" And other words were added which I cannot now recall.

The President did not move a muscle, but a soldier instantly sprang up, declaring vociferously:—

"De President haf a right to his music! Put out dot feller! De President ees all right! Let him haf his music!"

There was a confused racket for a few seconds and then the luckless critic went out of the theatre, borne upon the strong arms of several others in uniform who agreed with their German comrade.

"Stanton says this is the darkest day of the war. It seems as if the bottom had dropped out," John Hay called into my room one eventful day.

The Army of the Potomac, after its weary history on the Peninsula,

had been re-enforced and put under the command of "Fighting Joe" Hooker. It is of no use here to put in any mention of the difficulties and jealousies, or even of the military errors, which were said to have interfered with the efficiency of that magnificent army. It is enough to say that it fought the battle of Chancellorsville splendidly, heroically, and that it was defeated, as many a gallant army has been. The losses on either side were severe. I recall those of the Confederates at about twelve thousand, "killed, wounded, and prisoners." The figures were appalling. That was an awful day in Washington. In the minds of all were the protests and the mourning which would quickly come down from the North for this one more lost battle and for its dead. I remember that upon my table, that very day, lay a perfect mass of letters, from friends and foes, telling the discontent, the anger, the despondency, of the American people, and I had not wished to tell the President one word of their contents. The whole city seemed dead, that day. Men and women went hither and thither as usual, but there were no crowds lingering around the telegraph bulletins. Men came and looked at them and shook their heads and walked away. At the White House it was as still as the grave. My mail was a large one. I had been hindered greatly by other duties and it had accumulated, compelling me, as it often did, to toil on into late hours.

I had been out to my dinner long ago. I do not know what had become of Nicolay and Hay. My door was open, however, and at last I saw men come out of Lincoln's office and walk slowly away. I can recall Seward, Halleck, Stanton, but after they had departed I believed myself to be alone on that floor of the Executive Mansion except for the President in his room across the hall. It was then about nine o'clock, for I looked at my watch. It seemed as if the rooms and hall were full of shadows, some of which came in and sat down by me to ask what I thought would become of the Union cause and the country. Not long afterward a dull, regularly repeated sound came out of Lincoln's room through its half-open door. I listened, listened, and became aware that this was the measured tread of the President's feet, as he walked steadily to and fro, up and down, on the farther side, beyond the Cabinet table, from wall to wall. He must have been listening to a great many weird utterances, as he walked and as he turned at the wall at either end of his ceaseless promenade.

Ten o'clock came and found me still busy with my papers, but whenever I paused to endorse one of them I could hear the tread of the feet in that other room. The sound had become such a half-heard monotony that when, just at twelve o'clock midnight, it suddenly

ceased, the silence startled me into listening. I did not dare to go and look in upon him, but what a silence that was! It may have continued during many minutes. Then the silence was broken and the sound of the heavy feet began again. One o'clock came and I still had much work before me. At times Mr. Lincoln's pace quickened as if under the spur of some burst of feeling.

Two o'clock came, for I again looked at my watch, and Lincoln was walking still. It was a vigil with God and with the future, and a long wrestle with disaster and, it may be, with himself—for he was weary of delays and sore with defeats. It was almost three o'clock when my own long task was done and I arose to go, but I did not so much as peer through the narrow opening of the President's doorway. It would have been a kind of profanity. At the top of the stairway, however, I paused and listened before going down, and the last sound that I heard and that seemed to go out of the house with me was the sentry-like tread with which the President was marching on into the coming day.

I went home weary enough, but did not go to bed. I remember taking a bath and then a breakfast at Gautier's restaurant on the avenue. My table was still heavily loaded and I knew fresh duties were at hand. It was therefore not yet eight o'clock when I was once more at the White House, letting myself in with my latchkey. It was a bright sunlit morning, without a cloud in the sky.

On reaching the second floor I saw the President's door wide open and looked in. There he sat, near the end of the Cabinet table, with a breakfast before him. Just beyond the cup of coffee at his right lay a sheet of foolscap paper, covered with fresh writing in his own hand. They were the orders under which General Meade shortly took Hooker's place and marched on to Gettysburg. That long night vigil and combat had been a victory, for he turned to me with a bright and smiling face and talked with me as cheerfully as if he had not been up all night in that room, face to face with—Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER XXV

A LINCOLN LIFE-MASK AND HOW IT WAS MADE

(There is here reprinted an interesting account by Leonard Wells Volk, the sculptor, of how in the spring of 1860 he made his life-mask of Mr. Lincoln, and of his later contacts with his famous subject. It was first published in the December, 1881, issue of the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Volk was born at Wells, New York in 1828, the son of a marble cutter who later moved to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. There at the age of sixteen he found work in his father's shop. In 1848 he settled in St. Louis where, self-taught, he began drawing and modeling in clay. His marriage to a cousin of Stephen A. Douglas gained him the friendship and interest of that gentleman, who in 1855 aided him in the prosecution of his art studies in Italy.

Two years later Mr. Volk settled in Chicago where his first work as a sculptor was to model a portrait bust of his first patron—Senator Douglas. Thereafter and until shortly before his death at Osceola, Wisconsin, in 1895, except for a second and third visits to Italy for purposes of study, he remained a resident of Chicago. Among the works executed by him were the Douglas Monument in Chicago, statutes of Lincoln and Douglas in the state house at Springfield, and portrait busts of a great number of men eminent in the political and business life of his period. But the full-length statue of Mr. Lincoln on which he was intent in the summer of 1860 never took satisfying form, and the bust he modeled at that time, while a sound piece of craftsmanship, lacks the note of authority.

However, the life-mask on which it was based, and with which the casts of Lincoln's hands are generally associated, has poignant and revealing interest for every lover of Lincoln. Near the end of Mr. Volk's life a committee of which Richard Watson Gilder was chairman purchased it for a goodly sum, had a large replica made of it, then presented both original and replica to the Smithsonian Institution, where visitors to Washington will find them. Douglas Volk, son of the sculptor, was long a painter of rank and quality, especially effective in some of his portraits of Mr. Lincoln.)

My first meeting with Abraham Lincoln was in 1858, when the

celebrated senatorial contest opened in Chicago between him and Stephen A. Douglas. I was invited by the latter to accompany him and his party by a special train to Springfield, to which train was attached a platform-car having on board a cannon, which made considerable noise on the journey. At Bloomington we all stopped over night, as Douglas had a speech to make there in the evening. The party went to the Landon House, the only hotel, I believe, in the place at the time.

While we were sitting in the hotel office after supper, Mr. Lincoln entered, carrying an old carpetbag in his hand, and wearing a weather-beaten silk hat—too large, apparently, for his head—a long, loosely fitting frock-coat of black alpaca, and vest and trousers of the same material. He walked up to the counter, and, saluting the clerk pleasantly, passed the bag over to him, and inquired if he was too late for supper. The clerk replied that supper was over, but thought enough could be “scraped up” for him.

“All right,” said Mr. Lincoln; “I don’t want much.”

Meanwhile, he said he would wash the dust off; he was certainly very dusty, for it was the month of June and quite warm. While he was so engaged, several old friends, who had learned of his arrival, rushed in to see him, some of them shouting out, “How are you, Old Abe?” Mr. Lincoln grasped them by the hand in his cordial manner, with the broadest and pleasantest smile on his rugged face. This was the first good view I had of the “coming man,” though I had seen him at a distance, and passed him on the sidewalk in Chicago a few days before.

Mr. Lincoln was on the platform in front of the courthouse when Mr. Douglas spoke and replied to the Senator when he had finished. I regretted to hear some hard words which passed between them while Mr. Douglas was speaking. The next day we all stopped at the town of Lincoln where short speeches were made by the contestants, and dinner was served at the hotel, after which, and as Mr. Lincoln came out on the plank-walk in front, I was formally presented to him. He saluted me with his natural cordiality, grasping my hand in both his large hands with a vise-like grip, and, looking down into my face with his beaming dark, dull eyes, said:

“How do you do? I am glad to meet you. I have read of you in the papers: you are making a statue of Judge Douglas for Governor Matteson’s new house?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered; “and sometime, when you are in Chicago and can spare the time, I would like to have you sit to me for your bust.”

"Yes, I will, Mr. Volk—shall be glad to, the first opportunity I have."

All were soon on board the long train, crowded with people, going to hear the speeches at Springfield. The train stopped on the track, near Edward's Grove, in the northern outskirts of the town, where staging was erected and a vast crowd waiting under the shade of the trees. On leaving the train, most of the passengers climbed over the fences and crossed the stubble-field, taking a short cut to the grove, among them Mr. Lincoln, who stalked forward alone, taking immense strides, the before-mentioned carpetbag and an umbrella in his hands, and his coat-skirts flying in the breeze. I managed to keep pretty close in the rear of the tall gaunt figure, with the head craned forward, apparently much over the balance, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, that was moving something like a hurricane across that rough stubble-field! He approached the rail-fence, sprang over it as nimbly as a boy of eighteen, and disappeared from my sight. Soon after, and while Douglas was speaking, Mr. Lincoln suddenly re-appeared in the crowd, mounted upon a fine, spirited horse.

In the evening I went to hear him speak in the Hall of Representatives of the old State House. He spoke with much deliberation and earnestness, and I thought there was sadness in his tone of voice; he reminded his friends of the difficulty of carrying the State for himself owing to the way in which it was districted at the time, and cautioned them not to be over-sanguine—to be prepared for defeat; if they wished for victory, no stone must be left unturned.

I did not see him again for nearly two years. I spent most of the winter of 1860 in Washington, publishing a statuette of Senator Douglas, and just before leaving, in the month of March, I called upon Mr. Douglas's colleague in the Senate from Illinois, and asked him if he had an idea as to who would be the probable nominee of the Republican Party for President, that I might model a bust of him in advance. He replied that he did not have the least particle of an idea who he would be, only that it would not be Judge Douglas.

I returned to Chicago, got my studio in the Portland Block in order and ready for work, and began to consider whose bust I should first begin in the clay, when I noticed in a morning paper that Abraham Lincoln was in town—retained as one of the counsel in a Sand-bar trial, in which the Michigan Central Railroad was either plaintiff or defendant. I at once decided to remind him of his promise to sit to me, made two years before. I found him in the United States District Courtroom (in a building known at the time as the Larmon

Block), his feet on the edge of a table, and his long, dark hair standing out at every imaginable angle, apparently uncombed for a week. He was surrounded by a group of lawyers, such as James F. Joy, Isaac N. Arnold, Thomas Hoyne, and others. Mr. Arnold obtained his attention in my behalf, when he instantly arose and met me outside the rail, recognizing me at once with his usual grip of both hands. He remembered his promise, and said, in answer to my question, that he expected to be detained by the case for a week. He added:

“I shall be glad to give you the sittings. When shall I come, and how long will you need me each time?”

Just after breakfast, every morning, would, he said, suit him the best, and he could remain till court opened, at ten o’clock. I answered that I would be ready for him next morning, Thursday. This was in the early part of April, 1860.

“Very well, Mr. Volk, I will be there, and I’ll go to a barber and have my hair cut before I come.”

I requested him not to let the barber cut it too short, and said I would rather he would leave it as it was; but to this he would not consent. Then, all of a sudden, he ran his fingers through his hair, and said:

“No, I cannot come tomorrow, as I have an engagement with Mr. W—— to go to Evanston tomorrow and attend an entertainment; but I’d rather come and sit to you for the bust than go there and meet a lot of college professors and others, all strangers to me. And I will be obliged if you will go to Mr. W——’s office now, and get me released from the engagement. I will wait here till you come back.”

So off I posted, but Mr. W—— would not release him, because he said, it would be a great disappointment to the people he had invited. Mr. Lincoln looked quite sorry when I reported to him the failure of my mission.

“Well,” he said, “I suppose I must go, but I will come to you Friday morning.”

He was there promptly—indeed, he never failed to be on time. My studio was in the fifth story, and there were no elevators in those days, and I soon learned to distinguish his steps on the stairs, and am sure he frequently came up two, if not three, steps at a stride. When he sat down the first time in that hard, wooden, low-armed chair which I still possess, and which has been occupied by Douglas, Seward, and Generals Grant and Dix, he said:

“Mr. Volk, I have never sat before to sculptor or painter—only for daguerreotypes and photographs. What shall I do?”

I told him I would only take the measurements of his head and shoulders that time, and next morning, Saturday, I would make a cast of his face, which would save him a number of sittings. He stood up against the wall and I made a mark above his head, and then measured up to it from the floor, and said:

"You are just twelve inches taller than Judge Douglas, that is, just six feet one inch."

Before commencing the cast next morning, and knowing Mr. Lincoln's fondness for a story, I told him one in order to remove what I thought an apprehensive expression—as though he feared the operation might be dangerous; and this is the story:

I occasionally employed a little black-eyed, black-haired, and dark-skinned Italian as a *formatore* in plaster work, who had related to me a short time before that himself and a comrade image-vender were "doing" Switzerland by hawking their images. One day, a Swiss gentleman asked him if he could make his likeness in plaster. "Oh, yes, signor; I am a sculptor!" So Matteo Mattei—such was the name of the pretender—got some plaster, laid the big Swiss gentleman on his back, stuck a quill in each nostril for him to breathe through, and requested him to close his eyes. Then "Mat," as I called him, poured the soft plaster all over his face and forehead; then he paused for reflection; as the plaster was beginning to set he became frightened as he had never before undertaken such a job, and had neglected to prepare the face properly, especially the gentleman's huge beard, mustache, and the hair about the temples and forehead, through which, of course, the plaster had run and become solid. "Mat" made an excuse to go outside the door—"then," said he, "I run like . . ."

I saw Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkle with mirth.

"How did he get it off?" said he.

I answered that probably, after reasonable waiting for the *sculptore*, he had to break it off, and cut and pull out all the hair which the tenacious plaster touched, the best way he could. "Mat" said he took special pains to avoid that particular part of Switzerland after that artistic experience. But his companion, who somewhat resembled him, not knowing anything of his partner's performance, was soon after overhauled by the gentleman and nearly cudgeled to death.

Upon hearing this, the tears actually trickled down Mr. Lincoln's bronzed cheeks, and he was at once in the best of humors. He sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast, and saw every move I made in a mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on without interference with his eyesight or his free breathing through the nostrils. It was

about an hour before the mold was ready to be removed, and being all in one piece, with both ears perfectly taken, it clung pretty hard, as the cheek-bones were higher than the jaws at the lobe of the ear. He bent his head low and took hold of the mold, and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury; it hurt a little, as a few hairs of the tender temples pulled out with the plaster and made his eyes water; but the remembrance of the poor Swiss gentleman evidently kept him in good mood.

He entered my studio on Sunday morning, remarking that a friend at the hotel (Tremont House) had invited him to attend church, "but," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thought I'd rather come and sit for the bust. The fact is," he continued, "I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!" And he extended his long arms, at the same time suiting the action to the words. He gave me on this day a sitting of more than four hours, and when it was concluded, went to our family apartment, on the corner of the building across the corridor from the studio, to look at a collection of photographs which I had made in 1855-6-7, in Rome and Florence. While sitting in the rocking-chair, he took my little son on his lap and spoke kindly to him, asking his name, age, etc. I held the photographs up and explained them to him, but I noticed a growing weariness, and his eyelids closed occasionally as if he were sleepy, or were thinking of something besides Grecian and Roman statuary and architecture. Finally he said: "These things must be very interesting to you, Mr. Volk, but the truth is I don't know much of history, and all I do know of it I have learned from lawbooks."

The sittings were continued daily till the Thursday following, and, during their continuance, he would talk almost unceasingly, telling some of the funniest and most laughable of stories, but he talked little of politics or religion during those sittings. He said: "I am bored nearly every time I sit down to a public dining-table by some one pitching into me on politics." Upon one occasion he spoke most enthusiastically of his profound admiration of Henry Clay, saying that he "almost worshiped him."

I remember, also, that he paid a high compliment to the late William A. Richardson, and said: "I regard him as one of the truest men that ever lived; he sticks to Judge Douglas through thick and thin—never deserted him, and never will. I admire such a man! By the by, Mr. Volk, he is now in town, and stopping at the Tremont. May I bring him with me tomorrow to see the bust?" Accordingly, he

brought him and two other old friends, ex-Lieut.-Gov. McMurtry, of Illinois, and Ebenezer Peck, all of whom looked a moment at the clay model, saying it was "just like him!" Then they began to tell stories and rehearse reminiscences, one after another. I can imagine I now hear their hearty laughs, just as I can see, as if photographed, the tall figure of Lincoln striding across that stubble-field.

Many people, presumably political aspirants with an eye to future prospects, besieged my door for interviews, but I made it a rule to keep it locked, and I think Mr. Lincoln appreciated the precaution.

The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them; so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat, and collar, threw them on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a murmur for an hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to re-dress, but he said: "No, I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking toward him, wishing to catch the form as accurately as possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-bye! I will see you again soon," passed out. A few moments after, I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming: "Hello, Mr. Volk! I got down on the sidewalk and found I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth frock coat! I went at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and re-dress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

On a Thursday in the month of June (May) following, Mr. Lincoln received the nomination on the third ballot for President of the United States. And it happened that on the same day I was on the cars, nearing Springfield. About midday, we reached Bloomington, and there learned of his nomination. At three or four o'clock, we arrived at our destination. The afternoon was lovely—bright and sunny, neither too warm nor too cool; the grass, trees, and the hosts of blooming roses, so profuse in Springfield, appeared to be vying with the ringing bells and waving flags.

As soon as I had brushed off the dust and registered at the old Chenery House, I went straight to Mr. Lincoln's unpretentious little

two-story house. He saw me from his door or window coming down the street, and as I entered the gate, he was on the platform in front of the door, and quite alone. His face looked radiant. I exclaimed: "I am the first man from Chicago, I believe, who has the honor of congratulating you on your nomination for President." Then those two great hands took both of mine with a grasp never to be forgotten. And while shaking, I said: "Now that you will doubtless be the next President of the United States, I want to make a statue of you, and shall do my best to do you justice." Said he, "I don't doubt it, for I have come to the conclusion that you are an honest man," and with that greeting I thought my hands were in a fair way of being crushed. I was invited into the parlor, and soon Mrs. Lincoln entered, holding a rose bouquet in her hand, which she presented to me after the introduction; and in return I gave her a cabinet-size bust of her husband, which I had modeled from the large one, and happened to have with me. Before leaving the house, it was arranged that Mr. Lincoln would give Saturday forenoon to obtaining full-length photographs to serve me for the proposed statue.

On Saturday evening, the committee appointed by the Convention to notify Mr. Lincoln formally of his nomination, headed by Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, reached Springfield, by special train, bearing a large number of people, two or three hundred of whom carried rails on their shoulders, marching in military style from the train to the old State House Hall of Representatives, where they stacked them like muskets. The evening was beautiful and clear, and the entire population was astir. The bells pealed, flags waved, and cannon thundered forth the triumphant nomination of Springfield's favorite and distinguished citizen. The bonfires blazed brightly, and especially in front of that prim-looking white house on Eighth Street. The committee and the vast crowd following passed in at the front door, and made their exit through the kitchen door in the rear, Mr. Lincoln giving them all a hearty shake of the hand as they passed him in the parlor.

After it was all over and the crowd dispersed, late in the evening, I took a stroll and passed the house. A few small boys only were in the street, trying to keep up a little blaze among the dying embers of the bonfire. One of them cried out:

"Here, Bill *Lincoln*—here's a stick."

Another chimed in:

"I've got a good one, Bill"—a picket he had slyly knocked from a dooryard fence.

By previous appointment, I was to cast Mr. Lincoln's hands on the Sunday following this memorable Saturday, at nine A.M. I found him ready, but he looked more grave and serious than he had appeared on the previous days. I wished him to hold something in his right hand, and he looked for a piece of pasteboard, but could find none. I told him a round stick would do as well as anything. Thereupon he went to the woodshed, and I heard the saw go, and he soon returned to the dining-room (where I did the work), whittling off the end of a piece of broom-handle. I remarked to him that he need not whittle off the edges.

"Oh well," said he, "I thought I would like to have it nice."

When I had successfully cast the mold of the right hand, I began the left, pausing a few moments to hear Mr. Lincoln tell me about a scar on the thumb.

"You have heard that they call me a rail-splitter, and you saw them carrying rails in the procession Saturday evening; well, it is true that I did split rails, and one day, while I was sharpening a wedge on a log, the axe glanced and nearly took my thumb off, and there is the scar, you see."

The right hand appeared swollen as compared with the left, on account of excessive hand-shaking the evening before; this difference is distinctly shown in the cast.

That Sunday evening I returned to Chicago with the molds of his hands, three photographic negatives of him, the identical black alpaca campaign-suit of 1858, and a pair of Lynn newly made pegged boots. The clothes were all burned up in the great Chicago fire. The casts of the face and hands I saved by taking them with me to Rome, and they have crossed the sea four times.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, at his house in Springfield. His little parlor was full of friends and politicians. He introduced me to them all, and remarked to me aside that, since he had sat for me for his bust, he had lost forty pounds in weight. This was easily perceptible, for the lines of his jaws were very sharply defined through the short beard which he was allowing to grow. Then he turned to the company, and announced in a general way that I had made a bust of him before his nomination, and that he was then giving daily sittings, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, to another sculptor; that he had sat to him for a week or more, but could not see the likeness, though he might yet bring it out.

"But," continued Mr. Lincoln, "in two or three days after Mr. Volk commenced my bust, there was the animal himself!"

And this was about the last, if not the last remark I ever heard him utter, except the good-bye, and his good wishes for my success.

I have omitted to say that, when sitting in April for the model, and speaking of his Cooper Institute speech delivered in New York a short time before, he said that he had arranged and composed this speech in his mind while going on the cars from Camden to Jersey City. When having his photograph taken at Springfield, he spoke of Colonel Ellsworth, whom he had met a short time before, and whose company of Zouaves he had seen drill. Lincoln said:

"He is the greatest little man I ever met!"

CHAPTER XXVI

A JOURNEY AND ADDRESS THAT HELPED TO SHAPE HISTORY

(A determining incident in Mr. Lincoln's swift rise to national leadership was the address he delivered at Cooper Institute, New York, in the evening of February 27, 1860. His debates with Douglas widened his reputation and without delay brought him invitations to lecture. Thus in October, 1859, James A. Briggs, acting for a young men's Republican club in New York, wrote requesting him to deliver a lecture in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which then had Henry Ward Beecher for its pastor. This invitation was accepted and after further correspondence February 27 was agreed upon as the date for the delivery of the address, Mr. Lincoln also deciding that he would make "a political speech of it." And when he reached New York he was informed that the place where he was to speak had been changed to Cooper Institute.

The afternoon preceding his address Mr. Lincoln, with members of the reception committee, made a visit to the studio of Matthew B. Brady and gave that noted photographer the first of many sittings. Later he more than once declared that the photograph taken that afternoon by Brady, and the address which he delivered that evening did much to make him President. And there is abundant proof that the speech that helped to make history was the result of severe thought and labor. Its actual composition was preceded by long and patient research in the Illinois State Library at Springfield and of study of other available resources, and it was written and twice rewritten before it assumed its final form. Henry B. Rankin, then attached to the law office of Lincoln and Herndon, offers revealing testimony as to the slow growth of the finished speech. Herndon's patience, he records, was tried sorely at times to see his partner "loitering and cutting, as he thought, too laboriously; but when the speech was completed he admitted that it was well worth the time devoted to it, and that it would be the crowning effort of Lincoln's life up to that time as it certainly proved to be. It was past the middle of February before the speech was completed and put into the folder. And even later, every day until it was placed in his travelling satchel, he took out the sheets

and carefully went over the pages, making notations here and there, and even writing whole pages over again."

William Cullen Bryant presided at the meeting on the evening of February 27, and the audience included many of the foremost citizens of New York, among them Horace Greeley, who pronounced Mr. Lincoln's address the ablest and most convincing argument against the extension of slavery that had been made up to that time. Thus in an impressive way was the speaker's rare moral and intellectual qualities revealed to the people of the Eastern States, and it was the support of delegates from those States that less than three months later contributed in substantial measure to his nomination for the Presidency. At the moment, however, Mr. Lincoln did not fully realize the profound effect his address was to have on his personal fortunes. This is made clear in a letter to his wife dated at Exeter, New Hampshire, where he had gone to visit their son Robert after its delivery. "I have been unable to escape this toil," he wrote Mrs. Lincoln on March 4. "If I had foreseen it, I think I would not have come East at all. The speech at New York being within my calculations before I started, went off passably well and gave me no trouble whatever. The difficulty was to make nine others before audiences who had already seen all my ideas in print."

Another sequel to the Cooper Institute address often recalled by Amos Jay Cummings, in turn printer, proofreader, editor and member of Congress, is charged with rufel interest for every collector of Lincolniana—either in act or desire. On his arrival in New York, Mr. Lincoln arranged for the publication of his speech in the Tribune. Accordingly his manuscript was duly turned over to the foreman of that journal, and it was planned that after delivery he should call at the Tribune office for a reading of the proof slips. Thus Cummings, then a Tribune proofreader, had just begun comparing the galley proofs with the manuscript when Mr. Lincoln appeared and, drawing a chair to the table, sat down beside him, adjusted his glasses and read each galley with scrupulous care. The process completed, he waited until the revised proofs were brought in, when these were in turn read and corrected. "After all the proofs were read," Cummings was wont to relate, "Mr. Lincoln had a few pleasant words with me and then went out alone and passed through Printing House Square and City Hall Park to the Astor House where he was lodged." But, as the proofs had been read and revised, the manuscript had been tossed sheet by sheet into a convenient wastebasket to be claimed in due course by the junkman!

There are here reprinted two first-hand accounts of the conditions under which Mr. Lincoln delivered his Cooper Institute address. The first by Richard Cunningham McCormick originally appeared in the Evening Post of New York on May 3, 1865, a few weeks after Mr. Lincoln's death. The second by Major George Haven Putnam was first published in the February 8, 1922, issue of the Outlook of New York. A native of New York and born in 1832, Mr. McCormick was in February, 1860, a member of the editorial staff of the Evening Post. In 1863 Mr. Lincoln appointed him secretary of Arizona and later he served as governor of that territory and as its delegate in Congress. Returning to New York, he was made assistant secretary of the treasury in 1877 and in 1894 elected to a single term in Congress. He died in Jamaica, New York, in 1901 at the end of a many-sided and useful career.

Major Putnam was a son of the founder of the publishing house of that name, and after service in the Civil War had a distinguished career as his father's successor, and as an author and man of affairs. He died in New York in 1930 in his eighty-seventh year.)

1. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. McCORMICK

When Mr. Lincoln came to New York to lecture in 1860, there was some confusion in the arrangements. He had at first been invited to appear in Brooklyn, but, upon deliberation, his friends thought it best that he should be heard in New York. Reaching the Astor House on Saturday, February 25th, he was surprised to find, by announcement in the public prints, that he was to speak at the Cooper Institute. He said he must review his address if it was to be delivered in New York. What he had prepared for Mr. Beecher's church folks might not be altogether appropriate to a miscellaneous political audience. Saturday was spent in a review of the speech, and on Sunday morning he went to Plymouth Church, where apparently he greatly enjoyed the service.

On Monday morning I waited upon him with several members of the Young Men's Republican Union into whose hands the preparations for the meeting at the Cooper Institute had chiefly fallen. We found him in a suit of black, much wrinkled from its careless packing in a small valise. He received us cordially, apologizing for the awkward and uncomfortable appearance he made in his new suit, and expressing himself surprised at being in New York. His form and manner were indeed odd, and we thought him the most unprepossessing public man we had ever met.

I spoke to him of the manuscript of his forthcoming address, and suggested to him that it should be given to the press at his earliest convenience, that it might be published in full on the morning following its delivery. He appeared in much doubt as to whether any of the papers would care to print it, and it was only when I accompanied a reporter to his room and made a request for it, that he began to think his words were to be of interest to the metropolitan public. He seemed wholly ignorant of the custom of supplying slips to the different journals from the office first putting the address in type, and was charmingly innocent of the machinery so generally used, even by some of our most popular orators, to give success and *éclat* to their public efforts. The address was written upon blue foolscap, all in his own hand, and with few interlineations. I was bold enough to read portions of it, and had no doubt that its delivery would create a marked sensation throughout the country.

Mr. Lincoln referred frequently to Mr. Douglas, but always in a generous, kindly manner. It was difficult to regard them as antagonists. Many stories of the famous Illinois debates were told us, and in a very short time his frank, fluent and sparkling conversation won our hearts and made his plain face pleasant to us all. During the day it was suggested that the orator should be taken up Broadway and shown the city, of which he knew but little, stating, I think, that he had been here but once before. At one place he met an Illinois acquaintance of former years, to whom he said in his dry, good-natured way: "Well, B., how have you fared since you left Illinois?" To which B. replied: "I have made one hundred thousand dollars and lost all; how is it with you Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, very well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I have the cottage at Springfield and about \$8,000 in money. If they make me Vice-President with Seward, as some say they will, I hope I shall be able to increase it to \$20,000, and that is as much as a man ought to want."

We visited a photographic establishment upon the corner of Broadway and Bleeker streets, where he sat for his picture, the first taken in New York. At the gallery he met and was introduced to George Bancroft, and had a brief conversation with that gentleman, who welcomed him to New York. The contrast in the appearance of the men was most striking—the one courtly and precise in his every word and gesture, with the air of a trans-Atlantic statesman; the other bluff and awkward, his every utterance an apology for his ignorance of metropolitan manners and customs. "I am on my way to New Hamp-

shire, said he to Mr. Bancroft, "where I have a son at school, who, if report be true, already knows much more than his father."

From the gallery we returned to the Astor House, and found that the arrangements for his appearance at the Cooper Institute on the same evening (February 27th) had been completed.

Who that was present upon that occasion can forget it? A curiosity to see and hear the man who had dared

"To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall,"

rather than the expectation of an oratorical or literary feast, had attracted a great audience. Upon the platform sat the Republican leaders of the city, and in the body of the hall there were many ladies. William Cullen Bryant, for whom Mr. Lincoln had during the day before expressed the highest admiration, took the chair, and introduced the speaker in a few graceful words: "It is a grateful office that I perform," said he, "in introducing to you an eminent citizen of the West, hitherto known to you only by reputation, who has consented to address a New York assembly this evening."

The language of Mr. Bryant, and the editorial of the *Evening Post* of the following day, expressing the wish that for the publication of such words of weight and wisdom as those uttered by Mr. Lincoln, the columns of that journal "were indefinitely elastic," were very pleasing to the "eminent citizen of the West."

Mr. Lincoln began his address at the Cooper Institute in a low, monotonous tone, but as he advanced, his quaint but clear voice rang out boldly and distinctly enough for all to hear. His manner was to a New York audience a very strange one, but it was captivating. He held the vast meeting spell-bound, and as one by one his oddly expressed but trenchant and convincing arguments confirmed the accuracy and irrefragability of his political conclusions, the house broke out in wild and prolonged enthusiasm. I think I never saw an audience more thoroughly carried away by an orator. . . .

Of the multitude that heard Mr. Lincoln that night, no thinking man or woman went away dissatisfied. To those already in sympathy with his views he had given strength and courage; to those doubting their wisdom he had presented arguments and facts not to be set aside. To all he had demonstrated an integrity and singleness of purpose, a knowledge of our Government from its origin, and a sagacity of statesmanship worthy of the profoundest respect. From the Institute a few friends accompanied Mr. Lincoln to the rooms of the Athenaeum Club, where we partook of a supper. All were delighted with the rude

good humour of the guest, who was in excellent spirits over his success at the Institute. His jokes were many and mirth-provoking in the extreme. At a late hour we parted, impressed with the originality and excellence of his character. There was a magnanimity of bearing, an exposure of heart and an irrepressible humour altogether refreshing.

The Cooper Institute address will live as one of the noblest productions of Mr. Lincoln's pen. It had much to do with securing for him the nomination at Chicago; indeed many are of the opinion that it was the single effort that made him the successful candidate in the convention. Its simple yet masterly style, its new and powerful logic, its mild and unanswerable disposition of the great agitating questions of the hour, its breadth and depth of spirit and tender sincerity, its lofty and eloquent patriotism, made it an appeal to the people alike opportune and forcible. . . .

It will be remembered that on his return from New England, where he made one or two striking addresses, he was in New York but a single day, the Sabbath. After the service had begun on the morning of that day, his tall figure was detected in a remote portion of one of the galleries of Plymouth Church, and it was with diffidence that he accepted an invitation to a more prominent position. During his hurried visit to New York and New England, he was frequently bantered as to the forthcoming Presidential nomination of the Republicans, the fact being apparent that he was the strong man of the West, but he showed no anxiety in the matter, and constantly expressed the opinion that the party wanted the nomination of Mr. Seward.

I did not see Mr. Lincoln again until late in January, 1861, when at the instance of various friends in New York, who wished a position in the cabinet for a prominent Kentuckian, I went to Springfield, armed with documents for his consideration. I remained there a week or more, and was at the Lincoln cottage daily; indeed, I must say in passing, that I felt more at home there than at the barren hotel, and was the more free in my visits from the kind consideration of Mrs. Lincoln, who joined her husband in the suggestion that hotel life was at best comfortless, and that while in Springfield I should escape it as much as possible by tarrying with them, at the same time regretting that their house was not large enough for the entertainment of all their friends. . . .

Of the numerous informal and formal interviews had at Springfield, I remember all with the sincerest pleasure. I never found the man upon whom the great responsibilities of a nation—upon the verge of

civil commotion—had been placed, impatient or ill-humoured. The roughest and most tedious visitors were made welcome and happy in his presence; the poor commanded as much of his time as the rich. His recognition of old friends and companions in rough life, whom many, elevated as he had been, would have found it convenient to forget, was especially hearty. His correspondence was already immense, and the town was alive with cabinet-makers and office-seekers, but he met all with a calm temper. . . .

From the hour of his inauguration Mr. Lincoln devoted himself to the business of his great office with remarkable assiduity. While no other President had such varied and oppressive cares, none was ever so indifferent to relaxation. His friends were ever apprehensive of the breaking of his health, and his face at times became exceedingly haggard and worn; yet he never lost an opportunity to laugh or crack a joke. My relations to his private secretaries during my residence in Washington (ending in the summer of 1863) were such that I was often at the White House late at night. On more than one occasion, while chatting with them, supposing the President to have retired, he came to the room and entered into lively and familiar conversation. Once, soon after I had made a canvass for Congress (1862) in this State, he congratulated me upon my vote, and took much pains to show what a variety of influences combined to insure the defeat of any one friendly to his administration.

When I told him, with a frankness which I knew he would like, that the more I advocated and defended his course the farther the people went from me, he laughed heartily, and commiserated me upon my identity with such an unpopular leader. On the same occasion he talked at length of the battles of Antietam and South Mountain, and of the difficulty in accounting for the number of men upon the army rolls, yet not in action. He said he had a list of the men in the several corps, provided him by General McClellan, and that he also had a list of those who took part in the battle, and that there was a wonderful discrepancy, for which he could not account, except upon the ground that the men were let off by the company officers. He concluded by pronouncing it a most difficult matter to retain men, to put your finger upon them when needed. "They are like fleas," said he, "the more you shovel them up in the corner the more they get away from you."

When John A. Gurley was made governor of Arizona he went often to the White House to talk over that country and its necessities. After receiving the appointment of secretary of the territory, I ac-

accompanied him. The President took a lively interest in the labor before us, and contributed in every way to our assistance, telling Mr. Gurley jovially that while he could not be expected to send an army to Arizona, he would see that his scalp was properly protected. He went so far as to endorse the orders to military authorities, and others upon our route, and in emphatic words requested them to be particular in their attentions. He was much interested in the reports from the mines, and said to one of our number: "Tell the miners I hope to visit them and dig some gold and silver after the war."

Upon the sudden death of Mr. Gurley, which he much deplored, I went with one of the judges of Arizona to ask the appointment of Mr. Goodwin, then chief justice of the territory, to the vacancy. We were at the White House by 8 A.M., while William, the colored servant who had attended Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, was in the act of shaving him. He looked up and said: "Is it the best judgment of you all (referring to the territorial officers) that Mr. Goodwin should be appointed?" Being told that it was, and that prompt action in the matter was important, that the starting of our party, already delayed might not be seriously retarded, he said: "Well, see the members of the Cabinet, and we will try to fix it at the meeting at noon today." It was so fixed, and at two o'clock we had the new governor's commission from the State Department.

When suggesting that the appointment of Mr. Goodwin would leave the chief justiceship of the territory vacant, the President quickly said that he had a man for that place, and begged that we would not name any one. "It is Grimes's man," said he, "and I must do something for Grimes. I have tried hard to please him from the start, but he complains, and I must satisfy him if possible." And so Grimes's man, Mr. Turner, of Iowa, was made chief justice. This prompt action suggests the remark, that while the late President was counted slow in his conclusions, he could and would, if in his judgment it was necessary, decide upon the instant, and that his delay was generally in awaiting the facts connected with the case under consideration, rather than in coming to a decision. . . .

2. RECOLLECTIONS OF MAJOR PUTNAM

The address delivered by Lincoln at Cooper Union on February 27, 1860, in response to the invitation of certain representative New Yorkers, was, as well in its character as in its results, the most important of all of Lincoln's utterances. Bearing in mind the weighty matters considered and the fact that it was through this address that

Lincoln became President, it may not be an exaggeration to refer to it as the most important political address given in the history of the country.

The way in which this address came to be made is probably not well understood by the citizens of the present generation. The Republican Party, the organization of which dates back to a meeting in Michigan in 1854, had at the time of the nomination of Lincoln made one Presidential campaign. It had not succeeded in electing Fremont, and it is probable that the failure of Fremont, who did not possess the qualifications required for leadership, was in the end of service to the republic, but the campaign gave evidence that the fight that the new party was making against the extension of slavery (and that it) should not be permitted to become a national institution, had won the sympathy and the support of the great mass of the voters of the North and of a substantial proportion also of the citizens of the Border States.

The man who had been most generally accepted as the leader of the new party was William H. Seward, of New York. Seward's scholarly training and political experience entitled him to be classed as a statesman. He had made clear a courageous expression of the principles on which the Republican Party was to make its fight. While his chief support naturally lay in the Eastern States, he had secured a national reputation. There could be no question on the part of the Republican managers in New York that the delegation sent by the State to the national convention to be held in Chicago in May was to be instructed for Seward.

Mr. Bryant, whose reputation as a poet may have caused the present generation to overlook the fact that he was also a great editor and a patriotic and unselfish leader of public opinion, brought together early in February, 1860, in his office a group of citizens, of whom my father was one. Bryant was anxious in regard to the action of the coming convention. He emphasized the fact that it was essential to secure as a leader in the campaign and to carry out the grave responsibilities of the Presidency a man who should not only possess the necessary individual qualifications, but who would be in a position to secure acceptance as a candidate and support as a President of all groups of loyal citizens throughout the country. Bryant was troubled lest the delegates from the Western States might not be prepared to accept an Eastern candidate. There was, as he pointed out, the risk, if the nomination did not come to Seward, that it might, as a result of some ill-considered phase of opinion or rush of suggestions, select

some candidate who would not meet the very exceptional requirements.

It was Bryant's recommendation that the New York delegation should receive instructions not only for a first but for a second choice. It was his further opinion that if Seward could not be nominated it would be necessary to accept some candidate from the West, and he suggested that this young lawyer in Illinois, who had in his debates with Douglas shown an exceptional grasp of the grave issues pending and a power to influence public opinion, might very possibly prove to be the best man for the purpose if Seward could not be secured. Bryant reminded his friends that he had printed in the Evening Post a full report of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates, and he said that these debates had given him a very high opinion of the clear-sightedness, patriotism, and effective force of the young lawyer. He suggested that they had better send an invitation to Lincoln to give an address in New York in order that they might secure a personal impression of the man and of his methods. The men whom Bryant called together were fully in accord with him, first, as to the desirability of nominating Seward if possible and, second, as to the importance of instructing the delegation for a second choice. They were quite prepared to meet Mr. Bryant's suggestion that the invitation should be accompanied by a check for expenses. "Young lawyers in Illinois were not likely," suggested a lawyer who was present, "to have surplus funds available."

Years after the war, I heard from Robert Lincoln that his father had in January been planning to make a trip eastward to see the boy, who was then at Phillips-Exeter Academy. His father wrote to Robert that he had just won a case and that as soon as his client B. made payment he would arrange for a trip. A week or more later Lincoln wrote again to the boy, expressing his disappointment that the trip would have to be postponed.

"B. cannot pay me for some time," said Lincoln, "and I have at this time no other money."

A week later Lincoln wrote again to his son, reporting that he was coming after all. "Some men in New York," he said, "have asked me to come to speak to them and have sent me money for the trip. I can manage the rest of the way."

My father was one of the vice-presidents of the meeting, and he arranged to secure a seat for me on the platform. Lincoln had never been in the East, and his personality was unfamiliar to an Eastern audience. It was understood that the lawyer from Illinois was going

to talk in New York about the fight against slavery. It was probable that a large part of the audience expected something "wild and woolly." The more optimistic of the hearers were hoping, however, that perhaps a new Henry Clay had arisen and were looking for utterances of the ornate and grandiloquent kind such as they had heard frequently from Clay and from other statesmen of the South.

The first impression of the man from the West did nothing to contradict the expectation of something weird, rough, and uncultivated. The long, ungainly figure, upon which hung clothes that, while new for the trip, were evidently the work of an unskillful tailor; the large feet; the clumsy hands, of which, at the outset at least, the orator seemed to be unduly conscious; the long, gaunt head capped by a shock of hair that seemed not to have been thoroughly brushed out made a picture which did not fit in with New York's conception of a finished statesman. The first utterance of the voice was not pleasant to the ear, the tone being harsh and the key too high. As the speech progressed, however, the speaker seemed to get into control of himself. He caught the tone of the hall (he had never before spoken in a large hall), and the voice gained a natural and impressive modulation; the gestures were dignified and appropriate, and the hearers came under the influence of the earnest look from the deeply set eyes and of the absolute integrity of purpose and of devotion to principle which were behind the thought and the words of the speaker.

It was evident that the man from the West understood thoroughly the constitutional history of the country; he had mastered the issues that had grown up about the slavery question; he knew thoroughly, and was prepared to respect, the rights of his political opponents; he knew with equal thoroughness the rights of the men whose views he was helping to shape, and he insisted that there would be no wavering or weakening in regard to the enforcement of those rights. He made it clear that the continued existence of the nation depended upon having these issues equitably adjusted, and he held that the equitable adjustment meant the restriction of slavery within its present boundaries. He maintained that such restrictions were just and necessary for the sake of fairness to the blacks as well as for the final welfare of the whites. He insisted that the voters in the present States in the Union had upon them the largest possible measure of responsibility in so controlling the great domain of the republic that the States of the future, the States in which their children and their grandchildren were to grow up as citizens, must be preserved in full liberty, must be protected against any invasion of an institution which represented

barbary. He maintained that such a contention could interfere in no way with the due recognition of the legitimate property rights of the present owners of slaves. He pointed out to the New Englanders of the anti-slavery group that the restriction of slavery meant its early extermination. He insisted that war for the purpose of exterminating slavery from existing slave territory could not be justified. He was prepared, however, for the purpose of defending against slavery the national territory that was still free, to take the risk of the war which the South threatened because he believed that only through such action could the existence of the nation be maintained; and he believed, further, that the maintenance of the great republic was essential, not only for the interests of its own citizens, but for the interests of free government throughout the world. Lincoln spoke with full sympathy of the difficulties and problems resting upon the South, and he insisted that the matters at issue could be adjusted only with a fair recognition of these difficulties. Aggression from either side of Mason and Dixon's Line must be withheld.

I was but a boy when I first looked upon the gaunt figure of the man who was to become the people's leader and listened to his calm but forcible arguments in behalf of the principles of the Republican Party. I have read the address more than once since, and it is of course impossible to separate my first impressions from my later direct knowledge. I do remember that I was at once impressed with the feeling that here was a political leader whose methods differed from those of any politician to whom I had listened. Lincoln's contentions were based, not upon invective or abuse of "the other fellow," but purely on considerations of justice, on the everlasting principle that what is just, and only what is just, represents the largest and highest interests of the nation as a whole.

This speech decided the selection of the national leader, not only for the political campaign, but through the coming struggle. If it had not been for the impression made upon New York and the East generally by Lincoln's speech and by the man himself, the vote of New York could not have been secured in the convention for his nomination. Robert Lincoln, writing to me in July, 1908, says: "After the address in February, father came to me at Exeter. The news of his speech had preceded him, and he was obliged to speak eleven times before leaving New England." It was because he had made a personal impression upon the voters, not only of New York, but of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, that when the New York delegates in the convention found that there was no

prospect of securing the nomination of Seward, and, in accordance with the instructions of Bryant's committee, gave their vote to the man from Illinois, the delegates from New England followed the lead and made the nomination assured.

An edition of the Cooper Union address was put into print in September, 1860, by the Young Men's Republican Union of New York. The publication of this pamphlet shows that as early as September, 1860, the historic importance and permanent value of this speech were fairly realized by the national leaders of the day. Never was a political leadership more fairly, more nobly, and more reasonably won. When the ballot-boxes were opened on the first Tuesday in November, Lincoln was found to have secured the electoral vote of every Northern State except New Jersey, and in New Jersey four electors out of seven. Breckinridge, the leader of the extreme Southern Democrats, had back of him only the votes of the Southern States outside of the Border States, these latter being divided between Bell and Douglas. Douglas and his shallow theory of "squatter sovereignty" had been buried beneath the good sense of the voters of the North.

It is well that Americans should remember the valuable service rendered by William C. Bryant in helping to bring about the selection as the leader, not only of the new party, but of all Americans who fought and worked to save the republic, the great Captain, Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER XXVII

BIRTH OF THE RAIL SPLITTER LEGEND, MAY 10, 1860

(There is here reprinted an address delivered by Richard Price Morgan at a meeting of the citizens of Livingston County, Illinois, held at Pontiac, the countyseat, on February 12, 1909, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. No address delivered on that historic day has keener, more abiding interest for the Lincoln student. Colonel Morgan, to give him his courtesy title, was then in his eighty-second year, having been born in 1828 at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. He early chose the calling of engineer and in 1852 removed to Illinois where he took charge of the location and construction of what is now the Chicago and Alton Railroad, with headquarters at Bloomington.

The new road completed, Colonel Morgan became its general superintendent, serving until 1857 in that capacity. Meanwhile, he founded the town of Dwight, Illinois, which, except for lengthy absences demanded now and then by his labors as an engineer, remained his home until his death in 1910, a year after his address at Pontiac. He was associated in later life with many engineering projects of the first importance, and filled at one time the post of chief engineer of the Pacific Railway Commission. Later still he was appointed by President Cleveland a member of a board of engineers charged with the selection of a location and preparation of plans for a deep water harbor on the southern coast of California, a project which when completed had much to do with the steady growth of Los Angeles. Among the honors that came to him in his last days was the degree of doctor of engineering conferred upon him by the University of Illinois.

Colonel Morgan's relations with Mr. Lincoln over a long period were marked by mutual confidence and goodwill, and we could ill-spare his first-hand story, told with the old-school courtesy and genial urbanity which, we are assured, were part of the man, of one of the great days in the life of a great friend.)

We have assembled to celebrate the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the

mightiest human power and inspiration for good ever given to mankind. This is an auspicious day for this country and for the oppressed of all nations. It is being most earnestly celebrated throughout the world wherever Christianity has lifted up the people. In joining with you to celebrate this great period in the march of time, and in the history of our country, it is my duty to you as chairman of your delegation to the Republican state convention at Decatur, Illinois, on the ninth and tenth of May, 1860, to give an accurate account to you of my stewardship.

Your delegation was selected at a county convention held in the old courthouse in Pontiac, early in May. The personnel of the delegation was: Jason W. Strevell, William Gagan, A. J. Cropsey, and Richard Price Morgan. Mr. Strevell, of Pontiac, was the first delegate chosen in the county convention, and by priority and also by his fine abilities he naturally became chairman; but, on account of my acquaintance with and friendship for Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Strevell urged and, by his own motion, caused me to act as chairman of the delegation. I may appropriately add that your delegation worked in the convention in perfect harmony with the twelve delegates from McLean County, all of whom have passed away. Their enthusiasm for Lincoln was unbounded, and they claimed that the flint was first struck by Lincoln at Bloomington, that started the patriotic fires which lighted his way to the Presidency.

My personal acquaintance with and friendship for Mr. Lincoln began in 1853, and continued until his death. The instructions we received when we were appointed delegates were to vote as a unit for State officers, and especially we were charged to do all in our power to secure the passage of a resolution pledging the Illinois delegates to the national convention, about to assemble in Chicago, its patriotism and integrity, as represented in the person of Abraham Lincoln, to secure his nomination for the Presidency.

Mr. Lincoln was present at the convention, and your delegates, as all others, had ample opportunity to meet and freely converse with him, upon the topics of the day. I shall not attempt to describe the intense patriotism which animated that most notable assembly. But to give you some idea of its spirit, I will repeat a short sentence from the speech of our war governor, Richard Yates, in acknowledging his nomination. He said: "Let us hope that the South will not attempt to destroy this Union; but, if it should, flaming giants will spring from every cornfield in the State of Illinois."

After the State business was concluded, the following resolution was

unanimously adopted with unbounded enthusiasm: "RESOLVED: that Abraham Lincoln is the choice of the Republican Party in Illinois for the Presidency, and that the delegates from this State are instructed to use all honorable means to procure his nomination by the Chicago convention, and that their vote be cast as a unit for him."

Mr. Lincoln was then escorted into the wigwam and to the platform by a committee selected by the chair. His appearance before the convention was the signal for another outburst of most hearty welcome. He received it without a smile, but the benignant expression of his eyes and face, and also his whole attitude, disclosed to every man in that multitude the affectionate gratitude of his heart. The response of Mr. Lincoln to the resolution was in a few grateful words of thanks. At the close of his remarks, Livingston County first led off and gave the world—"Three times Three for Abraham Lincoln, our next President." After these nine cheers were given with a will, the word came again from another part of the hall—"Three times Three for Honest Old Abe, our next President." This was followed by another and another.

When quiet was partially restored, Mr. Lincoln came slowly down from the platform, shaking the hundreds of hands extended to him. At this juncture the rail committee, headed by John Hanks, pressed through the crowd with several rails, carried them to the platform, and standing them up stood by them. Without further word the crowd, into which Lincoln had pressed his way some distance, began to shout: "Identify your work." He was at once seized upon and carried in the arms and over the heads of the crowd to the platform again and placed beside the rails. Then the delegates, being again seated, shouted: "Identify your work! Identify your work!" After a moment's hesitation, addressing himself to the convention, he said, quite solemnly: "I cannot say that I split these rails." Turning to Mr. Hanks and the committee, and looking at the rails, Mr. Lincoln asked: "Where did you get the rails?" Mr. Hanks replied: "At the farm you improved down on the Sangamon." "Well," said Lincoln, "that was a long time ago. However, it is possible I may have split these rails, but I cannot identify them." Again the delegates shouted: "Identify your work! Identify your work!" At this time the care visible on Mr. Lincoln's face gave way to a pleasant smile and he again said: "What kind of timber are they?" The committee replied: "Honey locust and black walnut." "Well," said Lincoln, his smile increasing, "that is lasting timber, and it may be that I split the rails."

Then he seemed to examine the rails critically, his smile all the time increasing, until his contagious merriment was visible, and he laughingly said: "Well, boys, I can only say I have split a great many better looking ones."

This tactful turn was met by a storm of approval, and three times three were given, and three more for "Honest Abraham Lincoln, the rail candidate, our next President." The convention then adjourned. In a moment there was a rush of delegates to the platform. The rails were seized upon and pieces of some of them were sawed off for souvenirs. I am happy to say that Livingston County was again among the first to get two pieces, and that I have with me as a token of the rail episode of that convention parts of the pieces of rails brought home to Livingston County, now in the form of a gavel.

Nothing could have afforded more decisive proof that Lincoln did split the rails than his adroit presentation of the circumstantial evidence. This was at once recognized by every delegate and was received with delightful satisfaction. The significance of this rail episode in respect to the character of Mr. Lincoln and his subsequent conduct of the affairs of our country through its most dreadful trial, will be manifest to all thoughtful persons. His honesty, sagacity and tact were the foundations upon which he stood immovable, when saving our country, until the day of his death.

I have for this reason considered it my duty in this respect especially to report to you and in the interest of accurate history state the facts which I have for so many years been possessed of in data and in an excellent memory. I feel so assured in what I have said that I do not believe it possible for any one to raise reasonable doubt of its general accuracy, nor shall I recede from any part of it without the indisputable proof of eye-witnesses like myself.

Soon after the adjournment of the convention, your delegation called on Mr. Lincoln to give him its best wishes and bid him good-bye for Livingston County. At that interview he said, in answer to a question as to his chances: "I reckon I'll get about a hundred votes at Chicago, and I have a notion that will be the high mark for me." This was the last duty of your delegation, and this report briefly represents the primary action of Livingston County in giving Abraham Lincoln to the world.

I have been requested to give some personal reminiscences of my relations with Mr. Lincoln. I had the good fortune to become acquainted with him in Bloomington in 1853, when I was division engineer, building the Chicago & Alton Railroad. Bloomington was then

a village of 1,200 people, overcrowded with emigrants, land buyers, railway contractors and laborers. Being somewhat permanently located, I was fortunate enough to have a large room on the first floor of my boarding-house, to which circumstance I am indebted for my acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln. On a hot afternoon, I think in the autumn season, I was seated in my room with the door partly open to the main hall, when I overheard the following conversation: "If you cannot accommodate me, I am sure I do not know what I shall do. I am here for this term of the circuit court, and have tried everywhere to find accommodations, but so far have failed, and I see no probability of success unless you can care for me."

The landlady, to whom the above was addressed, replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I would like very much to give you a room and board while you are in the city, but I have no room or bed to offer you. If it will help you any to come here for your meals, I will do the best I can for you."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "you are very kind, but I have nowhere to lay my head." Those being early days of western life, of which I had seen something, I stepped to the hall door and for the first time saw the tall man of destiny. After a moment, I said to the landlady: "Is this gentleman a friend of yours?" To which she replied, introducing him as "Mr. Lincoln, of Springfield, a lawyer who is practicing in the court of McLean County. He is a friend of mine and I am very sorry indeed that I am unable to accommodate him."

After looking at Mr. Lincoln a moment, and he at me, with a rather inquiring expression, I said: "If you will put a bed in my room, which is too large for one person in these crowded times, I would be pleased to have Mr. Lincoln room with me during his stay in the city." As I finished this remark, Lincoln threw back his head a little, and with it the long black hair that came over his forehead, and said: "Now, that is what I call clever." (In common western parlance the word "clever" was often used in the sense of kind or accommodating.)

I thus became the roommate of the greatest man since Washington, the peer of any man in the love of liberty, justice and mercy; and I wish to record here that during the time of this stay—several weeks—I learned from him many things which have been of priceless value to me. His time was much engrossed by court proceedings, but he seemed to strive, although I was twenty years his junior, to make his companionship interesting and serviceable to me. I was told by him of many things and stories of the earlier settlers in Illinois, and he also recited selections of poetry, one of them being the poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" of which he was very fond.

One evening he said: "The people of McLean County, before they became interested in railway construction, and when Pekin, on the Illinois River, was their market, had very little to occupy their time, especially at some seasons of the year. They would come to Bloomington on Saturdays with all sorts of vehicles—wagons, carts, and on horseback—and put in most of the day in fun, horse racing, and settling old feuds. When evening came and they were about to separate and return to their homes, almost every man, besides being well filled before starting, carried with him a good-sized brown jug in the front end of his wagon or cart."

Speaking of the relative merits of New England rum and corn juice, as he called it, to illuminate the human mind, Mr. Lincoln told me this story of John Moore, who resided south of Bloomington, and subsequently became state treasurer. Mr. Moore came to Bloomington one Saturday in a cart drawn by a fine pair of young red steers. For some reason he was a little late starting home, and besides his brown jug, he otherwise had a good load on. In passing through the grove that night, one wheel of his cart struck a stump or root and threw the pole out of the ring of the yoke. The steers, finding themselves free, ran away, and left John Moore sound asleep in his cart, where he remained all night. Early in the morning he roused himself, and looking over the side of the cart and around in the woods, he said: "If my name is John Moore, I've lost a pair of steers; if my name ain't John Moore, I've found a cart." After a good laugh together, Lincoln said: "Morgan, if you ever tell this story, you must add that Moore told it on himself."

On the adjournment of court, Mr. Lincoln returned to Springfield, after which I only met him incidentally when visiting Springfield, until the following autumn, when I became superintendent of the Chicago & Alton Railway, soon after which I engaged the services of Mr. Lincoln as attorney and counselor for the company, and thereafter had frequent business intercourse with him. It is not necessary for me to speak of his then acknowledged ability at the bar, but to illustrate his touch of humor and the knowledge of human nature, which was ever present with him, I quote a letter which I received from him, inclosing an expired annual pass for 1855, and requesting its renewal which was due him as counsel for the company:

"Springfield, Feb. 13, 1856.—R. P. Morgan, Esq: Says Tom to John, 'Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've broke it usin' on it. I wish you would mend it, 'cause I shall want to borrow it this afternoon.' Acting on this as a precedent, I say, 'Here's your old "chalked

hat." I wish you would take it and send me a new one, 'case I shall want to use it by the 1st of March.' Yours truly, A. Lincoln."

I have always understood that this letter was written to me more as an acquaintance and friend than in my official capacity. The expression "chalked hat" was at that era, in railroading, at least, quite generally used in connection with persons who were fortunate enough to possess annual passes, and when they were called upon by the conductors, the holders would say: "I have a chalked hat," or, in brief, "I chalk." It was in the summer of the year that I received this letter—1856—that I stood next to Mr. Lincoln and heard him say: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." He was addressing an assemblage of three or four hundred people from the raised platform of the entrance to the Pike House, in Bloomington, upon the subject of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and reviewing the arguments of Douglas in support of it. His application of his epigram was so apt and so forcible that I have never forgotten it, and I believe that no verbal modification of it would be accurate. In his final peroration of that address, referring again to the arguments favoring the Kansas-Nebraska Act, he said, with wonderful energy and earnestness: "Surely, surely, my friends, you cannot be deceived by such sophistries."

The occurrences of which I have spoken were all anterior to the war to preserve the Union. Among some treasures I have is an autograph letter, written in 1863, in which Mr. Lincoln declares himself to be my personal acquaintance and friend. I consider it my duty to mention one fact that may otherwise be lost in the history of our country, as seemingly there is no record of it. Upon the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers, "flaming giants" did spring from the cornfields of Livingston County. On the 16th of April, the morning after the call, at 5 o'clock, I had the honor of standing at the door of the Adjutant General's office in the old State House at Springfield, holding in my hand a muster roll of eighty volunteers from Livingston County. It was recorded as No. 13, twelve others only standing ahead of me in the line, and before the office opened there were as many behind me, holding up their muster rolls. These volunteers from Livingston County were not mustered in as a company, because there were more volunteers in the State at large than its quota under that call. Most of these men immediately sought service in Regiments Seven to Twelve, inclusive, which constituted the First Brigade of Illinois Volunteers, organized from April 25 to May 10, 1861.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A REPORTER WITH LINCOLN IN 1859 AND '60

(The article here reprinted was first published in the New York Herald Tribune of February 7, 1932, when its author, William H. Smith, was ninety-two years of age, but still active in the calling he had followed for three-quarters of a century. A native of the Middle West, Mr. Smith was successively a member of the staff of the Indianapolis Atlas, Journal and Times, of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette and of the Washington Post, being a contributor to the columns of the last-named journal when his long professional career came to an end. Thus it fell to Mr. Smith's lot, as an alert, eager-minded youngster of nineteen, to report one of the speeches made by Mr. Lincoln, in Ohio and Indiana in the fall of 1859, a year after his debates with Douglas had brought him into national notice as a political speaker of grasp and range with a rare gift for persuading hesitating and as yet undecided hearers. The Indianapolis address to which Mr. Smith refers was delivered on September 19, 1859, following speeches by Mr. Lincoln in Columbus, Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio. "Mr. Lincoln spoke nearly two hours," commented Reporter Smith in the *Atlas*, "and was frequently interrupted by cheers and laughter." More important still, eight months later some of the Republican leaders who listened to and were impressed by his telling arguments joined in the planning which assured his nomination over Seward at Chicago.)

I first saw Mr. Lincoln in August or September of 1859. I was a cub reporter on The Indianapolis *Atlas*, a paper edited and published by John D. Defrees, afterward appointed public printer at Washington by President Lincoln when that office was established by Congress. During some previous campaigns, Mr. Lincoln had spoken in some of the western counties of Indiana, but this was his first appearance as a speech maker in Indianapolis. There was no political campaign at the time, but the Republicans of Indiana were looking forward to 1860, and Lincoln was invited to make an address.

In those days newspapers did not print in extenso a political

speech, no matter how great the reputation of the orator might be. The reporter wrote in story form something about the appearance of the speaker, his manner, and the method of his argument, closing with something about how the speech was received by the audience. Lincoln's reputation as a political orator had preceded him and the auditorium was filled to its capacity.

As the president of the meeting was closing his few words of introduction, Mr. Lincoln arose from the chair he occupied and walked to the front of the platform. He did not look like an orator. He was tall, and thin of visage and of figure. There was no appearance of trepidation as he came forward nor of any stage fright. His whole appearance was that of one who was used to address great audiences, and who felt assured of himself. At no time was his voice loud or boisterous but it had great carrying powers, his words clearly reaching to the limits of the auditorium.

There may have been some harshness in his tones, but if so, it was quickly lost to the auditor by the intensity of his desire to hear the words. There was no straining after lofty periods of eloquence. He seemed to be addressing himself to the intelligence and thinking powers of his auditors rather than to their imagination. His words were simple, but every one was weighted with meaning, and when delivered they formed an argument that was irresistible or a statement of fact that was conclusive.

He spoke at some length of the existing political conditions, especially of those in Kansas, where a state of semi-war existed by the efforts to force slavery on the inhabitants of the territory. He dissected the "squatter sovereignty" proposal of Senator Douglas, averring that if it prevailed the scenes which had been enacted in Kansas would be duplicated in several of the States, because of the efforts of the friends of slavery to make that institution national instead of local. He denounced the repeal of the Missouri Compromise as a political crime, characterizing it as an example of a nation breaking faith with itself.

The part of the speech, however, which most strongly impressed me, at the time, and has remained the longest in my memory is what he said about reverence for the law. I noticed that he never used the term obedience to the law, but always reverence, seeming to regard that term higher and more comprehensive than the other. After a lapse of nearly three-quarters of a century it cannot be expected that I can literally quote the words used. I shall make no attempt to do so, but in my own words convey the thoughts he expressed.

I remember very distinctly that he spoke of this reverence for the

law as the "palladium of our liberties, our shield, buckler and high tower." He said that if we ever lost this reverence for law an end would come to the government by the people and chaos would rule. He said that reverence for the law should be instilled at the family fireside in every child, as soon as the child was old enough to understand the meaning of the word "rule"; it should be taught in all schools and colleges, preached in every pulpit and form an important part in every political speech on the forum, for on this reverence the perpetuity of our government depended.

He said the only danger we had to fear was from ourselves; there could never be any from the outside. There was no government powerful enough, there could be no combination of governments formed that would be powerful enough to collect a fleet sufficient to come to our shores. We could cast aside all such fears.

I did not personally meet Mr. Lincoln on that occasion. My first personal meeting took place shortly after the adjournment of the Chicago convention which had nominated him for President. The Indiana delegates, with some others from the State, arranged to return home by the way of Springfield, stopping there to make a call on the nominee. We found the people of Springfield hilariously happy over the honor conferred on Honest Old Abe. Our call at the Lincoln residence lasted only a few minutes. He received us genially and cordially thanked the delegates for their loyal support of him in the convention. He reminded us that he had spent a few of his boyhood years in the Hoosier State, years he remembered with great pleasure.

Indiana was at that time what was called an October State, that is, the election for State officers occurred in the October prior to that for President in November. The Republicans were desirous of obtaining the highest possible majority, for the influence it might have on other States in November. It was arranged for a party of prominent Republicans to visit Springfield and have a conference with Mr. Lincoln about some phases of the campaign. The leaders of this party were Henry S. Lane, then Republican candidate for governor of the State and later a prominent member of the United States Senate; Caleb B. Smith, appointed Secretary of the Interior by Mr. Lincoln when he became President and Colonel Richard W. Thompson, who some years later became Secretary of the Navy in the administration of President Hayes.

The consultation lasted for more than three hours, the whole situation being discussed. The conditions in the South and the threats of dissolution being made there formed important items for the dis-

cussion. One of the callers expressed it as his opinion that the threats were idle, intended to influence votes in the North. Mr. Lincoln disagreed with this view, expressing great fears that a serious attempt would be made to dissolve the Union. He did not believe, however, that all the Slave States would join in the movement. There was a strong Union sentiment in Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, which he believed would hold these States in check. He regarded it certain that Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland would remain loyal. By inheritance the people were more restless and resentful against any restraint or opposition to their own wishes.

In his opinion South Carolina would attempt to lead in the movement and probably would be followed by the Gulf States. At that point he related the only story told during the visit. If the Gulf States undertook to follow the lead of South Carolina, while Virginia and North Carolina remained loyal, they would doubtless soon find themselves in the predicament of the boy with his calf. The boy was sent to the pasture to bring the calf to the home lot. He took a rope with him, tied one end around the neck of the calf and the other around his own waist, and gleefully started homeward, the juvenile bovine leading the way. All went well for a time. Then the calf began running rapidly, dragging the boy after him. When he could get breath the boy shouted lustily: "Here we come, damn our fool souls! Somebody head us off!"

As the party were in the car returning to Indianapolis, attention was called to the fact that Mr. Lincoln had not intimated what course he would pursue, as President, should the South try to dissolve the Union. Colonel Thompson controverted this, calling attention to the fact that Mr. Lincoln always used the word "attempt." Colonel Thompson said that if any of those States desired to get out of the Union, they would have to make their get-away before the Fourth of March, for after that time they would have the fight of their lives if they made any such attempt.

On two other occasions during the campaign a delegation from Indiana visited Mr. Lincoln. He impressed them with the conviction that the Union must be preserved at all hazards. There was something tangible about him which made those who called on him feel that he possessed great reserve powers, and would be able to meet any contingency which might arise. His visitors always left him in more enthusiastic mood than they were when they arrived.

When Mr. Lincoln was en route to Washington to be inaugurated President he stopped at Indianapolis for two or three hours. From the

balcony of the hotel he addressed a crowd which literally packed the street in front of the building. The speech was short, occupying only three or four minutes in its delivery, but it had a great effect on those who heard it. Among those present were several of the leading business men of the city. One of them, who was also a prominent Democrat, in speaking of the speech said:

"They may call that man an ape or baboon, but he is the greatest speechmaker in America. He makes you believe he is sincere." To this another added, "It would be a great thing for the country if we had more apes like him, and fewer of such political troublemakers as Jeff Davis, Wigfall and Yancey."

The day after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, Governor Morton related to me an incident where President Lincoln had strength of will enough to force a reluctant and insubordinate member of the Cabinet to do his will. When General Grant was besieging Vicksburg the Governor sent an agent to that place to investigate the condition of the sick and wounded Indiana soldiers. The agent reported that the hospital accommodations were inadequate and in a wretchedly insanitary condition and that there was not enough surgeons and nurses to care for the large numbers of patients. He said that unless some relief was quickly afforded hundreds would die because of this lack of attention.

The Governor went to Washington and laid the matter before the President, offering if permission were granted to remove all the Indiana sick and wounded back to the State and provide for their care and treatment in hospitals or private homes. The President sent for Secretary Stanton. The matter was fully discussed and Stanton abruptly refused to grant the permission, saying it was against all regulations, would subvert discipline and disintegrate the army. Mr. Morton said he became angry and blurted out that he would appeal to the people, fill the newspapers with the story that rather than break a fool army regulation they would leave brave soldiers to die like rats. He said he told them that the President need not call on Indiana for more troops, as he would not send another Indianian to risk his life under such regulations.

At this the President said: "Mr. Stanton, you will have to issue that permit." Stanton retorted angrily, "I will not do it." "Yes, you will, Mr. Secretary," replied the President. "Wire General Grant today to furlough in care of Governor Morton every Indiana sick or wounded soldier now with his army. Or send the adjutant general to me and I will issue the order in my own name as commander in chief

of the army." The order was issued and the sick and wounded taken back to Indiana.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln was when he was lying in state in the rotunda of the state house at Indianapolis. For hours and hours there was a steady procession of men and women passing through the building to gaze for a moment on the Great Martyr. During all those hours an orchestra placed in one of the galleries and a chorus of voices in the one opposite alternated in rendering funeral dirges and anthems. It was a memorable scene, one never to be forgotten.

As I gazed on that lifeless form, my mind flashed back to a scene which occurred only six short weeks before, when that form stood erect on the east portico of the Capitol in Washington. It was at this time he announced to a great throng of citizens the creed which was to guide him in the days to come. He had been reviled and ridiculed more than any of his predecessors. Because of his homely features he had been called an ape, a baboon, a gorilla.

For four years the enemies of the Union, which he loved and had sworn to defend, had endeavored to destroy it and had filled the land with widows and orphans. He stood there proclaiming that in his heart there was no malice, no enmity against any of them, nothing but love. Who can forget those words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all." I thought how he had taken that great audience and made them one with himself in this creed, when he added the words "Let us go on."

When I emerged from the building Judge Joseph E. McDonald, a Democratic leader of the State and the party candidate for governor the year previous, was standing a few paces away. As I approached him I saw his eyes filled with tears. He greeted me with the explanation: "What a heart, what a soul! There lies the best, truest, wisest friend the South ever had in America, and they have not realized it." He said that Mr. Lincoln was the only one who could have carried the country through the great crisis.

As we walked together down the street Judge McDonald related to me the incidents connected with a visit he paid to President Lincoln in Washington. At one time during the war a troop of cavalry was sent from Indianapolis into an adjoining county, to capture some deserters reported to be hiding there. They were ambushed and fired on by a group of men and some of the soldiers wounded. Several of those engaged in the attack were captured and taken to Indianapolis, where they were tried and convicted, heavy penalties being assessed against them.

Judge McDonald acted as the attorney for some of them, and in their interest went to Washington to intercede with the President for them. He said the President patiently listened to him while he related all the circumstances connected with the occurrence. When he had closed his statement the President said to him:

"Judge McDonald, if you were President of the United States as I am, with all the responsibility upon you and you had personal knowledge of all the facts connected with this occurrence and personally knew the men engaged in it, what would you do? What would you think it right to do?"

The Judge said he replied that he would grant the relief asked for in the petition he held in his hand; he would regard such an act as being justifiable and for the best interest of all concerned. The President took the petition, called one of his secretaries and instructed him to prepare the necessary papers. The Judge added: "As I was bidding him good-bye I said to him, 'Mr. President, you are not the blood-thirsty man you have the reputation for being.' The President looked at me a moment or two with his great eyes and then replied: 'Judge McDonald, if I were the only butcher in America the people would go a long, long time without meat'."

This ended the recital of the incident told by Judge McDonald. He paused a moment and then said: "Abraham Lincoln the President is dead, Abraham Lincoln the man is immortal."

CHAPTER XXIX

WHAT CAUSED THE DEFEAT OF MR. SEWARD

(Born in 1833 Isaac Hill Bromley was for many years a member of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune and a gifted and winning figure in the journalism of his period. In earlier years, after brief excursions into law and politics, he had founded the Morning Bulletin in his native town, Norwich, Connecticut, and as its editor in 1860 attended and reported the Republican national convention which nominated Lincoln for President. A generation later he contributed to the November, 1893, issue of Scribner's Magazine the account here reprinted of that historic gathering.

A penetrating appraiser of men and measures, Mr. Bromley possessed humor of a unique quality, and a gift for apt and whimsical expression that more than once caused his happiest efforts to be compared to those of Lamb and Thackeray. All of these qualities are in evidence in his narrative of the crucial hours from which Abraham Lincoln emerged the leader of a great cause and a great party. Mr. Bromley died in August, 1898, after a long and painful illness borne cheerfully and without complaint. The tribute to his memory paid in verse by William Winter, his longtime associate on the Tribune, is cherished by those still living who in early manhood had the rare good fortune to meet and know him.)

The second Republican national convention met at Chicago on May 16, 1860. With the Democratic Party hopelessly disrupted, and the whole trend of affairs in the Free States toward a union of all the elements of opposition to that party, it was not strange that the delegates came together at Chicago in high spirits and with a confident feeling that the nominee of the convention would be the next President of the United States. No one looked farther than that. The fixed purpose of the party was to bring Kansas into the Union as a Free State, and set definite bounds to the institution of slavery. That was all. It did not enter into the dream of the most radical opponents of the institution to interfere with it where it already existed. If anyone had said that within the next presidential term slavery would be

abolished and the slaves made free citizens, he would have been listened to very much as one would who predicted that the Mississippi would presently run north. Simply to restrict the institution to existing limits seemed easy enough; and though threats of secession were louder and more general than ever in the South, it was the belief of most people in the North that it was only bluster and that nothing would come of it. What these delegates saw, then, was a Presidency within easy reach and the usual acquiescence of the defeated party in the result. They were not free from selfish ambitions nor unfamiliar with the arts by which these ambitions are promoted. They were altogether human; and whoever believes, on account of what followed their work, that they were saints or even unselfish philanthropists, that they pursued no devious ways, resorted to no intrigues, and drove no sharp bargains, makes a mistake.

The convention met in an enormous building with a capacity capable of holding ten or twelve thousand people, a barn-like structure, made of rough timber, decorated so completely with flags, banners, bunting, etc., that when filled it seemed a gorgeous pavilion aflame with color and all aflutter with pennants and streamers. It was the first of its kind, and itself something of a wonder. The stage proper was of sufficient capacity to hold all the delegates, who were seated on either side of a slightly elevated dais occupied by the presiding officer, the secretaries being just in front, and beyond them, occupying the space to the edge of the platform, the representatives of the press. The parquette below was occupied by alternates and holders of special tickets distributed by the delegates. The galleries were reserved for ladies accompanied by gentlemen, and the miscellaneous public to the number of four or five thousand stood in the aisles and all the available unoccupied space. The peculiarity of this arrangement, it will be seen, was in its breaking the convention proper in two, and seating it on each side, instead of in front of the presiding officer. The advantage of it was that the convention was staged so that the delegates could be seen from all parts of the auditorium and none of the proceedings lost by the audience. Something of convenience was sacrificed to dramatic effect. The convention was just then "The greatest show on earth."

It was indeed a grand spectacle. When Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York, as chairman of the Republican national committee, called the convention to order, he faced the largest audience that had ever assembled within doors in the country. Governor Morgan was not an impressive speaker. He read from manuscript the few

sentences with which he formally opened the proceedings in a rather perfunctory way but he was regarded with interest as the governor of New York, and as representative of the successful merchants and wealthy men of business who had laid aside their timid conservatism and put themselves heart, soul and purse—the last not being least important—into the new movement against slavery extension and slave-holding domination. During these preliminaries there were the ordinary handclapping and applause with which large assemblages amuse themselves and hold impatience in check. The naming of David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, for temporary chairman induced a general outburst of enthusiasm—for David Wilmot, by the accident of having offered an amendment to a bill appropriating money for the purchase of territory from Mexico in 1846, which provided that slavery should be forever prohibited in the purchased territory, had been famous in all the years of slavery agitation since that time as the author of the Wilmot Proviso, which was long the rallying-point of the opponents of slavery extension. No man in the convention was better known by name than he. The commonplace speech with which he took the chair was well received by the good-natured audience, who by this time had perceived that by a piece of good luck the acoustic properties of the Wigwam were excellent, so that the speakers could be heard without difficulty in every part of it.

Then followed the humdrum of organization, the calling off the names already agreed upon for the several committees by the various State delegations, during which the vast hive was in a buzz and flutter and the galleries occupied themselves with finding and pointing out the men of note on the platform. Considering the greatness of these transactions, and their epoch-marking character, it is almost a disappointment, in recalling the scene, to find that there were so few men of great fame in sight. The great soldiers who, a few years later, made their names immortal, were unknown; they were in the egg on which this convention sat and unconsciously cackled. A man in uniform on that stage would have been viewed curiously, for our people had then no idea that military trappings were for anything but show. A year later it is not improbable that from a quarter to a half of the male citizens in the Wigwam were in military uniforms with a thorough realization that they meant a great deal more than show.

Sitting by my side at the same table was a newspaper editor, who called me “Ike,” as I called him “Joe.” He was running over with enthusiasm. When the nomination was made he interrupted himself in his hurrahing to say to me, who looked on in wide-eyed silence, “Why

don't you hurrah?" I don't know why I did not; but I remember that I felt queer and only said, "I can't hurrah; I should cry if anyone touched me." I came nearer crying when, in less than twelve months, I saw him in uniform at the head of the first Connecticut company that answered the call for troops. He was afterward a brigadier general, governor of his State, and member of Congress, and has lately been elected to his third term as United States senator. There were probably other similar cases. It was Joe Hawley who sat at my elbow.

I have said that our people at that time had little notion that military paraphernalia was for anything but show, or that marching movements or exercises in the manual of arms signified anything more than symmetry and prettiness in certain mechanical operations by groups or masses of men. The circumstance is recalled that on one of the evenings of convention week there was an exhibition drill in the Wigwam of an organization called the Chicago Zouaves. It was more an athletic club with military organization, drill, and discipline, than an ordinary militia regiment. Its picturesque uniform, which has since become familiar, was then so novel and unusual as to constitute in itself an attractive feature, while the remarkable acrobatic performances, of which the drill largely consisted, and the rapidity and precision with which they were executed by the whole regiment, as if by one man, lent to the exhibition all the charm of the circus of the period. It might have been remarked that, pretty as it all looked, it was not all prettiness, but that every step of it, though a dancing-master's, meant business. Very few did remark it until later. The colonel was a young lawyer named Ellsworth. The Chicago people thought very well of him, because of his talent for organization, and the ability he had shown in perfecting this pretty machine. They had no idea, though, that he had done it for any but show purposes, or that he was an earnest person engaged in serious work. In one year and six days from the day of the convention's adjournment he lay dead in his uniform at Alexandria, Va., one of the first who fell in the war, having earned, with an undying fame, the everlasting gratitude of his country for the single-hearted service he gave her, and the inspiration of a heroic example.

It was a thick curtain that hung before the Chicago convention of 1860. Behind it were preparing the most bewildering transformations that ever dazzled the eyes of mortal man.

But though the heroes of the war were not there in uniform, there were, in the various groups upon the platform several figures of na-

tional prominence—targets for the galleries' index-fingers. It seems to me, as I recall it, that Horace Greeley was the most conspicuous, as he was certainly the most picturesque figure on the platform. He did not need pointing out. Everybody in the audience seemed to know him at sight. The most frequent exclamation was: "There's old Greeley," with no disrespect, but only a rough fondness in the adjective. He was full of business. The New York delegation was for Seward to a man. And for him absolutely, unreservedly—first, last, and all the time, without any second choice. To them Mr. Seward seemed the central figure of the whole movement, its prophet, priest, and oracle. Not even Henry Clay before him, or Grant or Blaine after, had such a following of blind idolaters. They had worked themselves up into the belief that the new political party would collapse if it did not take the highest ground of principle, and choose as its leader the foremost anti-slavery statesman in the country; the man who had described the relations between freedom and slavery as an "irrepressible conflict" between two opposing and enduring forces, and whom they fondly called Old Irrepressible. Without him it would be the play without Hamlet. They were vociferous, aggressive, boisterous, and they had brought with them from New York outsiders and workers and brass bands who filled the streets with processions and the nights with music to such an extent that the Seward enthusiasm seemed tumultuous and all-absorbing. Conspicuous among these was the famous prize-fighter Tom Hyer, a sort of white blackbird, who, though prize-fighter and gambler, was an active member of what had begun to be called "the party of moral ideas." He was one of the most quiet and gentlemanly persons in the crowd. The outsiders did the torchlight, brass-band, and Roman-candle business, with oratorical punctuation from hotel balconies, while the delegates proper were engaged in the more quiet and more important work of effecting combinations and making bargains to insure their favorite's success. This part of the programme was largely directed by that consummate politician, Thurlow Weed.

Mr. Greeley was an ill-balanced man. He was great, partly because and partly in spite of his eccentricities. He was, on most occasions, extremely inopportune. In the present conjuncture of circumstances by the logic of all his political teaching, and his whole life, he should have been for Seward. Seward stood for conscientious conviction, sturdy adherence to principle, and uncompromising hostility to the aggressions of the slave power. The Tribune stood for that too, and the Tribune was Greeley. The younger reader, and possibly some older

ones, may find it difficult to understand, in view of subsequent events, that Seward represented the radical, uncompromising, anti-slavery element in 1860, and that the more conservative, timid, and time-serving of the party chose Mr. Lincoln for the simple reason that it was easier to unite the opposition to Seward on him than on any one else. That is the simple truth. Personal differences with Seward and Weed, growing, strangely enough, out of political ambition, from which he was supposed to be absolutely free, had estranged Greeley from his natural leader. So here he was, fighting him with all the intensity of his nature and all the resources at his command. He was not idle a moment, and, wherever he happened to be, was surrounded by a gaping crowd. Some mischievous fellow pinned a Seward badge on his coattail; it amused the crowd for a moment without giving him the slightest disturbance. The Oregon delegation not being full, his name was put on the list as a delegate from that State. On the same list I may say, in passing, was the name of Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, another eccentric politician, who, accepting the doctrine of popular sovereignty, had taken practical steps toward beating the slave-holders at their own game, by organizing Emigrant Aid Societies to colonize Kansas with Free-State settlers. He is not much remembered now, but the enterprises he originated saved Kansas from slavery, by filling the territory with a majority of anti-slavery settlers.

Greeley and Thayer, as delegates from Oregon, raised a smile as the list was read; but no serious objection was raised to their sitting in that capacity. There was no disposition to enforce strictness as to credentials from the Northern States, though a question was raised as to the admission of delegates, not well accredited, from Southern States where there was notoriously no Republican organization. It was really a question of Seward and Anti-Seward, as indeed all others were upon which there was any division. The Seward men carried their point, and they were admitted.

Next to Greeley the Blair family—Francis P., Sr., and his two sons, Montgomery and Francis P., Jr.—seemed to attract most attention. The two former were delegates from Maryland, and Young Frank, as he was called, led the Missouri delegation. The senior Blair had been an intimate friend and confidential adviser of Andrew Jackson, and there had not been a turn or a twist in national politics for thirty years that he had not been more or less concerned in. Like Thurlow Weed, whom he somewhat resembled in his relations to politics, he had never held public office, but his name was a household word,

and here he was held in high honor because of the invaluable service he had rendered in organizing and building up the new party. Young Frank had been making so plucky a fight against slavery in the Border State of Missouri, for five or six years past, that he had already a national reputation. Montgomery's distinction at that time was only that he was one of the famous family. The Blairs were all opposed to Seward.

William M. Evarts, then in the prime of life and the full vigor of his physical powers, his smooth-shaven, classical features and strong profile distinguishing him somewhat from the vulgar crowd, was at the head of the New York delegation: the dignity of his carriage and repose of his manner in marked contrast with the fussy and uneasy Greeley, who went shambling around in an aimless, disjointed way. Evarts had not been in public life except in the practice of his profession, but of that he was one of the leading members, and his reputation as a learned lawyer and brilliant advocate was already national. In the event of Seward's nomination it was whispered that Evarts would succeed him as senator. He was the chairman of the delegation—its recognized spokesman and mouthpiece. The management of the Seward canvass was left to others; he was its figurehead.

Near him sat the deep-eyed, scholarly George W. Curtis, quiet, observant, taking in the whole scene and surroundings with the eye of the philosopher and the serenity of the scholar, but the manner, none the less, of a seer who, in the midst of the turmoil, was profoundly conscious that out of all the hurly-burly the elements were gathering for a stately and orderly forward movement in the history of the republic and the enfranchisement of universal man. He had been for many years a familiar figure on the lecture platform: a forum which had been increasing in influence and power since 1850, and at that time in all the cities and large towns of the North was more popular than theatre or concert, and more influential than the pulpit upon public opinion. The step from the lecture platform to the political stump in the period opening with the Kansas agitation was, for a man of his profound convictions and sincere character, easy and natural. During the Fremont campaign he had been a leading attraction in the great popular gatherings, and had added to the reputation of a polished and accomplished platform lecturer the fame of a powerful and eloquent political orator. Whatever may have been the motives of other actors on this stage, it was known that he at least was above personal ambition or the reproach of selfish purposes. He seemed indeed but a silent and inactive spectator. He spoke but

once as I remember, and then with greatest brevity; but in the two minutes he occupied, as will presently appear, he exercised more influence upon results than any of the score or more who addressed the convention, or all of them combined.

An extremely active person who seemed full of business was skipping round from one delegation to another, particularly among those known as Anti-Seward, with whom he held frequent whispered consultations. When he sat down for a moment it was at the head of the Indiana delegation. It was Henry S. Lane, Republican candidate for governor of Indiana. He was very much in earnest, for he said, and kept saying, that with Seward as the candidate Indiana was lost, while Lincoln's nomination would save the State.

In the Massachusetts delegation John A. Andrew sat at the head, almost unknown, but just coming to the front, and now mentioned as the probable candidate for governor.

Among the Pennsylvanians, next to Wilmot, the man most talked about was Andrew H. Reeder, who had been the first territorial governor of Kansas, and become famous by his sturdy opposition to the efforts of his party to force slavery into the territory. He cut no figure, however; was simply pointed out. In the delegation sat Thad Stevens, not much known then outside his State, taking little active part, but indulging in occasional quaint suggestions or sarcastic comment.

In the Ohio delegation were two notable men. Tom Corwin had been in public life forty years, and after being United States senator had been a member of Mr. Fillmore's cabinet. He had been a familiar figure on the political stump all his life, and always counted one of the best drawing cards of the Old Whig Party. He had a swarthy complexion and wore a rather serious expression. But his fame was chiefly as story-teller and humorist. Joshua R. Giddings sat near him. He too, had been about forty years in public life, but they had been stormy years of hard uphill fighting against the heaviest odds; years filled with conscientious devotion and self-sacrifice that had brought him only obloquy, abuse, and persecution. The old man was deeply interested in everything that happened, and every word that was spoken, for this convention seemed to him the fruit of his own labors, the culmination of his long life work. He had waited for it like Simeon for the consolation of Israel, and now that it was at hand he watched it, not with exultation, but with devout seriousness and a certain sense of personal responsibility for the outcome. The chairman of the Ohio delegation was D. K. Cartter, who

was constantly addressing the chair. He was more frequent than fluent; he stuttered. He was afterward appointed to a judgeship in the District of Columbia by President Lincoln and died in office during President Harrison's term.

Scattered around among the delegations were some who came into prominence afterward, but were then comparatively unknown beyond their own States. Gideon Welles was chairman of the Connecticut delegation; David Davis and O. H. Browning worked together for Lincoln in the Illinois delegation. Caleb B. Smith sat in the Indiana seats; James F. Wilson and John A. Kasson in those of Iowa, and at the head of the Wisconsin delegation was Carl Schurz, who was the recognized leader of the German voters of the West and Northwest.

The roll of the delegates having been read and the preliminary committees having been appointed, the committee on permanent organization reported without delay. George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, was the permanent president. Wilmot appointed Carl Schurz and Preston King, of New York, to escort him to the chair. Ashmun was a handsome man, of dignified presence and winning manners, and an admirable presiding officer. A party of moral ideas could hardly have had a fitter figurehead. In personal appearance he was not unlike Horatio Seymour. He looked the Puritan; as he held the gavel he might have been speaker of the Long Parliament. In fact he was not Puritanic nor austere. He had been prominent in Massachusetts politics as a Whig; had served in the legislature and in Congress and was known as the intimate and confidential friend of Daniel Webster. He had been practically out of politics since 1852. He represented here the Conservative Whigs, who had been holding aloof from the Republicans until now, but had been drawn into the movement by the pressure of events. After his speech on taking the chair, the convention adjourned till the following day.

The event of the second day was the adoption of the platform. There was some skirmishing over the committee reports, particularly over the rule concerning the number of votes required for a nomination whether a majority of the delegates present, or a majority of the whole number entitled to vote if all the States were represented. The former course was adopted. These preliminary questions were, as a rule, settled not so much on their merits as on the probable effect upon the Seward and Anti-Seward canvass. In almost every one the Seward men, who were playing their game very cleverly, won. All through the day they were in high spirits, and absolutely confident that the con-

vention was in their hands. They were playing for pawns; the other fellows let the pawns go, but made every move count for a checkmate. It was tactics against strategy.

I have never seen a national, nor hardly a state convention, of any party, in which the report of the committee on resolutions was not awaited with more or less anxiety and a nervous haste to get it out of the way. There was rather more, than less, of the usual feeling here. Since the Democratic breaking up, the conviction had deepened that this party had the Presidency within reach. The nearness of it made everybody uncommonly fearful of losing it. The consequence was that this body was disposed to be conservative to the point of timidity. All shades of opinion on the slavery question, from the out-and-out abolitionists like Giddings, to men like Eli Thayer who accepted the popular sovereignty theory, had to be harmonized. There was danger in touching at all the tariff question, and yet it could not be ignored entirely; and most difficult of all was to bring together the representatives of the American or Know-Nothing Party and the great mass of foreign-born voters, chiefly Germans, who constituted the strength and the dependence of the party in the Western States. To steer through such dangers and besements called for skillful pilotage.

The committee had done its work well. It had made it its chief purpose to define, with absolute clearness, the attitude of the party on the issue of the hour, so that by no ingenuity of sophistry could it be held responsible for John Brown or any invasion of State rights, or desire to interfere with slavery in its existing limits. This was made clear. The party stood opposed, not to slavery, but to slavery extension. All other issues were treated as subordinate or unimportant. The reading was interrupted with cheering at some passages. As it ceased there was a pause of a very few seconds. The instinct of a convention at such moments finds expression in the call for the previous question to shut off debate and all the risks of wrangling. Cartter, of Ohio, was on his feet in an instant and moved it with a stutter. But it's a dangerous thing to undertake if it has the appearance of choking anybody off who is of consequence. Mr. Giddings was not entirely satisfied with the report—had an amendment to offer. He appealed to his colleague with great solemnity to withdraw the call, to which Cartter answered, somewhat curtly: "I did it to cut you off and all other amendments and all discussion." The convention was not with him; by an overwhelming majority the previous question was voted down. It was but a short triumph for Giddings,

however. His amendment, which was simply a reassertion of the "self-evident truths" of the Declaration of Independence, tucked in after the first resolution, was voted down in spite of the old man's almost tearful appeal. It was in the first platform of the party, he said; the party had grown up on that idea, and to leave it out would be cowardly abandonment of first principles. But the convention shied at it. It might be construed as taking ground against slavery *per se*, when the purpose was only to oppose its extension. It would lose votes. Down it went.

And then—think of it—this old man, who had devoted almost his whole life to the fight against slavery, with never, up to the birth of this party, the slightest hope of doing anything except talk in a vague, scolding way against it, rose up and started for the door, because his whim had been disregarded. His amendment—afterward adopted—made no difference, and his going out would have made none; but that, with what followed, constituted the dramatic episode of the day, and is so remembered. I shall take leave to say that the Giddings part of it was childish, and that the convention itself was truly great when, a little later, it humored his weakness and with a tender consideration for his years of faithful service and conscientious devotion to principle, not often seen in such bodies, retraced its steps. The old man was stopped by the New York delegation on his way out, and assured that another effort would be made to save the Declaration of Independence for him, but he went out inconsolable. Like other abolition leaders who had been all their lives bombarding slavery at long range with artillery that was only noisy and never effective, he mistook this movement for a reinforcement, when it was really independent, elemental, seismic; a new force; original, spontaneous, reinforcing nothing, but gathering in its wake whatever was akin in sympathy or aim. The report being open for debate, by the defeat of the previous question, two or three attempts to amend were made, and more or less eloquence was expended in discussing them. But with a general notion that the work of the committee could not be improved, all were voted down, until George W. Curtis arose and offered anew the Giddings amendment. The report had been safely steered through all difficulties and left intact, and there was less disposition than ever to amend it, for the discussion had lasted all day and people were tired. There was a murmur of disapprobation, and the point of order was raised that the amendment had once been voted down, which the chair at first sustained. Upon the explanation, which was really only an evasion, that the amendment was now

offered to the second, instead of the first, clause of the resolutions, it was pronounced in order. Then Curtis made a speech of about three minutes. Not a word was wasted. There was such earnestness in his manner, such pathos of entreaty in his tone, that the audience stretched out and listened to him as it had listened to no one before. When he said: "I have to ask this convention whether they are prepared to go upon the record and before the country as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence?" cries of "No, no," came from all over the house. "I rise," he said in closing, "simply to ask gentlemen to think well before, upon the free prairies of the West, in the summer of 1860, they dare to wince and quail before the assertions of the men in Philadelphia, in 1776—before they dare to shrink from repeating the words that these great men enunciated." The convention went off its feet. Without another word the amendment was adopted, with hardly a dissenting voice, amid applause that shook the Wigwam.

This brief speech of Curtis's was next to the nominations themselves, the feature of the proceedings around which most interest centered; it was high-water mark. As to the effect of it, I suppose it was simply to shake up and put courage into men who were beginning to walk pussy-footed and shy at shadows. "Well, Curtis," said Evarts, afterward, with a twinkle in his eyes, when speaking of Seward's defeat, "at least we saved the Declaration of Independence."

The resolutions went through by acclamation about six o'clock in the afternoon, and amid whirlwinds of noise that exceeded all previous demonstrations, the convention adjourned till next day. There was not much sleep for anybody that night. The streets were alive all night with processions and brass bands, while the delegation headquarters at the hotels had oratory on tap and were in constant eruption. The real business was going on, however, without noise or demonstration. It was the commerce between Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania that night that made Mr. Lincoln President, and put Caleb B. Smith and Simon Cameron in his Cabinet. In these negotiations Mr. Greeley was not consulted. Edward Bates was his candidate, but "Anybody to beat Seward," his motto. The deal made by David Davis and N. B. Judd with Pennsylvania and Ohio was not suspected by the Seward men, who were in high feather over the admission of delegates from Virginia and Texas, and at the opening of the third day's session more confident than ever. Impressed by their confidence Greeley had given up the fight, and wired the Tribune that Seward's nomination was certain. And that indeed was the belief of everybody

except a few persons who had been up all night at the Tremont House, without any brass bands.

"We entreat Thee," said the clergyman in his opening prayer, "that at some future but no distant day the evil which now invests the body politic shall not only have been arrested in its progress, but wholly eradicated from the system. And may the pen of the historian trace an intimate connection between that glorious consummation and the transactions of this convention." Prayer and prophecy!

There were few preliminaries. The convention was impatient of suspense. The vast Wigwam was crowded to the last inch of its capacity, and the streets on all sides were packed with people, who stood through the balloting awaiting the result with intense expectancy. There had been, up to that time, in point of mere numbers, no such assembly of men on the continent. Looked at from the stage, the shimmer of its gay decorations and the flutter of its constant movement dazzled the vision, while the confused and inarticulate buzz of voices and hum of conversation bewildered the sense. It was not easy to untangle one's self from it sufficiently to get the scene in perspective.

The candidates were put in nomination, and at mention of each name applause more or less loud and prolonged broke forth. The great demonstrations were at the names of Seward and Lincoln. When either of these was mentioned the audience seemed to go wild. One might have supposed that the choice between them was to be governed by volume of sound. In these lung contests the Lincoln men had the advantage of his being the local favorite, and having, consequently, a more numerous claque. But the Seward men were good howlers, and the match was not far from equal.

The formal placing of candidates in nomination being over, the roll call began with Maine, proceeding in geographical instead of alphabetical order. The vote of the New England States was anxiously watched. The Seward men counted on some solid delegations and a majority of the total vote. Maine started off with 10 for Seward and 6 for Lincoln; New Hampshire gave Seward but 1 and Lincoln 7; Vermont gave her 10 votes to Collamer. With each vote the countenances of the Seward men fell and the hopes of the Lincoln men rose. The votes of the three States had been simply turned in by the several chairmen in an undemonstrative matter-of-fact way. Massachusetts was called. John A. Andrew was chairman of the delegation. In his view Massachusetts was something more than a numeral in a mathematical process, or a platoon in a procession. He understood

dramatic effect too well to stand up and simply hand in figures. He did not address the secretary. He stood on his chair, said, "Mr. President," and waited till Ashmun said, "The gentleman from Massachusetts." The Old Bay State having got wheeling distance and distinct audience he said, "Mr. President, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts casts 21 votes for William H. Seward and 4 votes for Abraham Lincoln." The cheers that followed were more for the dignified presence and impressive manner of the man than for either of the candidates, and all joined in it. The vote was slightly disappointing to the Seward men, who hoped for the solid delegation. Then came Connecticut and Rhode Island, and the reporters' pencils swiftly made the New England footing, which showed that out of 81 votes Seward had but 32, while Lincoln had 19, and all others 30.

The secretary called New York. Only one delegation had cast a solid vote, and Vermont's vote for Collamer was known to be merely complimentary. Everybody knew what New York's vote would be; but Evarts had no less appreciation of dramatic effect than John A. Andrew. He too stood on his chair, and looking beyond the secretary said: "Mr. President." "The gentleman from New York," said Ashmun. There was stillness, but not absolute silence. "Mr. President," said Evarts, slowly, "I wait until the convention is in order." A few strokes of the gavel and there was a hush undisturbed by a whisper. Every eye was fixed on Evarts, every head bent toward him. Again Ashmun: "The gentleman from New York has the floor." Then Evarts with slow, deliberate utterance that gave each word the weight of a great argument: "Mr. President, The State of New York casts 70 votes for William Henry Seward." Straight went the audience off its feet and for several minutes there was wild applause.

Then New Jersey gave a solid vote for William L. Dayton; Pennsylvania hers, nearly solid, for Cameron, and presently Virginia astonished the Seward men by giving 14 votes for Lincoln and only 8 for Seward. Ohio gave Chase three-quarters of her vote, and then Indiana gave the Seward men another surprise by a solid vote for Lincoln. Missouri was solid for Bates. The first glimmer of comfort the Seward men had had for some time came when Michigan gave him her 12 votes. Their cheering was drowned when the next State was called, and Illinois added 22 to the Lincoln column. As the list tailed off, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota, and Kansas voted solidly for Seward, and the hopes of his friends revived. The count showed 465 votes, with Seward and Lincoln leading; the former having 173 $\frac{1}{2}$, the latter 102, and the rest divided between ten candidates. It was

settled that either Seward or Lincoln would be nominated. The question for the Seward men was whether they could detach the 60 votes they needed from the opposing candidates before the latter could combine.

Everybody watched with intensest interest the changes on the second ballot. Vermont led off with the transfer of her solid vote to Lincoln, to the great disappointment of the New Yorkers, and when the six New England States had been called, Lincoln was found to be leading with 36 to Seward's 33. Presently Pennsylvania carried out the arrangement made the night before, and put 48 votes to the Lincoln column. A gain of a vote or two here and there helped swell the total, so that in the summing up Lincoln was only $3\frac{1}{2}$ votes behind Seward, who lacked 49 of a majority. The pencils that ran swiftly up and down the columns could not find that 49 so easily as they could 52 for Lincoln out of Ohio's 29 for Chase, Missouri's 18 for Bates, and New Jersey's 10 for Dayton. To the experienced observer it was now only a question of one more ballot, or two.

While the third ballot was in progress there was a great deal of hurrying back and forth, swift consultations, pulling and hauling, and hubbub generally. But the demonstrations were not so noisy, loud, and prolonged as in the earlier stages of the proceedings. The excitement was too intense, the nervous strain too severe, to relieve itself in noise. The break in New England continued, Lincoln having now 42 to Seward's 31. There was no change of blocks of votes on this call, but a gradual crumbling away of support from the scattering candidates and a drawing toward Lincoln. Seward was ahead once, when New York with 70 blotted out the Lincoln lead of 11 in New England, but the next moment Pennsylvania plumped 52 for Lincoln, and presently the Western States pushed him far to the front, a sure winner.

The experienced press correspondents and reporters on the stage had from the beginning of this ballot confined themselves to the tally of a single column, the totals of which they kept in hand as the call went on. The last call—the District of Columbia—had hardly been answered, when from half-a-dozen seats came the report, "Lincoln $23\frac{1}{2}$; he lacks a vote and a half." Ohio had still a reserve of 15 votes that had been given to Chase, and Missouri 18 that had gone to Bates. In an instant there was a scramble to get in on the winner. The stuttering Carter was ahead. As soon as he could be heard he changed four votes from Chase to Lincoln. Everybody was on his feet and everybody apparently shrieking a change of votes, none of which

except Ohio's, was ever recorded. Everybody? No, not everybody. In the New York seats everybody sat dumb. Michigan made no stir, and only part of the Massachusetts delegation contributed to the din—oases of silence in a Sahara of sound.

I thought I had heard noise and seen wild excitement before, but this was the grand climacteric. On the platform near me Henry S. Lane was executing a war dance with some other dignified delegate as partner; the Indiana men generally were smashing hats and hugging each other; the Illinois men did everything except stand on their heads; hands were flying wildly in the air, everybody's mouth was open, and bedlam seemed loose. The din of it was terrific. Seen from the stage it seemed to be twenty thousand mouths in full blast, as if that startling figure of *La Guerre* on the Arc de Triomphe had been kindled into life and, repeated twenty thousandfold, poured out upon this arena. I have seen conventions carried off their feet before and since, but never anything like that. I was so overcome with the spectacle that the contagion of it took no hold. I could not shout, I simply caught my breath and stared at it. It seemed as if it never would stop. Over the desk of the reading clerk was a skylight, and men stationed there had reported to the packed masses in the streets from the edge of the roof the results of the balloting. On the roof there was also a loaded cannon ready to convey the news when the nomination was reached. The four Ohio changes had hardly been recorded when it belched its fire. The cry, "Lincoln is nominated," went over the roof into the streets and the streets went wild. So, when the inside tempest lulled an instant, the roar from the outside came in like an echo and the storm was renewed; the waves of noise rolled back and forth till from sheer weariness the shouters sank into their seats.

There was something almost painful in the stillness which fell, when the chairman at this point recalled order with a stroke of the gavel, and looking to the New York delegation, where all eyes followed him, said: "The gentleman from New York." In a few well chosen words, listened to with profoundest attention, Mr. Evarts, on behalf of the New York delegation, accepted the result and moved that the nomination be made unanimous. It was seconded by John A. Andrew, Carl Schurz, and Austin Blair, of Michigan, in speeches that contained more sadness than exultation, and was passed, to be followed by another tumultuous outbreak.

So Abraham Lincoln was nominated, and Christendom, without knowing it, had entered behind the curtain of a new epoch and into

the dawning of a new day. The unconscious instruments of a Higher Power, little as they knew of the grandeur of the opportunity they had opened, knew less of the greatness of the man to whose hand they had linked it. They had nominated the plain, every-day, story-telling, mirth-provoking Lincoln of the hustings: the husk only of the Lincoln of history. It took four fearful years to give the event its true relations and right proportions, and it was not until the veil was drawn by an assassin's hand that the real Lincoln was revealed.

CHAPTER XXX

AN INSIDER ON THE HOW OF MR. LINCOLN'S NOMINATION

(The twenty-seventh of May, 1860, fell on a Sunday, and Leonard Swett, lawyer and politician of Bloomington, made use of some of the leisure hours it afforded to write a letter to an old friend, Josiah H. Drummond, of Portland, Maine, in which he set forth with rare fidelity to facts the inside story of the nomination for President nine days earlier of another friend, Abraham Lincoln. This letter was first published in the Evening Express of Portland, in July, 1891, and is here reprinted because of its high value as a historical document, and also because of the welcome light it throws on the close and fruitful friendship of two uncommon men.

Leonard Swett was born in Turner, Maine, in 1825, was for a time a student at Waterville College (now Colby University) and then read law in Portland. While seeking a location in the West he enrolled in an Indiana regiment recruited for service in the Mexican War, but attacked by climatic fever was discharged before completing his term of enlistment. After a period of privation that happily proved a brief one, Swett found a home and a congenial field of endeavor in Bloomington, became the friend of David Davis and Abraham Lincoln, and without delay achieved repute and undisputed regard as a lawyer who knew how to conduct and win difficult cases.

Also without delay Swett forged to leadership in politics, helped to organize the Republican Party in Illinois, served in the lower house of the General Assembly, and in 1860 was the right hand of David Davis in planning and securing the nomination of their friend Lincoln for President. In 1862 he received the Republican nomination for Congress in his district, but was defeated at the election. After 1865 he made his home in Chicago where until his death in 1889 he was a leader of the city's bar, his services in great demand, especially in the conduct of criminal cases. One of the ablest lawyers of his region and period, eloquent, adroit and of unflagging industry and persistence; a ripe scholar and a man of great personal charm, Swett had also an exceptional gift for friendship of a generous and undemanding sort. Some of those who knew of the intimate and mutually trustful rela-

tionship between the two men wondered why Mr. Lincoln did not call Mr. Swett to the high official station for which he was so eminently fitted, but it is now known that, moved by a fine sense of loyalty, he had volunteered to waive all possible claims on his own part for preference in order to assure the appointment to a place on the Supreme Court of their mutual friend David Davis—an appointment which had it not been for this selfless gesture might and probably would have gone to another man.

Josiah H. Drummond, the friend to whom Mr. Swett addressed his letter of May 27, 1860, was long an honored member of the Portland bar. Sending it in 1891 to the *Evening Express* for publication he accompanied it with this note to the editor:

“While the letter from Leonard Swett, of which the enclosed is a copy, was a personal letter, written without any expectation that it would ever be published, so many to whom I have read it have urged me to publish it, that I asked Mr. Swett in his lifetime if I might do so. He replied: ‘If you think it is worth publishing I have no objection to your doing so when the right time comes.’ I understood that it should not be published during his life; but, in any event, I think the ‘right time’ has come, and I place it at your disposal.—Josiah H. Drummond.”)

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., May 27, 1860.

The Hon. J. H. Drummond.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have been intending, for a long time, to write you, but my private business added to the interest I have of late taken in politics has prevented me.

The Chicago Convention is, with us, the great event and the nomination of Lincoln is to his friends a matter of great satisfaction. His nomination, under the circumstances, is very remarkable. I don’t know whether you are pleased or not, but I am gratified enough to satisfy any two men and if you are displeased I will transfer some of my great joy to you.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln early in the year 1849. Since then we have, twice a year, travelled over five counties, spending together most of the time from September until January and from March until June inclusive. Originally most of the lawyers did this, but latterly one by one they have abandoned the circuit, and for perhaps five years Lincoln and myself have been the only ones who have habitually passed over the whole circuit. It seems to me I have tried 10,000 law suits with or against him. I know him as intimately as I

have ever known any man in my life, perhaps more intimately, if possible, than I knew you when I left Waterville.

I was with him the week before the Convention. In speaking of the propriety of his going to it he said "he was almost too much of a candidate to go, and not quite enough to stay at home."

Our delegation was instructed for him, but of the twenty-two votes in it, by incautiously selecting the men, there were eight who would gladly have gone for Seward. The reason of this is in this fact: The northern counties of this State are more overwhelmingly Republican than any other portion of the continent. I could pick twenty-five contiguous counties giving larger Republican majorities than any other adjacent counties in any State. The result is many people there are for Seward, and such men had crept upon the delegation. They intended in good faith to go for Lincoln, but talked despondingly and really wanted and expected finally to vote as I have indicated. We had also in the north and about Chicago, a class of men who always want to turn up on the winning side, and would do no work, although their feelings were really for us, for fear it would be the losing element, and would place them out of favor with the incoming power. These men were dead weights. The centre and south, with many individual exceptions to the classes I have named, were warmly for Lincoln, whether he won or lost. The lawyers of our circuit went there determined to leave no stone unturned, and really they, aided by some of our State officers and a half dozen men from various portions of the State, were the only tireless, sleepless, unwavering, and ever-vigilant friends he had. The first thing after getting our headquarters was to have the delegation proper invite the cooperation of outsiders as though they were delegates. Thus we began. The first State approached was Indiana. She was about equally divided between Bates and McLean. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday were spent upon her, when finally she came to us unitedly with twenty-six votes, and from that time acted efficiently with us.

Seward came there with very nearly strength enough to nominate him, that is, men who intended to vote for him. Bates was the next strongest but that element was an opposition to Seward because he was not available in the doubtful States and would, as we well knew, come to the winning man in opposition to him. Pennsylvania wanted Cameron and insisted Seward would not carry that State. So the first point was gained, that is, the united assertion of the four doubtful States, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois that Seward would be defeated. We ran in this manner for several days, Indiana

and Illinois for Lincoln, and against Seward: Pennsylvania for Cameron and against Seward: New Jersey for her own man but against Seward. Calling upon the delegations as they concluded Seward could not be elected, we succeeded in getting them for our man; with Pennsylvania we did nothing but get them for us as a second choice.

We let old Greeley run his Bates machine, but got most of them for a second choice. Our programme was to give Lincoln 100 votes on the first ballot, with a certain increase afterward, so that in the convention our fortunes might seem to be rising and thus catch the doubtful. Vermont had agreed to give us her second vote, so had Delaware and New Hampshire, an increase. It all worked like a charm. After the first days we were aided by the arrival of at least 10,000 people from Central Illinois and Indiana.

It was a part of the Seward plan to carry the convention by outside pressure. Thursday, all the preliminary work was done. The friends of all parties, Friday morning, gathered at the capacious Wigwam. About 12,000 were then inside and more out. A line of men were stationed on the roof, the nearest to the speaker's stand catching from an open skylight the proceedings within and reporting to the next man, and so on to the man on the front of the building, who, with stentorian lungs, announced to the thousands in the street. Stores were closed, and, seemingly the whole city was there. First, opening the war, was the nomination of Seward. It was greeted by a deafening shout, which I confess appalled us a little. Afterward, Bates, McLean, Cameron and Chase came with moderate applause.

Then came Lincoln and our people tested their lungs. We beat them a little. They manifested this by seconding the nomination of Seward, which gave them another chance. It was an improvement upon the first and placed us in the background. Caleb B. Smith of Indiana then seconded the nomination of Lincoln, and the West came to the rescue. No mortal ever before saw such a scene. The idea of us Hoosiers and Suckers being out screamed would have been as bad to them as the loss of their man. Five thousand people at once leaped to their seats, women not wanting in the number, and the wild yell made soft vesper breathings of all that had preceded. No language can describe it. A thousand steam whistles, ten acres of hotel gongs, a tribe of Comanches, headed by a choice vanguard from pandemonium, might have mingled in the scene unnoticed.

This was not the most deliberate way of nominating a President, I will confess, but among other things, it had its weight, and I hope

convinced the New York gentlemen, that when they came to the West some other tactics must be resorted to.

Our increase after the first ballot was a little more than we calculated. On the third the ground swell was irresistible and bore our man through, and the shout from the Wigwam and the shout from the street as the man from the top shouted "Old Abe, hallelujah!" and the cannon with its mimic thunder told the city and surroundings we had won.

It was a glorious nomination. Seward could not have carried Illinois or Indiana; nothing is more certain than this. Our people when they opposed Seward, did it from no other motive than that it would lose us our State, our Senator Trumbull his place, and place us under the ban of Loco Focoism for twenty years. We felt as though we could not endure this, and hence the earnest effort for Lincoln.

No men ever worked as our boys did. I did not, the whole week I was there, sleep two hours a night. The nomination saves us. We will sweep the whole Northwest. The nomination is from the people, and not the politicians. No pledges have been made, no mortgages executed, but Lincoln enters the field a free man. He will continue so until the day of the election. He is a pure-minded, honest man, whose ability is second to no one in the nation; in twenty years he has raised himself from the captaincy of a flatboat on the Mississippi to the captaincy of a great party in this nation, and when he shall be elected he will restore the Government to its pristine purity.

Lincoln is a man of simple habits and unexceptionally pure life. His father was a native of Kentucky, and when Lincoln was eight years old moved to Indiana. As he grew up his father designed to give him the limited education common to Western men, but becoming involved by being surety for a friend, lost his property, and was compelled to take him from school when he had been there only six weeks. He never went to school again, but worked during his minority to acquire for his father a new home. When he was about 21 they had gathered money enough to enter eighty acres of land, at \$1.25 per acre, and they then moved to Cass County, in this State, where Lincoln assisted his father in building his rude cabin and reducing his land to cultivation. He then went to Macon County, fifty miles south of this place, where he spent the winter splitting rails and a farm there is now fenced with them. In the spring of that year he built a flat-boat on the Sangamon River, in Sangamon County, where he now lives, took command of it, floated down the Sangamon to the Illinois

River, thence to the Mississippi, and then to New Orleans. I think he made three trips of this kind. After his return from the last one, while boarding with a farmer, he got hold somehow of a copy of Gibson's Surveying, and learned the theory of surveying. Soon he commenced to practice his new art, and was elected the county surveyor of his county. With the means he gathered from his boating and surveying, he commenced keeping a little store at Salem in Sangamon County. His partner in that business soon insisted upon the introduction of whiskey as part of their stock. At this Lincoln rebelled, and sold out for little or nothing, his partner agreeing to pay \$1,100, the firm debts. About this time the Black Hawk War broke out and Lincoln volunteered. When the company came to choose officers, a major of some military pretensions, who came duly accoutred to the company, declared himself a candidate for captain. The boys insisted that they were going to have Lincoln. The mode of election was then for the company to form a line and the candidate to march in front, and as many as wished to vote for him formed behind him, and the man who could attach to himself the longest string of men was elected. When the word was given Lincoln's friends seized hold of him, as he had been declining, forced him ahead, and when the count was made he had two the most. He took charge of the company and left with them for the Upper Mississippi, the scene of the fight. A well authenticated anecdote occurred there illustrating the character of the man.

After Stillman's defeat (in which Lincoln's company was not engaged) all the troops became panic-stricken and liable to stampede. As his company with others were marching they became suddenly alarmed by an overwhelmingly large force of Indians. Lincoln happened at the moment to be riding a horse belonging to another man. The chances were that all the footmen would be murdered, but instead of making his escape, he hunted up the owner of the horse, and took his chances on foot.

After his return he found his whiskey partner had been his own best customer, and had run off leaving the \$1,1000 unpaid.

Lincoln was then elected to the Illinois Legislature four years. The pay was \$4 per day. By economy he saved enough with his other means to pay off the debt, and commenced the study of the law. He was then about 28. Immediately upon his introduction to the profession his rise commenced.

By rigid industry he has thoroughly educated himself. Since I have known him he has been in the habit of studying mathematics, as-

tronomy, philosophy, etc., while travelling the circuit. Now I scarcely know any man possessed of a more general fund of information than he.

Excuse this ramble of a letter. I am sorry I have not time to make it shorter. I think it probable I shall spend the summer in Pennsylvania, or part of it. Let me hear from you. I could not find Herrick at Chicago. I was sorry. Your old friend,

LEONARD SWETT.

CHAPTER XXXI

TWO EASTERN VISITORS MEASURE CANDIDATE LINCOLN

There are here reprinted accounts of visits of two Eastern men in the early summer of 1860 to Candidate Lincoln in his Springfield home. The first is entitled *An Evening with Abraham Lincoln* and was published in the Utica, New York, Morning Herald on June 27, 1860. The editor and one of the owners of the Morning Herald at that time was Ellis Henry Roberts (1827-1918) who had a distinguished career as editor, author and public official, and no doubt it was he who visited Mr. Lincoln on June 21, 1860. The passing reference to Roscoe Conkling recalls the fact that the Utica congressman was a firm supporter of Mr. Lincoln during the Civil War period, and in 1864 promptly and contemptuously refused to have any part in an undercover movement to prevent the President's renomination. The legal action to which Mr. Lincoln referred in his talk with his visitor was the case of Dawson vs. Ennis and Ennis, for infringement of a patent right in a double plow, which Mr. Lincoln and an associate argued for the plaintiff in the United States Circuit Court at Springfield on June 20, 1860. This was Mr. Lincoln's last appearance as attorney in any court. The Morning Herald article when first published appears to have won favor with other editors of the period for it was reprinted on the first page of the Sacramento Daily Union on August 15, 1860. A photostat of this reprint is the source of the text given below.

After his death there was found in the Lincoln collection of the late Henry Horner, governor of Illinois, a three-page folder here reprinted, giving an account of a visit paid by Frank Fuller to the Lincoln family. Fuller, then in his teens, had been a fellow pupil and chum of Robert Lincoln at Phillips Exeter Academy. Later he was an honored resident of New York City. It is evident that not all of those who visited Springfield and Mr. Lincoln in the summer of 1860 were placehunters. Some were helpful friends of poets and lovers of poetry.)

I. AN EVENING WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I have an instinctive aversion to dogging the footsteps of distinguished men. Nothing was further from my thoughts four days ago

than a visit to Abraham Lincoln. Nothing more impossible than that I should ever—before or after his election to the Presidency—join the great mob of those who should “pay him their respects.” But meeting an intimate personal and political friend of Mr. Lincoln a few days since, he said: “You New Yorkers do not know our glorious standard bearer. You think him a mere rough diamond, a slang-whanging Western stump-speaker, who lacks the ease and polish of the well-bred gentleman. I want you should go and see him—to come in contact with the man—to talk with his neighbors—and then go home and tell your people why we in the West so much love and honor him.” I confess I had an intense desire to see the man, and readily surrendered to the argument of my friend.

Armed with a strong letter of introduction I was soon enroute for Springfield. Leaving Chicago by the Illinois Central Railroad, I passed over a country unsurpassed in fertility of soil, and smiling in the promise of a bounteous harvest. As I went south I found the corn almost ready to tassel out, and the wheat waiting for the sickle. Indeed, many fields were already cut.

Ten hours of dusty riding in a sun that had all the fierceness of dog days, brought me to Springfield, a commonplace, sprawling sort of town, covering about ten times as much ground as it ought, and remarkable chiefly for having no visible center of business. After vainly searching for a hack, and finally settling down to the conclusion that all the world hereabouts were pedestrians, I set out to visit the future President of the United States, in the truly democratic way of going afoot, and unattended by any guide save my own wits. I had little difficulty in finding the place of my destination. A modest-looking two-story brown frame house, with the name “A. Lincoln” on the door plate, told me that my pilgrimage was ended. I was met at the door by a servant, who ushered me into the parlor, and carried my note to Mr. Lincoln, who was upstairs. The house was neatly without being extravagantly furnished. An air of quiet refinement prevailed the place. You would have known instantly that she who presided over that modest household was a true type of the American lady. There were flowers upon the table; there were pictures upon the walls. The adornments were but chastely appropriate; everything was in its place and ministered to the general effect. The hand of the domestic artist was everywhere visible. The thought that involuntarily blossomed into speech was—

“What a pleasant home Abe Lincoln has.”

Presently I heard footsteps on the stairs, and a tall, arrowy, angular

gentleman, with a profusion of wiry hair, "lying around loose" about his head, and a pair of eyes that seemed to say "make yourself at home," and a forehead remarkably broad and capacious, and arms that were somewhat too long and lank for a statue of Apollo, made his appearance. The lips were full of character, the nose strongly aquiline, the cheek bones high and prominent, and the whole face indicative at once of goodness and resoluteness. In repose it had something of rigidity, but when in play it was one of the most eloquent I have ever seen. None of his pictures do him the slightest justice. His presence is commanding—his manner winning to a marked degree. After you have been five minutes in his company you cease to think that he is either homely or awkward. You recognize in him a high-toned, unassuming, chivalrous-minded gentleman, well posted in all of the essential amenities of social life, and sustained by the infallible monitor of common sense.

He approached, extended his hand, and gave mine a grasp such as only a warm-hearted man knows how to give. He sat down before me on the sofa, and commenced talking about political affairs in my own State with a knowledge of details that surprised me. I found that he was more conversant with some of our party performances in Oneida County than I could have desired, and made some pointed allusions to the great congressional struggle which resulted in the election of Mr. Conkling in 1858. I asked him if he was not very much bored with calls and correspondence. He replied that he liked to see his friends, and, as to the letters, he took care not to answer them. He referred playfully to the various "attempts upon his life," and the poor success that attended some of them. His greatest grievance were (was) with the artists; he tried in vain to recognize himself in some of the "Abraham Lincolns" of the pictorials.

I asked him if he continued his professional business since his nomination. He said he had attempted it, but pitied his clients. He had been arguing a case the day before, but said that the demands of his position made him an indifferent lawyer. He spoke with great freedom of corruption in high places. He regarded it as the bane of our American politics; and said he could not respect, either as a man or a politician, one who bribed or was bribed. He said he was glad to know that the people of Illinois had not yet learned the art of being venal. The whole expense of his campaign with Douglas did not exceed a few hundred dollars. I wish the thousands of people in my own State who loathe corrupt practices could have heard and seen Mr. Lincoln's indignant denunciation of venality in high places.

I can now understand how the epithet of "Honest Abraham Lincoln" has come to be so universally applied to him by the Great West.

He related many pleasant incidents connected with his contest with Douglas. He told me that he spoke, in all, sixty-four times—nine or ten times face to face with his antagonist. His estimate of the Little Giant is generous. He concedes to him great hardihood, pertinacity and magnetic power. Of all men he has ever seen, says Mr. Lincoln, he has the most audacity in maintaining an untenable position. Thus, in endeavoring to reconcile Popular Sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision, his argument, stripped of sophistry, is: "It is legal to expel slavery from a territory where it legally exists!" And yet he has bamboozled thousands into believing him.

I asked Mr. Lincoln if he saw much of the Democratic papers. He said some of his friends were kind enough to let him see the most abusive of them. He should judge the line of tactics which they intended to pursue was that of personal ridicule. The Chicago Times tried that in '58, and helped him (Lincoln) amazingly. He was inclined to believe that the present efforts of his enemies would be attended with like happy results.

I was fortunate in finding Mr. Lincoln alone and disengaged. My visit, which I intended should be ten minutes, was nearly two hours long. More than once I rose to leave, but he was kind enough to assure me that he did not regard my call as a bore. I found him one of the most companionable men I have ever met. Frank, hearty and unassuming, one feels irresistibly drawn toward him. In his conversation and bearing he reflects the gentleman. Hardly a trace of the rough schooling of his earlier days remains. You may be impressed by his singularity of character, but it never occurs to you that he lacks culture. If his manner is at times somewhat unusual, it never strikes you as uncouth. In the essentials of good breeding, Mr. Lincoln is infinitely superior to the generality of Americans. I find him far more refined, far more subdued in manner, exhibiting far more the effects of social attrition than I expected.

I was greatly impressed with the practical character of his mind. No man living has less of the visionary. He is evidently a "good hater" of cloud-clapped theories. The grasp of his mind is strong and tenacious. He talks like one who thinks clearly and profoundly. He has the marks of a mind that scans closely, canvasses thoroughly, concludes deliberately, and holds to such conclusions unflinchingly. He seems to me to be really gifted with the faculty of remaining faithful to his convictions of right in the face of difficulties and dis-

couragements. I shall be mistaken if he does not prove as firm as he is acknowledged to be honest. Another character that impresses me is his eminent truthfulness. I do not believe that any earthly power can drive Mr. Lincoln into the commission of a mean action. I am sure he would far prefer being right to being President. One feels, in talking with him, that his utterances come from the heart.

I heard but one expression, of unqualified praise of Mr. Lincoln, among his neighbors. No man living is more profoundly respected and more ardently beloved among those who know him best. All parties and interests join in paying tribute to his private virtues. Everywhere I heard him spoken of as the best of husbands, the kindest of parents, the most irreproachable of citizens.

2. ONE OF BOB LINCOLN'S CHUMS WELCOMED BY HIS FATHER

On the outside of this sheet there is a picture which was handed to me by Abraham Lincoln as we parted, after spending a day together early in July, 1860, in Springfield, Illinois. I had become acquainted with his eldest son, Robert, then a pupil in Phillips Exeter Academy, who read the Declaration of Independence at a celebration of the Fourth of July in which I took a part. The celebration was at Stratham Hill, equidistant from Portsmouth and Exeter, and singing and music and oratory and strawberries were abundant. Posters had been distributed to all the surrounding towns and the crowd was immense and enthusiasm prevailed. It was the first public appearance of young Lincoln and there was curiosity to see him, as the fact of the nomination of his father was known to everybody. Robert would not agree to read until his father's consent was secured. I wired him and got this reply: "Tell Bob to read that immortal document every chance he has, and the bigger the crowd, the louder he must holler." And Robert entered into the spirit of the occasion with all the fervor of youth.

Among the vocal music was an ode written by the Portsmouth poet, Albert Laighton, who two years before had been invited to read a poem before the United Literary Societies of Bowdoin College, two members of the graduating class of 1859, Jacob Hale Thompson, a fellow townsmen, and Thomas Brackett Reed of Maine, having induced him to overcome his natural timidity and face a highly critical audience. Rev. Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody, then long settled as a clergyman in Portsmouth, accompanied by two daughters and several other, were of the party in attendance. Albert selected BEAUTY as his theme, and won the hearty plaudits of his highly cultivated audience.

Albert had never collected his poems for publication in book form, but he was now prevailed upon to undertake the task. When the manuscript was ready he asked Dr. Peabody if he would accept a dedication of the volume to him, and in giving his cordial consent the latter spoke of it as "a high honor beautifully expressed."

The next thing was to find a publisher. No Portsmouth bookseller was willing to undertake the work. Albert could not go in search of a publisher and depended upon me to secure one. Albert had arranged his manuscript very neatly and I started off on a winter morning in what proved to be a very heavy snowstorm. I made my way to the Boston store of Brown, Taggard & Chase, a young concern which I assumed had not buffeted the deluge of young aspirants for fame as versifiers. I waded through the growing drifts, no street conveyances appearing, and proceeded to explain my mission, but failed to arouse any interest in the store attendants. Poetry was a drug on the market; only the standard poets were called for; even Longfellow and Holmes were not much in demand; and as to undertaking the publication of the work of a new and unknown poet, the idea was absurd; they wouldn't think of such a thing. I gave it as my opinion that an edition of a thousand copies at a dollar a copy would be sold within one year of the publication. They showed me several shelves which were occupied by volumes of an edition of poems written by Portland's native poet, who came to them with similar statements as to a home market, and less than ten copies had gone out in a year. They handed me a copy from a long row on the shelves and soon I found that it contained schoolboy effusions unworthy of type. Before night Mr. Brown, the head of the house, drove up in a sleigh and I got his attention. I told him my story, read some passages and succeeded in awakening his interest. The dedication to Dr. Peabody was effective, in so much as to prompt him to invite me to ride with him to his home in Brookline. He knew who Dr. Peabody was and Mrs. Brown had heard him preach and thought a great deal of him. I was cordially received by the good lady, told her my mission, was invited to dinner, and then read the entire manuscript to the assembled family, finishing it at midnight, when a supper was served. How well I recall Mrs. Brown's smiling comment when I had finished reading the manuscript: "Well, Father, I guess we'll publish the book; won't we?" "Indeed we will," and that settled it. Dr. Peabody's part in it secured attention for the work and its beauties were made manifest by the text. Terms were arranged and the name of Joseph Hiller Foster as local publisher was added as a tribute to a friendly bookman.

Having business in Cleveland, Ohio, I decided to extend my journey to Springfield, Illinois, and pushed on in a night train, reaching Springfield at sunrise. I took my grip to the hotel, and after a bath and breakfast, I walked out. I shortly saw approaching me a very tall man whom I imagined was Abraham Lincoln, and as we met, I said, you must be Mr. Lincoln, to which he responded "and you must be Frank Fuller, whom Bob has been writing us about." He invited me to his temporary office in the State House, where his portrait was being painted. There we had a three hours' talk on the presidential prospects. At noon when the painter went to his dinner, Mr. Lincoln and I walked to the pleasant home, where I was warmly received by Mrs. Lincoln. Having with me one of the posters announcing the Fourth of July festival, I spread it out on the floor after dinner to the delight of Mrs. Lincoln and the two lads. The boys climbed all over me and I interested them in my repeating watch, which also attracted the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who had never before seen a repeater. I had with me the little volume and glad was I to find in Mrs. Lincoln a lover of poetry. I made her acquainted with it and its writer, read some of it aloud at her request and gave her the book. I am positive that the book went to the White House with the family, for I saw it there and read some selections from it to please Mrs. Lincoln.

Before dinner I discovered that Mr. Lincoln was learning something about me, about my family, my father and mother and brothers and sisters. It was natural I thought that he should seek to know what sort of a young fellow his eldest son had formed an acquaintance with; questioned me about my father and I told him that he had long been an instructor of youth. He appeared gratified and when he asked me about my religious views and I told him that I followed as closely as I could in the footsteps of a father who was Dr. Lyman Beecher's head deacon and whose duty it was to read one of Doctor Beecher's old sermons when the Doctor failed to appear at the appointed hour—not a very rare event, as the good man was a skilful violinist and laid down the fiddle and the bow very reluctantly when once he got interested. Mr. Lincoln was much pleased. He knew much about all (the members of) the talented Beecher family; showed me a well worn copy of Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin and some clippings of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons and speeches. Incidentally, I told him that Dr. Beecher baptised me when I was two days old and that I remembered brushing cold water from my nose as it dropped from his fingers, and that Henry Ward manifested sur-

prise when twenty-five years later in jocund humor he said my case convinced him that he could not go 20 miles from home without running across at least one of his father's botch jobs. Mr. Lincoln fully appreciated the joke on me. As we all approached the dining room Mr. Lincoln asked if I said grace before meals and I told him my custom was, when such formality was expected to repeat Laighton's words asking the favor of that Supreme Power

"That made our frames, sustains our lives,
And through all earthly change survives."

As we were seated he bowed his head and in doing so, said: "Won't you please repeat those lines," which I did. Before our talk ended I discovered that Mr. Lincoln was an apt Bible student, could repeat word for word the Sermon on The Mount and was familiar with many of the stories of the Old Testament, particularly the Psalms. He recited the XXIII of David, beginning:

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures and by the side of still waters. He restoreth my soul."

The hours passed with the Lincolns in Springfield constituted the red letter day of my whole life. I was taken to the hearts and home of a charming family, enjoyed some hours of converse with the head of the house, and when I rather timidly begged him for his picture, he found one, signed it in my presence, and I have had it carefully reproduced.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS LAY SIEGE TO MR. LINCOLN

(There were portrait painters of skill and quality at work in the America of Mr. Lincoln's time, but not one of them sought opportunity to execute a portrait of the President from life. George P. A. Healy, familiarly known in Chicago, which was long his home, as George Healy, was in his day the most eminent of all the painters who at one time or another had Lincoln for a sitter, but Healy limited his labors to a swift sketch of Mr. Lincoln's face, inscribing on the back of his canvas: "Drawn in Washington at one sitting, May, 1861." Healy, as a matter-of-fact, was a devoted follower of Douglas, and so, declares one acrid observer, "considered Lincoln as entirely beneath his notice." When he finally awoke to belated consciousness of Mr. Lincoln's greatness and in 1866 or 1867 painted the portrait now in the Newberry Library at Chicago, and held in high regard by Robert Lincoln, he worked from photographs and from suggestions made him by Robert Lincoln and Mr. Lincoln's friend, Leonard Swett, who "acted as model for the figure."

Nevertheless a number of artists of varying degrees of skill flocked to Springfield in the summer and autumn of 1860 to sketch, paint or make busts of Mr. Lincoln, and he generously accorded them as many sittings as were permitted by the increasing demands on the leisure of a busy and sorely beset candidate. Two of these artists—Charles A. Barry and Alban Jasper Conant—in after years placed on record lively accounts of their experiences in Springfield, which are here reprinted.

1. Charles A. Barry, then a drawing master in the public schools of Boston, arrived in Springfield armed with a letter of introduction from Nathaniel P. Banks, who, with John A. Andrew and other prominent Republicans of Massachusetts, had commissioned him to make a portrait of their lately nominated candidate for the Presidency. The crayon portrait Mr. Barry completed at the end of ten days long since disappeared from the sight and knowledge of men, but in 1902, the artist, then an old man, told the story of its making

in an article which he contributed to the *Boston Transcript* and which is here reprinted with minor changes in phrasing.

2. Alban Jasper Conant was born at Chelsea, Vermont, in 1821 and as an artist was mainly self-taught, although as a young man he was helped by occasional contacts in New York and Philadelphia with Henry Inman and Thomas Sully, popular portrait painters of the period. "Watching these artists at work," he once declared, "was the only real training in art I ever had." In 1860 Conant took up his residence in New York where he made his home with a daughter until his death in 1915 in his ninety-fifth year. During half a century he had painted, either single-handed or with the aid of fellow artists, as many portraits of Mr. Lincoln as did Gilbert Stuart of Washington in an earlier time. The portrait he painted in Springfield in the summer of 1860 now hangs in the Phillipse Manor House, Yonkers, New York. His delightful account of how it came into being, here reprinted in part, was first published in the March, 1909, issue of *McClure's Magazine*.)

I. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. BARRY

Arriving in Springfield in the afternoon of Saturday, June 3, 1860, I went at once to the Lincoln home. When I rang the bell a very small boy called out: "Hello, Mister, what yer want?" I replied that I wished to see Mr. Lincoln and had come all the way from Boston for that purpose. Then the small boy shouted: "Come down, Pop; here's a man from Boston," and an instant later Mr. Lincoln appeared, holding out a hand in welcome. "They want my head, do they?" he asked, twisting my letter of introduction in his hands. "Well, if you can get it you may have it, that is, if you are able to take it off while I am on the jump; but don't fasten me into a chair. I don't suppose you Boston folks get up at cock-crowing as we do out here. I am an early riser and if you will come to my room at the State House on Monday at seven o'clock sharp, I will be there to let you in."

The good man plainly thought I could not be ready at such an early hour for he shook with suppressed laughter when bidding me good-night. But Monday morning came, and, precisely at the hour named, I turned the corner of the street upon which the State House faced to see Mr. Lincoln coming toward me from the other end of the sidewalk. "Well done, my boy," he said as we shook hands. "You are an early bird after all, if you do hail from Boston. Now, then, what shall I do?" he asked when we reached the room—the executive chamber of the State House—which had been lately assigned to his

use, at the same time pointing to a pile of unopened letters on a table. "Absolutely nothing," I replied, "but allow me to walk around you occasionally, and once in a while measure a distance on your face. I will not disturb you in the least otherwise." "Capital," said Mr. Lincoln with a smile. "I won't be in the least bit scared; go right ahead." Then he threw off his coat, and seating himself at the table in his shirt sleeves, plunged his hand into the great sheaf of letters before him, leaving me to begin my task.

How vividly it all comes back to me—the lonely room, the great bony figure with its long arms and legs that seemed to be continually twisting themselves together; the long, wiry neck; the narrow chest, the uncombed hair; the cavernous sockets beneath the high forehead; the bushy eyebrows hanging like curtains over the bright, dreamy eyes, the awkward speech, the evident sincerity and patience. The studies thus begun were continued each morning for ten days. I did not require any long times of sitting, but sketched and studied Mr. Lincoln's features while he was busy at his writing table or moving about the room, or when I was with him at his house or on the street. Much of my best work upon the portrait was done after moments of conversation with Mr. Lincoln, when he had turned away from his table and was facing me. At such times I had ample opportunity to study that wonderful face which in its entire construction was extraordinary. The head, as a whole, was very large, and the upper part of it high above the eyebrows, contrasting strangely with the thin and sunken cheeks and prominent cheek bones.

But the eyes I looked upon so often never can be fully described by human language. They were not remarkable for constant brightness—on the contrary were dreamy and melancholy, always so when at rest, but could become, in an instant, when moved by some great thought, like coals of living fire. I have seen the eyes of Webster and Choate, of Macready, Forrest and the elder Booth, when they startled and awed the beholder, but I have never seen in all the wanderings of a varied life, such eyes as Lincoln had. His head was Jacksonian in shape, and the angle of the jaw all that nature intended that it should be as a sign of power and determination. It was ill advice that caused the growing of whiskers upon Lincoln's face, for they utterly destroyed the harmony of its features, and added not a little to the melancholy of his countenance when in repose. Mr. Lincoln was a man of moods, and seemed to be constantly influenced by them, but not to the loss of a great and brave individuality. Thus I had no end of trouble in getting the expression I wanted of his

mouth—of the whole lower part of his face, in fact—his countenance changed so quickly.

At the end of ten days my crayon portrait was finished and I felt amply rewarded for my labor when Mr. Lincoln, pointing to it said: "Even my enemies must declare that to be a true likeness of Old Abe." Upon my return to Boston my original was reproduced in lithographic form and exhibited in turn in Chicago, New York and Boston. When it was first on exhibition in New York, at the studio of George Ward Nichols, standing on an easel in the center of the room facing Broadway, a short, thick-set gentleman walked in and paused before it. He did not speak to me and I did not speak to him. He stood for a little while a short distance from the picture. Then he stepped forward and, folding his arms across his breast, said slowly with clear utterance: "An honest man, God knows." The next instant he passed out of the room. This visitor, as I learned later, was Stephen A. Douglas.

2. THE RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. CONANT

It was the end of August, 1860, when the Honorable William MacPherson said to me: "You'd better jump on a train and go paint this man Lincoln." MacPherson was the chief pioneer promoter of early St. Louis. He founded Bellefontaine Cemetery, Forest Park, and organized the Missouri Pacific Railroad, of which he was the first president. He seemed able to get unlimited capital for his enterprises from Morgan, Drexel & Co. of New York.

The Prince of Wales and his suite were to visit St. Louis in October, and the opening of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association Fair had been fixed for that time. To forestall Chicago, we had just originated the Western Academy of Art. I was its secretary, and we were to hold an exhibit in connection with the Fair. MacPherson said it would be a good thing for me to hang a portrait of the new leader of the new Republican Party. He knew Lincoln and approved of him, was himself a strong Unionist, and, I imagine, was not unmindful of the campaign value of such a portrait in St. Louis at that time. I was in the habit of doing what MacPherson said in those days, for whenever he told people that they ought to sit to me, they sat. So I packed up my gear and went.

Nevertheless, I disapproved heartily of the whole undertaking. I was a youngster then, scarce "come to forty year," and Lincoln meant less to me than did Bryan to Gold Democrats in 1896. I came from a slave State, I was of that strong faction in the North that

thought Seward should have had the nomination and I anticipated a disagreeable task, which I was anxious to get over as quickly as possible.

Arrived at Springfield, Illinois, I repaired with all speed to the State House where Lincoln had his headquarters during the campaign. The room that he rented was perhaps sixty feet long by about twenty-five wide, and as I entered I caught my first sight of him standing by a table at the farther end. He was surrounded by men with whom he was talking interestedly.

I took a seat against the wall, rather more than halfway down the room. As I waited, surprise grew upon me. My notion of his features had been gained solely from the unskilful work of the photographers of the period, in which harsh lighting and inflexible pose served to accentuate the deep, repellent lines of his face, giving it an expression easily mistaken for coarseness that well accorded with the prevalent disparagement of his character. But as he talked animatedly, I saw a totally different countenance, and I admitted to myself that his frequent smile was peculiarly attractive. I determined to secure that expression for my portrait.

Across the room a young man was also waiting. From his appearance and manner, I immediately concluded that he was of my ilk and bent on the same errand. While I was undergoing vexation at the prospect of his adding to the difficulty of my obtaining the sittings I desired, Mr. Lincoln approached, and I handed him the introductions and strong recommendations with which MacPherson had armed me. Lincoln read them carefully. "No," he said gravely, shaking his head; "it is impossible for me to give any more sittings."

As I urged upon him the important purpose for which the portrait was sought, and the distance I had come to secure it, the young man I had noticed approached and stood near us. He interrupted Lincoln, who began to deny me again, saying: "Mr. Lincoln, you can give him my sitting for tomorrow. My stay in Springfield is unlimited, and I can arrange for sittings later, to suit your convenience. I should be very glad to facilitate this gentleman's work in that way."

Such professional magnanimity evidently appealed to Lincoln, and he agreed to sit to us together if that would do. So it was settled, and I thanked Mr. Lincoln and the young man. He was George Wright from New Haven, and but for him I should probably have gone away without the portrait, and cherishing a personal resentment against Lincoln, in addition to the popular prejudice which I shared.

Long before ten the next morning, we were both on hand at the

State House. I set up my easel in the middle of the room and placed a chair for Mr. Lincoln about ten feet away. He was seated at the table writing, and at the same time dictating to Mr. Nicolay, his secretary. He leaned his head on his left hand and kept running the fingers through his long, unkempt hair. I fumed inwardly, impatient to get on with my work.

Promptly on the hour, Lincoln rose, came over, and without a word threw his angular form into the chair, crossing his legs and settling back with a sigh, as though to a disagreeable ordeal. Immediately his countenance relapsed into impenetrable abstraction; the hard, sinister lines deepened into an expression of utter melancholy, almost despair. The cold sweat started all over me as I contemplated the difficulty of inducing the animation I had observed the day before.

Something had to be done, and I began by asking permission to arrange his hair, which stood out like an oven-broom. He nodded, and with my fingers I brushed it back, disclosing the splendid lines of the forehead. At least that was something, I thought, as I backed away. But it was not enough. All the other features seemed to me hopeless, as I stood there. His ill repute in my section flooded into my mind: his common origin—born of Kentucky “poor white trash”; his plebeian pursuits, his coarse tastes and low associates. He seemed to me, indeed, the story-telling, whiskey-drinking, whiskey-selling country grocer who they said had been exalted to the exclusion of the astute Seward.

So, as I sat down again before my easel, I made some flippant remark calculated to appeal to the vulgarian. It was then I got my first hint of the innate dignity of the man. He made some mono-syllabic reply, and there came over his face the most marvelously complex expression I have ever seen—a mingling of instant shrewd apprehension of the whole attitude of mind back of my remark, pained disappointment at my misunderstanding of him, and patient tolerance of it. In a flash, I saw I had made a mistake, though not till long afterward did I realize how gross a one. To cover my embarrassment I began at once to question him about the debates with Douglas, which had been fully published in the St. Louis papers.

“In all my life,” he said, “I never engaged in any enterprise with such reluctance and grave apprehension as in that contest. Douglas was the idol of his party, and justly so, for he was a man of great ability. He was reckless in many of his statements, but ‘Judge Douglas said so’ clinched the argument and ended the controversy. I soon found that my simple denial carried no weight against the imperious

and emphatic style of his oratory. Night after night Douglas reiterated that while I was in Congress I had voted against the Mexican War and against all recognition of the gallant conduct of those who had imperiled their lives in it. I knew it was useless to reply till I could adduce such proof as would settle the question forever.

“One day I saw near the platform a Democrat, a personal friend of both of us, who was in Congress when I was. Douglas had the opening speech, and when in my reply I came to the oft-repeated statements about the Mexican War, I told the audience that when I came to Congress the war was all over; therefore I could not have voted against it; and furthermore, that on every resolution of votes of swords and thanks to the officers and soldiers, I voted in the affirmative, except on one occasion when the question was so shrewdly worded that if the Whigs voted for it they would be made to indorse the war. Then I voted no, until Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts added this amendment: ‘In a war unjustifiably begun by the President.’ Then I voted in the affirmative. ‘And,’ I added, ‘I refer you for proof to the Congressional Record.’ And turning to my Democratic colleague, I said: ‘Here is Ficklin, who was in Congress when I was; he will confirm what I have said.’

“He seemed rather reluctant to come, but he was within reach of my long arm, and I took him by the collar and helped him along a little. Finally he said: ‘Although I am opposed to Mr. Lincoln in politics, I must say that what he has told you concerning his votes on the Mexican War question is true.’ Douglas never said Mexican War again during the whole campaign.”

I remember this particularly, because it impressed me even at the time with that remarkable trait of his—the patient waiting, biding his time, no matter how strong the pressure to hasten his decision or precipitate his action. I realized it more fully later. His reply to the open letter of Greeley in the Tribune of August 20, 1862, accusing him of conciliating pro-slavery sentiment, is a fine example of it. His course regarding the Emancipation Proclamation is another. Carpenter painted a picture of the cabinet consulting about the Proclamation. But a member of that cabinet told me they knew nothing of his purpose till he suddenly presented at a meeting a draft of the document for their verbal criticism only.

But this, and the other traits he disclosed during the week or more I stayed in Springfield, I was in no attitude of mind to appreciate. At that first sitting my efforts were only temporarily successful in diverting his mind from the sense of present responsibility, obsessed

with which he relapsed into the melancholy I desired to avert. I remember how vexed I was at the interruptions of visitors, who were constantly coming in. Though they roused him to some degree of animation they invariably spoiled his pose, so that I could not work.

One from Alabama, a fine figure of the Southern gentleman, approached with a quick, assured step, introduced himself, and evidently requested that the interview be private, for they soon retired to the other end of the room. The visitor leaned forward in his chair talking earnestly to Lincoln, who reclined easily, stroking his chin, his legs crossed. To the evident anxiety of the other man was added an expression of extreme dissatisfaction when he left, half an hour later. He had, I judged, come to interrogate Lincoln as to what would be the policy of the Government if he were elected. I could hear nothing that was said, but Lincoln chatted with him pleasantly, smiled often, and evidently told some story, his visitor chafing the while at the exclusion of serious discussion. As I watched, Lincoln's manner impressed me as too full of levity, sadly lacking in a sense of the responsibility of his position; and I said to myself: "Is this the man I must vote for to guide the country in these feverish times—one who trifles with great personalities and issues and dismisses both with a joke?"

I wish I could remember all the visitors and all that Lincoln said at those sittings. But like many another youngster then, I had no conception of the importance of the events in which I participated. It seemed all in the day's work to me. At the second sitting, in desperation, I placed a long bench just behind me, and requested that all visitors occupy it. The plan served to keep Lincoln in pose and helped to bring to his face some of the animation I desired. When the string of visitors failed, I knew I must keep his mind from brooding on the present if I would avert his abstracted look, and I soon found that leading him to talk of his past life was the best expedient. He was quite willing to tell of it, and even to discuss frankly the unfounded rumors concerning him, many of which I ventured to mention.

I alluded to the accusation that he had been engaged in the whiskey trade. "When I was in the grocery business at New Salem," he said, "money was scarce, and I was obliged to receive in exchange all kinds of produce. When enough had accumulated, I loaded it on a flatboat, took it to New Orleans, and traded it off for supplies. On one of these trips a neighbor of mine asked me to take along three barrels of whisky with my freight, and sell them for him. This I did, and that was the only whisky transaction of my life."

There are people, even now, who are at pains to challenge that statement, but, when Mr. Lincoln made it to me, he also said: "When I went into the grocery business, I had a partner for a while, but I soon found that he absorbed all the profits and there was nothing left for me; so I had to get out and go it alone."

He referred to the firm of Berry & Lincoln. Whatever its dealings in whisky during his connection with it, they were beyond his personal control. It was a mere paper partnership in which his dissent could have had no weight, for he was utterly impecunious at the time.—I remember he told me how, on one of his flatboat trips, a man asked to be ferried out to a steamboat he was anxious to intercept. Lincoln accommodated him. "As he was about to climb aboard," said Lincoln, "he shook hands with me, and left in my palm a silver half-dollar. I remember with what astonishment I looked at the size of the gift."

He told me, too, how for half a dollar he bought a barrel of odds and ends from a migrating farmer who asked him to take it to lighten his wagon on the heavy roads. After stowing it away for some time, Lincoln came upon it, and found that the only thing of value in it was a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. He described how much it interested him, and I recall vividly the wide, sweeping gesture and high pitch of enthusiasm in his voice as he concluded:

"I fairly devoured every sentence."

It was no secret that he was perennially out of funds for a long time after that. Major John T. Stuart, who encouraged him to study law and first took him into partnership, told me in 1870, when I painted his portrait, that when Lincoln was with him, in 1837, the firm kept no books, but that all the fees were brought in and immediately divided among the members.

"How much are you worth now?" I asked Mr. Lincoln, when he was telling me of his early struggles. "Well," he replied, "I pay taxes on \$15,000, but I'm not worth \$20,000." That was all he had been able to accumulate during twenty-three years of law practice, not to mention three (four) terms in the Illinois Legislature and one in Congress.

It was necessary to live on into the twentieth century to measure the significance of this and the other things Lincoln told me about himself. My chief concern in the conversations then was to study his features, and I did so with an anxious intensity I have never devoted to a sitter before or since. I have alluded to the noble symmetry of his brow, which instantly revealed itself to my eye; but it was not

till years afterward that I saw some measure of the mentality back of it.

His features were the most puzzling that could well be imagined. His bushy, overhanging brows caused a famous sculptor to speak of his rather deep-set eyes as "dark." But close observation revealed them a heavenly blue, and when they were animated, their expression was most captivating. Never was a countenance so flexible as his, nor capable of such changes of expression. The secret lay in his sensitive muscular control of the mouth. That sensitive mouth of his was the index of the mellow human sympathy of his disposition. He was acutely alive to distress in any form, and the cry of a child, particularly, would arrest his attention, no matter what he was engaged upon. Several times, when we were alone together, both working busily, I saw him stop and call to him, for a jocose remark and a handshake, some barefoot boy who had stolen softly up the stairs and was gazing around the half-open door in awe at the famous candidate.

Two incidents on the day of my departure have indelibly impressed me with his almost feminine sympathy. When I announced the completion of my work, Lincoln came over and, looking at the portrait, said: "You're not going till this evening? I would like Mrs. Lincoln to see that. If you will let it remain here, I will bring her at three o'clock."

They came promptly, bringing several gentlemen and the irrepressible Tad, after whom trailed a little comrade he called Jim. Tad was everywhere at once, being repeatedly recaptured by his mother, and waiting but for a favorable diversion to be off again. I noticed with what interested pride Lincoln's eyes followed him about the room. I uncovered the canvas for Mrs. Lincoln. "That is excellent," she said; "that is the way he looks when he has his friends about him. I hope he will look like that after the first of November."

While we were discussing the likeness, Tad had again escaped, and had found George Wright's unfinished portrait against the wall. Turning it partly around and peering under the cover, he called out: "Come here, Jim; here's another Old Abe." Shocked at the child's impropriety before such dignitaries as the secretary and auditor of the State, I affected not to hear it. But Lincoln laughed outright and said in a loud aside: "Did you hear that, Conant? He got that on the street, I suppose."

Later in the day I called to say good-by, accompanied by my little daughter of twelve, whom I had brought on the journey to keep me company at the hotel. Mr. Lincoln followed us to the door, said

good-bye to her, and, as she passed out, gently detained me, asking with unaffected feeling: "Is her mother living?" I answered that she was. "I am so glad to know it," he said. "Somehow I had got the idea that she was orphaned, and I was afraid to ask her about her mother lest I might hurt her feelings." . . .

CHAPTER XXXIII

CANDIDATE LINCOLN JOINS THE HUNT FOR A THIEF

(Early in 1860 George Hartley, a detective of Leeds, England, had occasion to employ Mr. Lincoln as counsel under unusual and interesting conditions. Nearly half a century later, Mr. Hartley, in old age a resident of the ancient city of York, sent to a niece in Chicago an account of his association with Mr. Lincoln. This account found its way into the Chicago News on January 28, 1909, and is here reprinted.)

In 1859 I held the office of detective in Leeds. During that year my chief sent me to America after a man I shall call Smith, as his folks are still living and might not like me to use his real name. Smith had stolen ten thousand pounds (\$50,000) and it was said had taken refuge in his brother's home. The brother lived in a small English settlement just outside Springfield in Illinois. I booked passage from Liverpool to New York, and upon landing in that city took the first train to Chicago, which wasn't the city I understand it now is.

In Chicago I secured the services of a brother detective and together we set off for Springfield, where I was anxious to consult Mr. Lincoln, who had been recommended to me as a good lawyer. I well remember my first interview with him, which was in the sitting room of his home. I at first thought he was the most ungainly man I had ever seen, but I soon forgot his appearance in his friendly reception. As soon as he learned that I had come straight from England his thin face with its high cheek bones lighted with the greatest interest, and he shook my hand warmly. Then he ran his fingers through his coarse black hair and with almost boyish eagerness asked me a number of questions about England, informing me at the same time that his ancestors were English and he hoped sometime to visit the land of their birth.

Fortunately I had no trouble in retaining Mr. Lincoln as my counsel. After I had presented my case to him and had been advised, I set off for the settlement where I believed Smith was hiding. But when I reached the place I found Smith had got news of my coming

and had flown. I returned at once and reported this to Mr. Lincoln. He said: "That man will return to his brother's home. Now I have an Irishman who does odd jobs for me, and he can be trusted if—!" Mr. Lincoln stopped and shook his head as a smile crept around his lips. "Well, I'll talk to Pat." he added. "You shall buy him a pack of notions and send him there as a peddler. He will let you know when your man comes back."

I fitted Pat out with the pack, instructed him and sent him on his mission, both Mr. Lincoln and myself being perfectly confident that he would report at the right time. Meanwhile, I remained in Springfield and it was during the tedium of waiting that I enjoyed an intimate acquaintanceship with Abraham Lincoln. I remember one day that I was sitting in the State House, when Mr. Lincoln appeared and, with a smile, dropped down into a vacant chair beside me. He had a kindly and unpretentious nature that made him most companionable. After a bit he led the conversation around to England, as he liked to do; he never tired of asking questions about my home and seemed to find delight in anything I had to tell him concerning it. But I preferred listening to him; his language was always beautiful and his voice was pleasant. Besides, he had a way of using homely and humorous illustrations to emphasize his points, and this, together with his clear common sense and originality, made him a delightful talker. He possessed a great charm for me, as I believe he did for all who knew him intimately.

I recall that on this particular day I asked Mr. Lincoln what had influenced him in making the law his profession. In answering, he told me about one of his cases. A farmer had lost a cow, which was killed by a railroad train. He engaged Mr. Lincoln to represent him and sue the company for damages. Before he could do this, the company, having received private word of the farmer's move, approached Mr. Lincoln with the proposition that if he would throw over the farmer it would renumerate him handsomely and give him legal work connected with the railroad. I well remember the look of satisfaction in Mr. Lincoln's eyes as he added: "They did not get me then. I met their proposal with a prompt refusal. The company had exposed its hand and I obliged it to reimburse the farmer liberally."

At the time I knew Mr. Lincoln I was considered a tall man, and it always seemed to bother him a bit to discover which was the taller, he or I. Finally one day, when he met me on the street, he said: "I'm going to the barber's and I want you to come with me. I want him to measure us."

I went along, and when we reached the barber's shop Mr. Lincoln asked the man to take our measures. He proceeded to do so in the good old-fashioned way that my father used to measure his sons. Mr. Lincoln took his position against the wall, straightening to his full height. The barber held his comb, flat side down, over Mr. Lincoln's black hair and pressed the end against the wall. Mr. Lincoln moved his head easily, slipped from under the comb, and the barber made a small pencil mark to denote his height. I was then measured in the same way. I well remember Mr. Lincoln's almost boyish delight when his mark proved him the taller. Afterward we measured standing back to back and we were the same height up to our shoulders.

During this time electioneering for the next President swung into full blast, and Mr. Lincoln was graver and more preoccupied than he had been when I first knew him. He often sat beside me without speaking, his chin sunk upon his breast, seeming both sad and anxious. I remember one evening we were seated together in the State House, a favorite meeting place, when a torchlight procession came down the street. It stopped before the State House and two men came in and approached Mr. Lincoln. They asked him a number of questions, pertaining chiefly to slavery, and he answered them fairly and manfully. The men returned to the crowd and made short speeches. In a minute we could see hands and hats and torches waving in the air. The men then returned to Mr. Lincoln and told him the people out there were perfectly satisfied with his answers to their questions, and they would vote for him. Mr. Lincoln got up out of his chair, straightened his gaunt figure to its full height and stood silent for a moment. Then he said gravely: "If you think it right to vote for me, do it. If you think it isn't right, don't do it. Thank you, gentlemen, and good-night."

When some time had passed without hearing from Pat, Mr. Lincoln sent for him. Pat put in an appearance with a black eye. He explained to Mr. Lincoln that he had got it while conscientiously performing his duty. He had gone to a wedding, at which he had been informed Smith would be one of the guests. The thing that Pat didn't tell, but which we guessed, was that he had drunk to the bride's health with more gallantry than discretion, and in his exuberance, had pounced upon the wrong man, insisting that he was Smith and his prisoner. The stranger had resented to the extent of painting Pat's eye black, and for a time things had been lively at the wedding

feast. I can see Mr. Lincoln shaking his head, and hear his reproachful "Pat! Pat! And you promised!"

Shortly after this, Mr. Lincoln became actively engaged in his presidential campaign and he found it impossible at the same time to keep up his law practice. Thereafter I saw little of him. I remember that I was in Philadelphia, where I had gone on receipt of a telegram from a detective who had seen Smith there, when Mr. Lincoln was elected President. I saw him shortly afterward. He gave me a pressing invitation to call on him at the White House, if I still remained in the country after his inauguration, or in fact at any time I had an opportunity. I told him that I supposed there would be as much red tape to go through as if I wanted to see Queen Victoria. His answer was: "Simply send your card to me and I will do the rest." Not long afterward I returned to Springfield. A few days later I got my man in his brother's house, exactly as Mr. Lincoln had assured me I would do, and at once returned to England with my prisoner.

CHAPTER XXXIV

HEARING THE RETURNS WITH MR. LINCOLN

(The article here reprinted, written in 1882, was first published in the New York Times on February 14, 1932. It was written by the late Samuel R. Weed, who in 1860 was a reporter for a St. Louis newspaper. In that capacity he was delegated to spend election day and night in Springfield, and, keeping as near as possible to Mr. Lincoln, to report in detail what he saw and heard. No reporter, as events proved, could have sought a more attractive assignment, and young Weed, making careful note of what he saw and heard, in after years recorded his experiences with accuracy and precision. The result is an admirable first-hand account of the most fateful day and night in the life of Abraham Lincoln.

Had Reporter Weed, however, been able to read the thoughts of the President-elect he would not have omitted a significant detail from his narrative. That detail Mr. Lincoln afterward related to friends for whom it had an especial meaning, and it will be found recorded in an impressive way in the third volume of *Abraham Lincoln: A History* by Nicolay and Hay. There we are informed that "the work of framing the new cabinet was mainly performed on the evening of the presidential election." Mr. Lincoln's "first emotions were those of pleasure and pride at his success. But this was only a temporary glow." Soon "there fell upon him the shadow of his mighty task and responsibility. It seemed as if he suddenly bore the whole world upon his shoulders and could not shake it off. . . . He read the still coming telegrams in a sort of absent-minded routine while his inner man . . . traced out the laborious path of future duties. 'When I finally bade my friends good-night and left that room' said Lincoln, 'I had substantially completed the framework of my Cabinet as it now exists'." See also Chapter 36 of the present work.)

The day and night with Abraham Lincoln of which I shall tell were the most important in his life and, in the tremendous consequences which ensued, the most important to the country at large. I refer to the 6th day of November, 1860, and to the night which followed it.

This was election day—the day which made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States.

At that time I was connected with the press of St. Louis and was delegated to spend the day and night in Springfield, Ill., the home of Mr. Lincoln. My special duty was to remain as near to Mr. Lincoln as possible and to prepare an account of such incidents as might be deemed interesting to the public in connection with his movements on that memorable day, which was to make his life a part of American history or retire him for a while at least from the public gaze.

I reached Springfield about ten o'clock in the morning and, armed with my credentials and letters of introduction, was soon in Mr. Lincoln's presence. I found him in a private room attached to the office of the Illinois secretary of state, which he had occupied as sort of headquarters for several months. When I entered, he was chatting with three or four friends as calmly and as amiably as if he had started on a picnic. In this apartment he had received many of the men afterward distinguished in the councils of the nation and also on her battlefields. His manner was quiet, unaffected and gracious, and, when I informed him of my errand, he smiled and hoped I would manage to enjoy myself.

I shall not undertake to describe Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance. The pictures of him, then and now so well known, give a fair idea of how he looked. He was then, and always, pre-eminently a plain man. I cannot easily forget that he was tall and angular, or that he had pretty long legs, especially when they were elevated to the top of a stove, as he sat in a chair tipped backward. As I first saw him I could not justify the reports that were everywhere circulated about his lack of personal beauty.

On this day Mr. Lincoln was in one of his most amiable moods, but he did not jest or crack jokes (as his enemies charged was his daily habit) in discussing the perilous condition of the country. I thought then—and have not changed my mind since—that whatever humor or sense of humor there was in him came spontaneously and that if he had tried to be humorous he would have failed.

Mr. Lincoln had a lively interest in the election, but it was noticeable that he scarcely ever alluded to himself or his candidacy. He was interested in the fortunes of the local candidates in his town, county and State and to have heard his remarks one would have concluded that the district attorneyship of a county in Illinois was of far more importance than the Presidency itself. Once he mentioned a candidate for the legislature in one of these counties who he hoped

would be elected, and he would be, Mr. Lincoln added, "if he didn't find Abe Lincoln too heavy a load to carry on the same ticket." At another time he said that elections in this country were like boils—they caused a great deal of pain before they came to a head, but after the trouble was over the body was in better health than before. He hoped that the bitterness of the canvass would pass away "as easily as the core of a boil."

There were many quaint sayings by Mr. Lincoln during the day in reply, or by way of repartee, to remarks made in his presence. The idea seemed general even among his intimate friends that it was the proper thing to provoke from him something funny by saying something in his presence which would be called "smart" or "witty" and call forth a witty reply. Most of these attempts were decided failures. Something was said about the fusionists in New York; he remarked that they would probably get into such a row going up Salt River as to "obstruct navigation" thereafter. One of his few humorous remarks was that it was lucky for him that "the women couldn't vote"; otherwise the monstrous portraits of him which had been circulated during the canvass by friends as well as by foes would surely defeat him.

Turning to the secretary of state of Illinois (O. M. Hatch), he said with a smile: "Hatch, I tell you there is a great deal more in that idea than you suppose."

He then related a story of a Presbyterian church in McLean County in Illinois holding a congregational meeting to vote a call to a pastor. The elders and deacons and principal men in the church had united in recommending a certain man, and it was supposed he would be called unanimously; but in an evil hour somebody got hold of the man's likeness and exhibited it to the sisters. They did not like the wart he had on his nose, so they turned out in force and voted down the call. There was a constant stream of good nature in all of his sayings that day. His good nature never deserted him, and yet underneath I thought I saw an air of seriousness, which in reality dominated the man. When I returned to St. Louis on November 7, 1860, I wrote the following:

"Abraham Lincoln has been pictured to the world by his political and personal enemies as a jester, a comic story-teller, a common sort of jury lawyer whose special vocation it is to raise a laugh. But he is quite as serious as a majority of men and has a serious air at times which almost borders on the solemn. I believe he will be found serious

enough when the occasion requires it, and that he may be depended upon to carry the people safely through the trying scenes to come." I recall these words now with some pleasure because they have been abundantly justified by later events.

We remained together until the lunch hour arrived and then separated for an hour. When he returned to the State House he announced that he would now go out and vote, as he believed it to be ever man's duty to vote, whether he was a candidate or not. He went forth from the building accompanied by myself and three or four of his immediate friends and walked rapidly across the State House Square toward the polls.

By this time "the boys" had got wind of his approach and with entire good humor began to block the way by crowding the sidewalk in front of him. In a few moments there was an impromptu ovation from his townsmen and it was with difficulty that a way was opened so that the candidate of the Republican Party could carry out his intention to cast his vote. But it was a good-natured crowd and showed a warm affection for Mr. Lincoln in spite of its boisterousness. Indeed this local tribute was a fitting prelude to the handsome majority he received in his Democratic home.

Mr. Lincoln did not long remain outdoors but speedily returned to his old quarters in the State House, pursued to the very door by some of his more eager admirers. By four o'clock he began to receive occasional telegrams giving estimates of the majorities or votes in several localities. Among them was a curious dispatch from Charleston, South Carolina, expressing a hope that Mr. Lincoln had been elected because, if so, South Carolina "would soon be free." He laughed at this message because the sentiment seemed a familiar one inasmuch as he explained to me he had received several letters, some signed by the writers, and some anonymous, of the same tenor and effect. This message he handed to Mr. Hatch and told him that the sender of it would bear watching. I did not see the message to read it, but was told it was from a former member of Congress.

There were telegrams likewise from Indiana and Pennsylvania, giving Mr. Lincoln good cheer from those States and somebody sent him a dispatch from Boston to the effect that Massachusetts had given the Republicans 50,000—a clear case, Mr. Lincoln said, of the Dutch taking Holland. Now the private room was well filled with friends and fellow citizens who came to exchange congratulations and to hear the news. It was accepted as a foregone conclusion by five

o'clock that the Republicans had triumphed, although there were only here and there a few scattering returns or estimates of those who had been watching the polls all day to justify the conclusion.

Shortly after five o'clock Mr. Lincoln sought his modest home. He remained in the privacy of his dwelling until 7 p. m. In the interim a Republican mass meeting was organized for the purpose of receiving the returns. It was held in the Assembly Chamber of the Illinois Capitol. While this was going on an arrangement was made with the manager of the telegraph office in Springfield to accommodate Mr. Lincoln and a few friends in the operating room, which was in the second story of a two-story brick building opposite the State House. It probably was half after seven o'clock when Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by his old friend, State Treasurer Dubois, O. M. Hatch, his private secretary, and myself, ascended the staircase of the Springfield telegraph office.

The earlier returns were fragmentary and came from scattered precincts in the adjoining counties. They were Greek to me, but Mr. Lincoln seemed to understand their bearing on the general result in the State and commented upon every return by way of comparison with previous elections. He understood at a glance whether it was a loss or gain to his party. There was great glee on his face when a dispatch arrived from Saline, in the extreme southern part of Illinois commonly known as Egypt. This county in 1856 gave just one vote for General Fremont, the Republican candidate, to nearly 2,000 for Buchanan, the Democratic candidate. But now the news was flashed over the wires that three of the principal precincts in Saline gave Mr. Lincoln nearly 200 majority over Douglas. He laughed heartily and exclaimed that that was "a tribute from Egypt to the success of our public school fund." The interest of Mr. Lincoln in the local results in Illinois seemed greater than in the presidential vote of other States.

By nine o'clock the returns began to come from more distant points. They seemed all one way. The interest of that little circle was increased in proportion as the success of Mr. Lincoln appeared to be assured, but Mr. Lincoln himself was the calmest one in the room. By this time an impromptu meeting was organized on the sidewalk composed by people who could not wait for the returns in the State House meeting.

By ten o'clock it began to be noticed that there was not a single word from New York. Mr. Lincoln betrayed his anxiety by remarking that "the news would come quick enough if it was good, and if bad,

he was not in any hurry to hear it." About half past ten a private message was received, addressed to Mr. Lincoln and signed by Thurlow Weed, which was as follows: "We are encouraged at this hour to believe you have carried this State." Mr. Lincoln read this dispatch the first time in silence and then read it aloud. He remarked that the news was satisfactory so far, only it was not conclusive.

Then the New Jersey returns began to excite surprise, as report after report gave Fusion majorities. The cheering returns from all parts of New England, which by this time, past eleven o'clock, began to arrive in profusion, banished the depressing effect of the New Jersey returns. But it is only the truth to say that the hour passed slowly and even Mr. Lincoln began to betray for the second time his anxiety about New York. It became more and more evident that New York was indeed the "pivotal" State.

All our doubts were once more set in motion by the receipt of a message about eleven-thirty o'clock, from Simeon Draper, chairman of the Republican State committee, which ran thus: "We have made steady gains everywhere throughout the State, but the city returns are not sufficiently forward to make us sure of the result, although we are quite sanguine a great victory has been won."

Of course this dispatch gave the friends of Mr. Lincoln great joy. Mr. Lincoln alone was silent. He had stood up while reading the message (which was a private one addressed to himself) but now sat down and contrary to his usual habit, said nothing. A moment later Lyman Trumbull, then United States Senator from Illinois, who had been making Republican speeches for two months in Illinois, rushed frantically into the room and, embracing Mr. Lincoln most cordially, exclaimed in a loud tone: "Uncle Abe, you're the next President, and I know it." He had just heard the Draper dispatch read and was eager to offer his congratulations.

By this time the Springfield boys had heard it, too, and the great crowd which had filled the State House surged into the street and began cheering, yelling and shouting like a thousand madmen suddenly let loose from their keepers. It was hard to maintain even a commonplace dignity inside the telegraph office while so much noise and excitement was going on outside. But Mr. Lincoln remained calm through it all and, as he alone sat in a chair, remarked: "Not too fast, my friends. Not too fast, it may not be over yet." This was said in his slowest speech and in his most serious manner.

The next half-hour was spent in anxious suspense, lest the fear of Mr. Lincoln himself should be realized. We could not bring ourselves

to believe that there was any real doubt of the result, but as it was apparent that Mr. Lincoln felt nervous and uncertain, we all shared to some extent his feelings. A multitude of dispatches continued to arrive from all quarters including New York. They were all so favorable that once Mr. Dubois asked: "Well, Uncle Abe, are you satisfied now?" Mr. Lincoln replied with a smile, "Well, the agony is most over, and you will soon be able to go to bed."

A particularly favorable report came from Virginia to the effect that the Bell and Everett party claimed they had carried the State. Mr. Lincoln suggested that this was the most hopeful return for the peace of the country he had heard and he hoped the majority was so large as to crush out the fire-eaters completely. He spoke with considerable emphasis and satisfaction about the strength shown for the Conservative American ticket in the Border States. Probably he was thinking even then that these votes represented a sentiment of love for the Union which would destroy the hopes of the ultra-secessionists.

But these minor details were soon forgotten when the climax was reached by a sudden call from the telegraph manager, who said in a half-excited tone: "Mr. Lincoln, here is news which will do you good." He replied: "Read it." The dispatch, like the former one, was private, addressed to Mr. Lincoln and signed by Simeon Draper. It was dated New York City, midnight, and was as follows: "The Fusion majorities in New York and Brooklyn will not exceed 35,000 majority. We tender you our congratulations upon this magnificent victory."

This dispatch was handed to Mr. Lincoln and read by him with evident marks of pleasure. He would have been a more remarkable man than Abraham Lincoln who could have concealed his pleasure upon such an occasion. That dispatch gave him the assurance of his election to the Presidency. It was a moment later read aloud from the window of the telegraph office to the crowd in waiting, and as its last echoes rang out upon the midnight air a shout went up which was carried from street to street like the rush of many waters.

It seemed to startle men and women from their beds and many a window in Springfield was lifted and an inquiry sent forth as to the cause of the shouting, although most of the people seemed to know intuitively what it meant. A church bell was rung and excited crowds began to renew the campaign songs of the early evening. In the little office there was a scene of handshaking and congratulation as hearty and vigorous as possible. The telegraph operators left their instruments for a moment and joined in the greetings of the occasion.

The coolest man in that company was the President-elect. When the noise had partially subsided Mr. Lincoln asked for the Draper dispatch, and when he had received it he put it into his pocket and said it was about time he "went home and told the news to a little woman who was sitting up for him." He then called for his overcoat and when it was adjusted he thanked the telegraph manager and chief operator for their kindness and started downstairs.

A carriage was in waiting to carry him home. He was weary in body and mind, and was probably as sincerely anxious as anybody to get away from the noise to the privacy of his family. But he was not to escape so easily. He was hardly at the bottom of the stairs when a fresh delegation met him and insisted that he should go with them—nay, they almost dragged him to a neighboring restaurant, where in an upstairs room a spread of refreshments had been prepared by the wives and daughters of the local Republicans. With his accustomed good nature, Mr. Lincoln remarked that as he had been "in the hands of his friends for the past five months he might as well make it one night more."

The female enthusiasm bubbled up so spontaneously that somehow (and, although present, I never could tell exactly how it began) a movement was started to kiss the "dear man." Before he had time to either protest or retreat at least a half dozen girls and their mothers had saluted him with hearty kisses on the cheek—though I do not vouch for the cheek every time. His good-humoured resistance was quite in vain and he finally yielded with the suggestion that this was "a form of coercion not prohibited by the Constitution or Congress." He surrendered meekly enough and took the proffered kisses as one of the duties of the high office to which he had, on that day, been elected. The women simplified his task by forming a line in Indian file and circling around the table as they greeted him with their salutes on the 'fire and fall back' principle.

By eight o'clock the next morning there was a booming of cannon in Springfield, and the early trains, as well as hundreds of farm wagons and vehicles of all kinds, began to arrive with their loads of people, anxious to see and congratulate Mr. Lincoln. He appeared in his old quarters at the State House by ten o'clock and was speedily surrounded by his old friends and neighbors. While he seemed in good spirits and received these friendly greetings with a sincere pleasure and good nature, there was a sort of sadness in his face which was remarked by more than one of those present. But he kept it under, amid

the warm congratulations which poured in upon him, and talked with all who got near enough to him for the purpose with his old-time freedom.

He sat a portion of the time in a big armchair with his feet on the lower edge of a large stove and had a word for everybody. Very early in the day he had said to one group of callers: "Well, boys, your troubles are over now, but mine have just begun." He repeated this remark a half-dozen times in two hours and I have no doubt it came direct from his heart.

After a while the callers became so numerous that he stood up and held a regular levee and took every offered hand. It was amusing to witness this demonstration, but it was so natural, sincere and hearty that no one could question the admiration with which Mr. Lincoln was regarded by his neighbors. An old gray-haired, grizzled farmer shook hands with him, and as he did so exclaimed: "Uncle Abe, I didn't vote for yer, but I am mighty glad yer elected just the same."

The President-elect quickly replied: "Well, my old friend, when a man has been tried and pronounced not guilty he hasn't any right to find fault with the jury."

There were times, doubtless, in his after life when Mr. Lincoln seemed nobler and grander to those around him than on the day and night which witnessed his first election to the Presidency, but I doubt if he ever seemed more natural and manly or self-possessed in any emergency than on the occasion I have described.

CHAPTER XXXV

A PERIOD OF TROUBLED WAITING FOR MR. BUCHANAN'S SUCCESSOR

(Mr. Lincoln's days and nights in Springfield between November 6, 1860, and February 11, 1861, were a period of doubt and uncertainty, and of inner struggle for self-mastery. The adoption of the ordinance of secession by South Carolina on December 20, gave him clear proof of the purposes of the Southern leaders and of what was ahead of him, and while resolved that no word or act of his should be open to a construction that could serve as a pretext or excuse for rebellion, he turned to a few old friends for counsel as to the wisest course open to him.

One of these was Joseph Gillespie of Edwardsville, who born in New York of Irish parents in the same year as Mr. Lincoln, came with them to Illinois at the age of ten; in early manhood labored as a farmer and miner, and, studying law as conditions permitted, was in 1837 admitted to the bar. Before that he had served in the Black Hawk War and become the friend of Mr. Lincoln. In 1840 Mr. Gillespie was elected for a single term to the lower house of the Illinois Legislature and for a dozen years following 1847 he was a member of the State Senate. In 1853 he was the Whig candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas. A little later he took a leading part in the formation of the Republican Party in Illinois, and in May, 1860, presided over the State convention at Decatur which declared Mr. Lincoln its choice for President, an action which within a fortnight resulted in his nomination by the Republican national convention at Chicago. In 1861 Mr. Gillespie was chosen judge of his judicial circuit and by re-election served in that capacity for twelve years. He died at Edwardsville in January, 1885.

Judge Gillespie resolutely refused federal office, but his shrewdness and sagacity, charged with wit and humor, made him a man after Mr. Lincoln's own heart and one of the latter's trusted advisors. Following his death there were found among his papers notes of a visit with Mr. Lincoln in January, 1861, which first published in the Com-

mercial Gazette of Cincinnati in 1888 are here reprinted as the graphic record of memorable hours.

There is also reprinted in this place, as an apt footnote to Judge Gillespie's recollections, a homely account by Andrew Jackson Prevost of Mr. Lincoln's halt in Albany when on his way to Washington in February, 1861, which first appeared in the New York Times. Born in New York City in 1835 and a lawyer by profession, Mr. Prevost was the friend in his earlier years of Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond and other widely known men of the Civil War period. In 1861 he was a member of the New York Legislature and as such served on a committee of that body charged with the reception and entertainment of Mr. Lincoln during his stay in Albany as President-elect. Mr. Prevost practised law in New York City until shortly before his death in his ninetieth year, and in his last days was "a mine of memories" of other times.)

I. RECOLLECTIONS OF JUDGE JOSEPH GILLESPIE

Business having brought Mr. Gillespie to Springfield he called at the office of Lincoln and Herndon, and there met Mr. Lincoln who said to him: "Stay with me tonight. I can take no refusal. I have learned the value of old friends by making many new ones." That was a memorable night. There was little privacy left to the family at the time, and during tea, at which time there were two other guests besides Mr. Gillespie, the ringing of the front doorbell was not infrequent. During the evening the President was in consultation with a number of callers who were urging the appointment of some Illinoian to a place in the cabinet. Mr. Lincoln combated the proposition as impolitic, saying that if his occupancy of the office of President could not command the undivided loyalty of Illinois, a dozen cabinet officers could not do so, adding that he had never doubted the loyalty of his own State, and that it was the Border States which were the objects of his greatest solicitude.

It was near midnight before quiet fell upon the house. The family had retired and Mr. Lincoln was left alone with his guest and old-time friend. The scene, the associations and surroundings, and the personality of the principal actor were all impressive, and after the lapse of years they left the most vivid impression upon the mind of Judge Gillespie, and even the skeleton-like history outlined in the notes dictated by him, becomes eloquent under the inspiration of his recollection of that strange night. Thus they run:

"I attempted to draw him into conversation relating to the past,

hoping to divert him from the thoughts which were evidently distracting him. 'Yes, yes, I remember,' he would say to my references to old scenes and associations; but the old-time zest was not only lacking, but in its place was a gloom and despondency entirely foreign to Lincoln's character as I had learned to know it. I attributed much of this to his changed surroundings. He sat with his head lying upon his arms, which were folded over the back of his chair, as I had often seen him sit on our travels after an exciting day in court. Suddenly he roused himself. 'Gillespie,' said he, 'I would willingly take out of my life a period in years equal to the two months which intervene between now and my inauguration to take the oath of office now.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because every hour adds to the difficulties I am called upon to meet, and the present Administration does nothing to check the tendency toward dissolution. I, who have been called to meet this awful responsibility, am compelled to remain here, doing nothing to avert it or lessen its force when it comes to me.'

"I said that the condition of which he spoke was such as had never risen before, and that it might lead to the amendment of such an obvious defect in the Federal Constitution. 'It is not of myself I complain,' he said, with more bitterness than I ever heard him speak, before or after; 'but every day adds to the difficulty of the situation and makes the outcome more gloomy. Secession is being fostered rather than repressed, and if the doctrine meets with general acceptance in the Border States it will be a great blow to the Government.'

"Our talk then turned upon the possibility of avoiding a war. 'It is only possible,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'upon the consent of this Government to the erection of a foreign slave government out of the present Slave States. I see the duty devolving upon me. I have read, upon my knees, the story of Gethsemane, where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from him. I am in the Garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing.' I then told him that as Christ's prayers were not answered and his crucifixion had redeemed the great part of the world from Paganism to Christianity, so the sacrifice demanded of him might be a great beneficence. Little did I then think how prophetic were my words to be, or what a great sacrifice he was called to make.

"I trust and believe that that night, before I let him go, I shed some rays of sunlight into that troubled heart. Ere long he came to talk of scenes and incidents in which he had taken part, and to laugh over my reminders of some of our professional experiences. When I retired it was the master of the house and chosen ruler of the country

who saw me to my room. 'Joe,' he said, as he was about to leave me, 'I suppose you will never forget that trial down in Montgomery County, where the lawyer associated with you gave away the whole case in his opening speech. I saw you signaling to him, but you couldn't stop him. Now, that's just the way with me and Buchanan. He is giving away the case, and I have nothing to say, and can't stop him. Good-night.'

"The next morning I was asking the little ones of Lincoln's household what the patron saint of Christmas had left in their stockings during the holiday season just over. The oldest child, Robert, a grave, studious boy, who had already outgrown the Christmas myth, was careful, with all his father's delicacy and tenderness of feeling, to refrain from an expression calculated to dispel the pleasing illusion which held his younger brothers captive. 'Papa received a Christmas gift in a letter,' he said. 'Oh, yes, Gillespie,' said Mr. Lincoln, hurriedly, 'I forgot to tell you that some kind friend in South Carolina sent me a printed copy of the ordinance they adopted a few days before Christmas, and I was telling Bob here,' he continued, affectionately laying his hand on the boy's head, 'that it must have been intended for a Christmas gift.'

"I was silent, for I could see that he had been endeavoring to keep from his son a knowledge of his father's danger, and that he sought to give the deed of a most malignant enemy the guise of a friendly act.

"I remained in Springfield several days on this occasion, and was in almost constant contact and association with Mr. Lincoln. 'Do not leave me,' he said repeatedly. 'I wish I could take all you lawyers down there with me, Democrats and Republicans alike, and make a cabinet out of you. I believe I could construct one that would save the country, for then I would know every man and where he would fit. I tell you there are some Illinois Democrats whom I know well I would rather trust than a Republican I would have to learn, for I'll have no time to study the lesson.'

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Oh, most any of the leading Douglas Democrats—Linder or Ficklin, or Morrison."

"How about Logan?" I asked, for Logan's name was then on every lip as that of one who would lead a large section of Southern Illinois into rebellion. 'They tell me John is acting curious,' said Mr. Lincoln standing before the fire with his coattails apart and his head

bent in a musing way. 'You are from Egypt—what do the people there think of him?' 'They think he will be against you,' I replied, dreading to add anything to his burden, but being unable to avoid a direct answer under the penetrating glance of his honest eyes. 'I don't,' said Mr. Lincoln, decisively. 'Logan has been on the surface an anti-Douglas man, but I know that in his heart he loves Douglas as a brother. I think I understand John. He lives in a section composed largely of old Kentucky and Virginia stock. These men have a sympathy for the South which opposition would only intensify, but which an actual rebellion will almost entirely destroy. I think Logan is only going with his section now, and waiting for the ball to open. I count on him, and most of the fighting Democrats of Southern Illinois, to defend not Lincoln, but their country.'

"In one or two subsequent visits to Springfield, before the day of Lincoln's departure for Washington, I found him changing and variable in mood, with only now and then a flash of the old humor appearing to lighten the clouds which seemed to be lowering upon him. A look of settled despondency came upon his face.

"The historians say that that look was natural and habitual to him. Perhaps it was after the historians came to know him, but I believe that it was during those weary months of watching and waiting that the look of deep anxiety was fixed upon Lincoln's face, which remained there during the remaining years of his life. He was pre-eminently a resourceful man, and relied largely upon the exigencies of a situation to suggest the best possible line of action. As a lawyer his greatest strength was in meeting what his antagonists held in reserve as the strong points of their case. I could see that he was wearing himself out in his anxiety to get into action and determine his course by the policies of his enemies. I told him so. 'You are right,' said he 'but no one but an old friend like yourself would know it. When you were here last you spoke of amending the Constitution for the benefit of some man who will be caught, in the future, in the same fix that I am in now. I think it had better be left alone, Joe. I have thought a good deal about that since you spoke of it, and while it might answer the present purpose, the fixing of an inaugural day too soon after the election might, if the result was disputed, plunge the country into civil war before party passion could cool or means of settlement be adopted.'

"I could not see the force of his reasoning then. But since I have lived to see a party conflict, such as he described, arise, which could

only be settled by extra constitutional means, after the struggle had been protracted to the last day and the last hour of constitutional limitation, I am moved to greater reverence for his memory.

“About that time the Republican majority in the two branches of Congress assumed the remarkable attitude of organizing the two Territories of Colorado and Nevada without any expression upon or restriction of slavery. This was not only in conflict with the avowed policy of the Republican Party, but it was a virtual abandonment of the position previously taken in Congress on such questions, by all the elements opposed to the extension of slavery, which the Republican Party assumed to represent. This action upon the part of Republicans in Congress aroused the resentment of the party throughout the North. No one was quicker to see its full significance than Mr. Lincoln.

“‘It seems to me,’ said he to me only a day or two before he started for Washington, ‘that Douglas got the best of it at the election last fall. I am left to face an empty treasury and a great rebellion, while my own party endorses his popular sovereignty idea, and applies it in legislation.’

“I ventured to ask him what his inaugural message would recommend and he replied, as well as I can remember, that he should not run ‘ahead of the hounds,’ being fully satisfied that war was inevitable, and determined to do or say nothing which could be tortured into responsibility for it.

“I parted from him only a few days before his departure. He seemed to be in better spirits then, and I told him that I believed it would do him good to get down to Washington. ‘I know it will,’ he replied. ‘I only wish I could have got there to lock the door before the horse was stolen. But when I get to the spot I can find the tracks.’

“He bid me good-by with a hearty grasp of the hand and an earnest request that I should come to Washington. I promised him to do so, and I did.”

2. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. PREVOST

Thurlow Weed, the then Republican boss in New York State, and William Seward were there to get all the plums Mr. Lincoln had to give out. They also wanted to take Mr. Lincoln and his party to the Governor’s mansion in Albany instead of to the Delavan House, where it would be possible to have a public reception. Our branch of the committee decided we would at least ask Mr. Lincoln if he would care to have a reception at the Delavan House.

I was the youngest member of the committee, which was appointed to meet the President on his arrival at Utica and accompany him to Albany. Horace Greeley had come up to the capital especially to meet Lincoln, and it looked for some time as if there would be little chance of his getting aboard the train. Finally Ben Camp came to me and asked me to try to smuggle Greeley through as a member of the committee.

When the train drew into Utica and we were hurrying aboard, the guard who was counting the number of people who were getting into the Presidential coach pushed Greeley back and said there were too many. I was behind Greeley, but we both managed to get on to the train. The committee was led up and introduced to Mr. Lincoln. When I saw him and saw his party I was shocked. They were the most disreputable looking crowd I ever saw. Covered with dirt, they looked as though they had just come from the fields. Of course, I was all eyes for Mr. Lincoln. He sat slouched down in his seat, a big black hat on his head covered with dust. His shoes looked as if they had never been blackened. His trousers did not come down to the tops of them. I said to myself, "Can this be the President of the United States?"

Well, after the other members of the committee had left him, I stepped forward and said: "Mr. President, perhaps I have been guilty of a very serious indiscretion."

He looked down on me a moment, and then said: "Well, my son, what is it?" I said: "I have been asked to give Mr. Greeley the chance to talk to you and I have smuggled him on to this train."

"Is Mr. Greeley on this train?" he asked. "Yes, sir, may I have the privilege of introducing him to you?" "No, sir," said Mr. Lincoln, "take me to Mr. Greeley."

When he got back to his seat I had been thinking about the troubles of the committee and wondering where the President was finally to be entertained; so I went over again and said: "Mr. President, I have another matter to talk with you about if you will permit me. We have had a good deal of disturbance in the Assembly over who was to entertain you. A part of the committee wants to take you to the Governor's mansion for entertainment and the other part of the committee is very anxious to entertain you at the Delavan House in Albany, so that everyone may have a chance to greet you as President-elect of the United States. I am a Democrat. But we Democrats want to have an equal chance with the clique of the Republican Party."

Just then the General who had charge of the President's party came

up and said that the Governor had made all arrangements to take care of the party.

Mr. Lincoln turned around sharply and said: "General, you telegraph Governor Morgan that if I hear any more of this I won't stop at Albany at all, but go straight through to New York."

He looked at me and did a funny thing—he wrinkled up his nose in little fine wrinkles and his eyes snapped: then he said: "That will settle it. I am going with your committee."

We took him to the Delavan House, where he was very unassumingly entertained. There was a great crowd, of course. And he and Mrs. Lincoln looked very different from the two people we had met on the train. Mr. Lincoln was nicely dressed, and Mrs. Lincoln, although nearly forty, was garbed like a girl of eighteen with little loops over her shoulders, her arms bare. She wore white kid gloves, and outside of her gloves she wore every ring she possessed. One of the ladies on the reception committee on meeting her asked if she didn't find life much gayer in the East. And Mrs. Lincoln replied, "Oh, no, we have always been used to this."

CHAPTER XXXVI

TWO OPPOSING ACCOUNTS OF MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET MAKING

(Thurlow Weed was over a long period of years the leader first of the Whig and later of the Republican Party in the State of New York, and also a political force in the country at large—the maker and adviser of governors, senators and Presidents. The great disappointment of his career came to him in 1860 when he failed, despite his skill and resources as a politician, to secure for his friend, William Henry Seward, the Republican nomination for President; but he took an active part in the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln, and during the four years that followed, with Seward at the head of the cabinet, was more than once a potent factor in shaping the inner history of the Lincoln administration.

In old age Mr. Weed put on paper three accounts of the part he had taken in the selection of the members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. One of these appeared in Appleton's Journal for April 16, 1870, and a second in the Galaxy Magazine for February, 1871. The third, here reproduced in part, made one of the chapters in his Autobiography. All three deal with a visit Mr. Weed paid to Mr. Lincoln at Springfield in December, 1860, and all are marked by the characteristic reserves Mr. Weed never failed to exercise when he chose to take the public into his confidence. One of the readers of his autobiography when it first appeared was Gideon Welles, a shrewd, hard-headed Yankee editor, who had served Mr. Lincoln as secretary of the navy with rare zeal and fidelity and who had filled the same post under President Johnson.

In his earlier years a Democrat of the Jackson school, his opposition to the extension of slavery in the end had led Mr. Welles into the Republican Party soon after its formation, but unbending integrity both in public and private life made him have no liking for Thurlow Weed and his ways. As leader of the Connecticut delegation at Chicago in 1860 he stoutly and effectively opposed the nomination of Mr. Seward, and thereby earned the lasting ill-will of Mr. Weed. This ill-will is manifest in Mr. Weed's final account of his part in the making of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. When that account was read by

Mr. Welles he put on paper his own version, a plain-speaking document, of the manner in which Mr. Lincoln selected the members of his cabinet. That document was not published during the lifetime of Mr. Welles, but the original is now in the Illinois State Historical Library at Springfield and is here given careful reproduction.

That Mr. Lincoln, with his usual shrewd judgment of men, early took accurate measure of Mr. Weed's virtues and defects has amusing proof in an incident long ago told the writer by Galusha Aaron Grow, speaker of the House during the first two years of the Lincoln Administration. Mr. Grow had gone to the office of the President in the White House for an evening conference on pending legislation. In one corner of the room stood a filing case, and while Mr. Lincoln searched his desk for a needed paper his visitor studied the label at the bottom of each pigeonhole. One was initialed W. and W. "Pardon my curiosity," said Mr. Grow to the President, "but I cannot help wondering what W. and W. stands for." Mr. Lincoln smiled as he made reply: "W and W. stands for Weed and Wood, Thurlow and Fernandy—a pair of 'em."

Fernando Wood, in turn mayor of New York and a member of Congress from that city, was at all times and in all places a trimmer of the first-order. During the first years of the war he persistently misread the underlying Union sentiment that swayed the North, and more than once proved a thorn in the side of Mr. Lincoln, but the latter always made a way to ignore or outwit him. On the other hand, while mindful of the selfish motives which often shaped Mr. Weed's actions, he was from the first keenly aware of the latter's political acumen and skill in the management of men, and, exercising due caution, he never failed to enlist that acumen and skill when he felt that they would aid him in the great task of preserving the Union. In few words, Mr. Lincoln knew how to use Mr. Weed, and at the same time artfully feed the latter's sense of his own importance.

Frank B. Sanborn in his *Recollections of Seventy Years* (Boston, 1909) supplies an interesting footnote to what Mr. Weed and Mr. Welles tell us of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet-making. Sanborn records that his brother was for a time assistant editor at Concord, New Hampshire, of the *Independent Democrat* founded by George B. Fogg, a leader in the formation of the Republican Party and later minister to Switzerland. "This journal," writes Sanborn, "had much influence in determining the politics of my native State from 1845 until the death of Abraham Lincoln, of whom its editor became an intimate friend during the presidential campaign of 1860. Mr. Fogg was secretary of

the Republican national committee in that momentous contest, and had much to do with throwing the vote of New Hampshire for Lincoln in the Chicago convention which nominated him. . . .

“During Senator Fogg’s last illness, in which he lingered for some months, his old friend, Frank Bird, of Walpole, and I went up to visit him in his bachelor’s home at Concord. He spoke with some difficulty, though in full possession of his memory and sagacity, and he was specially anxious to tell us an anecdote of President Lincoln and Senator Seward, of which he seems to have been the only relater. Lincoln had arrived in Washington, safe from the plot to assassinate him in Maryland, and was making up his cabinet. His wish was to place in it both Mr. Seward and Judge Chase. To the latter Mr. Seward strenuously objected, through his ancient friend and oracle, Thurlow Weed. The argument against Chase was fully presented, and finally Mr. Seward declared, by Mr. Weed, that he could not accept an appointment in the same cabinet with Judge Chase. Mr. Lincoln took the case under advisement. The next morning he met Mr. Fogg, who, as secretary of the campaign committee, had won his confidence, and told him the situation. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added: ‘We must give up both Seward and Chase, I reckon; and I have drawn up here a list of the cabinet, leaving them both out.’ Handing the list to Mr. Fogg, the latter read, with surprise and amusement,

“Secretary of State, William L. Dayton of New Jersey;
Secretary of War, John C. Fremont of California;
Secretary of the Treasury (a New Yorker unfriendly to Seward) and so on. ‘I am sending this to Mr. Weed,’ said Mr. Lincoln. The effect was what both had of course anticipated; when Mr. Seward found that a cabinet was planned in which he could have no personal influence he intimated that he withdrew his objection to Mr. Chase, and both were appointed, as the President had intended from the first. Indeed, when Mr. Lincoln in the December before had been visited at Springfield by Thurlow Weed, and the names of Seward and Chase were mentioned to him, it does not appear that Weed made any objection to their joint appointment—the men to whom Mr. Weed objected being Welles and Montgomery Blair. The attempt to eliminate Chase must, therefore, have been Seward’s own notion, and was in the line with his later offer in writing, to Mr. Lincoln, that he would direct, as secretary of state, the policy of the new administration; a proposal to which the President gave a prompt and sufficient negative.”)

MR. WEED TELLS OF THE ADVICE HE GAVE MR. LINCOLN

Mr. Lincoln remarked, smiling, "that he supposed I had had some experience in cabinet-making; that he had a job on hand, and as he had never learned that trade, he was disposed to avail himself of the suggestions of friends." Taking up his figure, I replied, "that though never a boss cabinet-maker, I had as a journeyman been occasionally consulted about State cabinets, and that although President Taylor once talked with me about reforming his cabinet, I had never been concerned in or presumed to meddle with the formation of an original Federal cabinet, and that he was the first President-elect I had ever seen." The question thus opened became the subject of conversation, at intervals, during that and the following day. I say at intervals, because many hours were consumed in talking of the public men connected with former administrations, interspersed, illustrated, and seasoned pleasantly with Mr. Lincoln's stories and anecdotes.

Mr. Lincoln observed that "the making of a cabinet, now that he had it to do, was by no means as easy as he had supposed; that he had, even before the result of the election was known, assuming the probability of success, fixed upon the two leading members of his cabinet, but that in looking about for suitable men to fill the other departments, he had been much embarrassed, partly from his want of acquaintance with the prominent men of the day, and partly, he believed that while the population of the country had immensely increased, really great men were scarcer than they used to be." He then inquired whether I had any suggestions of a general character, affecting the selection of a cabinet, to make. I replied that, along with the question of ability, integrity, and experience, he ought, in the selection of his cabinet, to find men whose firmness and courage fitted them for the revolutionary ordeal which was about to test the strength of our government; and that in my judgment it was desirable that at least two members of his cabinet should be selected from slave-holding States. He inquired whether, in the emergency which I so much feared, they could be trusted, adding that he did not quite like to hear Southern journals and Southern speakers insisting that there must be no "coercion," that while he had no disposition to coerce anybody, yet after he had taken an oath to execute the laws, he should not care to see them violated. I remarked that there were Union men in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, for whose loyalty, under the most trying circumstances and in any event, I would vouch. "Would you rely on such men if their States should secede?" "Yes, sir; the men whom I have in my mind can always be relied on."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "let us have the names of your white crows, such ones as you think fit for the cabinet." I then named Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, John M. Botts of Virginia, John A. Gilmer of North Carolina, and Bailie Peyton of Tennessee.

As the conversation progressed Mr. Lincoln remarked that he intended to invite Governor Seward to take the state, and Governor Chase the treasury department, remarking that, aside from their long experience in public affairs, and their eminent fitness, they were prominently before the people and the convention as competitors for the Presidency, each having higher claims than his own for the place which he was to occupy. On naming Gideon Welles as the gentleman he thought of as the representative of New England in the cabinet, I remarked that I thought he could find several New England gentlemen whose selection for a place in his cabinet would be more acceptable to the people of New England. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "we must remember that the Republican Party is constituted of two elements, and that we must have men of Democratic as well as of Whig antecedents in the cabinet."

Acquiescing in this view the subject was passed over. And then Mr. Lincoln remarked that Judge Blair had been suggested. I inquired, "What Judge Blair?" and was answered, "Judge Montgomery Blair." "Has he been suggested by any one except his father, Francis P. Blair, Sr.?" "Your question," said Mr. Lincoln, "reminds me of a story," and he proceeded with infinite humor to tell a story which I would repeat if I did not fear that its spirit and effect would be lost. I finally remarked that if we were legislating on the question, I should move to strike out the name of Montgomery Blair and insert that of Henry Winter Davis. Mr. Lincoln laughingly remarked: "Judge Davis has been posting you up on this question. He came from Maryland and has got Davis on the brain. Maryland must, I think, be like New Hampshire, a good State to move from." And then he told a story of a witness in a neighboring county, who, on being asked his age, replied, "Sixty." Being satisfied that he was much older, the judge repeated the question, and on receiving the same answer, admonished the witness, saying that the court knew him to be much older than sixty. "Oh," said the witness, "you're thinking about that fifteen year that I lived down on the eastern shore of Maryland; that was so much lost time and don't count." This story, I perceived, was thrown in to give the conversation a new direction. It was very evident that the selection of Montgomery Blair was a fixed fact; and although I subsequently ascertained the reasons and influences that controlled the

selection of other members of the cabinet, I never did find out how Mr. Blair got there.

General Cameron's name was next introduced, and in reference to him and upon the peculiarities and characteristics of Pennsylvania statesmen we had a long conversation. In reply to a question of Mr. Lincoln's, I said that I had personally known General Cameron for twenty-five years; that for the last ten years I had seen a good deal of him; that whenever I had met him in Washington or elsewhere he had treated me with much kindness, inspiring me with friendly feeling. "But you do not," said Mr. Lincoln, "say what you think about him for the cabinet." On that subject I replied that I was embarrassed; that Mr. Cameron during a long and stirring political life had made warm friends and bitter enemies; that while his appointment would gratify his personal friends, it would offend his opponents, among whom were many of the leading and influential Republicans of that State; that I was, as I had already stated, in view of an impending rebellion, anxious that Mr. Lincoln should have the support of not only a strong cabinet, but one which would command the confidence of the people. We continued to canvass General Cameron in this spirit for a long time, Mr. Lincoln evidently sharing in the embarrassment which I had expressed, and manifesting, I thought, a desire that I should fully endorse General Cameron. I told him that if it were a personal question I should not hesitate to do so, for I liked General Cameron, and entertained no doubt of his regard for me, but that, as I was not sure that his appointment would give strength to the administration, I must leave the matter with himself. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "Pennsylvania, any more than New York or Ohio, cannot be overlooked. Her strong Republican vote, not less than her numerical importance, entitles her to a representative in the cabinet. Who is stronger or better than General Cameron?" To this question I was unprepared for a reply, for among General Cameron's friends there was no one eminently qualified, and it would have been equally unjust and unwise to take an opponent, and finally General Cameron's case was passed over, but neither decided nor dismissed.

I now renewed my suggestion about having the Slave States represented in the cabinet. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "you object to Judge Blair, who resides in a slave State." "I object to Judge Blair because he represents nobody; he has no following, and because his appointment would be obnoxious to the Union men of Maryland; he actually resides in the District of Columbia." "Very well," said Mr. Lincoln "I will now give you the name of a gentleman who not only resides in

a slave State, but who is emphatically a representative man. What objection have you to Edward Bates of Missouri?" "None, not a shadow or a shade of an objection. That is a selection, as Mr. Webster might have said, 'eminently fit to be made.' The political record of Mr. Bates is proverbially consistent. He was a reliable Whig member of Congress from the State of Missouri thirty years ago; he was the able and popular president of the great River and Harbor Improvement Convention at Chicago twenty years ago; his high personal and professional character, his habits of industry, his equable temper, and his inalienable devotion to the government and Union, fit and qualify him in my judgment for a cabinet member."

It was now settled that Governor Seward was to be secretary of state, Governor Chase, secretary of the treasury, and Mr. Bates the attorney general. I was satisfied that Mr. Lincoln intended to give Mr. Welles one of the other places in the cabinet; that he was strongly inclined to give another place to Mr. Blair, and that his mind was not quite clear in regard to General Cameron. Only one place, therefore, remained open, and that, it was understood, was to be given to Indiana; but whether it was to be Caleb B. Smith or Colonel Lane was undetermined. I inquired whether, in the shape which the question was taking, it was just or wise to concede so many seats in the cabinet to the Democratic element in the Republican Party. He replied that as a Whig he thought he could afford to be liberal to a section of the Republican Party without whose votes he could not have been elected. I admitted the justice and wisdom of this, adding that in arranging and adjusting questions of place and patronage in our State we had acted in that spirit, but that I doubted both the justice and the wisdom, in inaugurating his administration, of giving to a minority of the Republican Party a majority in his cabinet. I added that the national convention indicated unmistakably the sentiment of its constituency by nominating for President a candidate with Whig antecedents, while its nominee for vice-president had been for many years a Democratic representative in Congress. "But," said Mr. Lincoln, "why do you assume that we are giving that section of our party a majority in the cabinet?" I replied that if Messrs. Chase, Cameron, Welles, and Blair should be designated, the cabinet would stand four to three. "You seem to forget that *I* expect to be there, and counting me as one, you see how nicely the cabinet would be balanced and ballasted. Besides," said Mr. L., "in talking of General Cameron you admitted that his political status was unexceptionable. I suppose we could say of General Cameron, without offence, that he

is 'not Democrat enough to hurt him.' I remember that people used to say without disturbing my self-respect, that I was not lawyer enough to hurt me." I admitted that I had no political objection to General Cameron, who, I was quite sure, would forget whether applicants for appointment had been Whig or Democrat. I then renewed the suggestion relating to North Carolina or Tennessee, earnestly pressing its importance. Messrs. Davis and Swett united with me in these views. Mr. Lincoln met us with strong counterviews, the force of which we were constrained to admit. "If," said Mr. L., "contrary to our hopes, North Carolina and Tennessee should secede, could their men remain in the cabinet? Or, if they remained, of what use would they be to the government?" We, however, continued to press our⁸ point, until Mr. Lincoln yielded so far as to say that he would write a letter to the Hon. John A. Gilmer, then a member of Congress from North Carolina, briefly stating his views of the duty of the government in references to important questions then pending, and inviting him, if those views met his approval to accept a seat in the cabinet.

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "if Mr. Gilmer should come in, somebody must stay out, and that other somebody must be either Judge Blair or Mr. Bates." Messrs. Davis, Swett, and myself exclaimed against dropping Mr. Bates; and so Mr. Lincoln left us to infer that if Mr. Gilmer came in Mr. Blair would be excluded. Before the subject was finally dismissed, I recurred to the navy, not, as I remarked, with any expectation of changing the programme, but to suggest that if Mr. Lincoln when on his way to Washington, would stop long enough in New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore to select an attractive figure-head, to be adorned with an elaborate wig and luxuriant whiskers, and transfer it from the prow of a ship to the entrance of the navy department, it would, in my opinion, be quite as serviceable as his secretary, and less expensive. "Oh," said Mr. Lincoln, " 'wooden midshipmen' answer very well in novels, but we must have a live secretary in the navy." In this way, the conversation being alternately earnest and playful, two days passed very pleasantly.

In the course of our conversations Mr. Lincoln remarked that it was particularly pleasant to him to reflect that he was coming into office unembarrassed by promises. He owed, he supposed, his exemption from importunities to the circumstance that his name as a candidate was but a short time before the people, and that only a few sanguine friends anticipated the possibility of his nomination. "I have not," said he, "promised an office to any man, nor have I, but

in a single instance, mentally committed myself to an appointment; and as that relates to an important office in your State, I have concluded to mention it to you—under strict injunctions of secrecy, however. If I am not by public considerations to change my purpose, Hiram Barney will be collector of the Port of New York." I supposed that Mr. Lincoln, in thus frankly avowing his friendship for Mr. Barney, intended to draw me out. I remarked that until I met him at the Chicago convention my acquaintance with Mr. Barney was very slight; but that after the convention adjourned Mr. Barney joined us (my daughter and a lady friend) in an excursion down the Mississippi and through Iowa, and that my impressions of him personally and politically were favorable, and that I believed he would make an acceptable collector. I added that if it were true, as I had heard, that the reply of an extensive and well-known mercantile firm in New York during an exciting crisis, to Southern merchants, who threatened to withdraw their patronage on account of its opposition to slavery, namely, "We offer our goods, not our principles, for sale," originated with Mr. Barney, it entitled him to any office he asked for. "He has not," said Mr. Lincoln, "asked for this or any other office, nor does he know of my intention."

And now, as I was preparing to depart, Mr. Lincoln said: "Some gentlemen, who have been quite nervous about the object of your visit here, would be surprised, if not incredulous, were I to tell them that during the two days we have passed together you have made no application, suggestion, or allusion to appointments." I replied that nothing of that nature had been upon my mind, and that I was much more concerned about the welfare of the country and the successful working of his administration than about matters which would arise to perplex all upon whom responsibilities rested, but which it would be both premature and indelicate to obtrude upon him now. "This," said Mr. Lincoln, "is undoubtedly a proper view of the question, and yet so much were you misunderstood that I have received telegrams from prominent Republicans warning me against your efforts to forestall important appointments in your State. Other gentlemen who have visited me since the election have expressed similar apprehensions; but I have remarked that while our friends were extremely sensitive in relation to your designs, they brought along an axe or two of their own to be ground." I told Mr. Lincoln that I had been a great many years actively engaged in political affairs; that I had been associated in conventions, State and national, with friends whose wishes in reference to candidates had generally been gratified; that I

had never asked for, or intimated a desire for a promise or a committal, directly or indirectly, of any description, of any candidate, from a President to a justice of the peace, antecedent to his nomination and election; that I had been in consultation with Governors Clinton, Seward, Young, Fish, Hunt, Clark, King, and Morgan, after their election and before their inauguration, under circumstances similar to those which had rendered my present visit a duty and a pleasure; but that I entertained too high a sense of the honor which the confidence of distinguished statesmen in high public position conferred, to annoy them or stultify myself by thrusting before them unseasonably mere questions of office—questions that would unavoidably come in due time to engross their thoughts and perplex their judgment.

A year or two after this visit, President Lincoln, while talking with me about the peculiarities of his cabinet, said that immediately after his election, thinking that the Vice-President, from his high character and long experience, was entitled to a voice in the cabinet, the selection of the New England man was conceded to him, and that Mr. Hamlin named “Father Welles.” I then informed Mr. Lincoln that there was a precedent for the consideration he had shown for Vice-President Hamlin; that General Taylor, immediately after his election to the Presidency, wrote a letter to the Vice-President-elect, in which, after expressing his gratification in being associated with a gentleman of large experience in the civil service of the government, on whom he could rely for information and advice, he indicated his desire that the Vice-President should act as an ex-officio member of his cabinet. But when General Taylor reached Washington he ascertained that his views in this respect were impracticable, if not unconstitutional.

It is proper to add, that Mr. Lincoln made me the bearer of his letter to Mr. Gilmer, with which I repaired to Washington. It being an open letter, Mr. Gilmer, after reading it attentively, entered into a frank conversation with me upon the subject which was exciting profound interest and anxiety in and out of Congress. He said that he entirely approved of the views of Mr. Lincoln on that question, and that he was gratified with the confidence reposed in him; but that before replying to it he deemed it proper to confer with members of Congress from Southern States, who, like himself, were opposed to secession. Soon afterward the “Border State proposition” was rejected by the House of Representatives. Under these circumstances, hopeless of keeping North Carolina in the Union, Mr. Gilmer declined the offer of a seat in the cabinet.

MR. WELLES TELLS HOW MR. LINCOLN RECEIVED MR. WEED'S ADVICE

The defeat and disappointment of the friends of William H. Seward at the Chicago convention in 1860 were great. They had gone there in great numbers with high expectation and unshaken confidence. In the dismemberment of parties and breaking up of old organizations, following the adjustment of the financial and tariff questions, and after the Mexican War, a large proportion of the Whigs of the Northern States readily and naturally entered the ranks of the Republican Party organization, which maintained freedom in the territories acquired and had supported Fremont in 1856.

Few Whigs of the South attached themselves to the Republican organization, while at least three-fourths of that party in the Free States took the new departure, and there was quite a segment of the Northern Democrats who sustained the question of freedom and the right of the people to self-government. The consequence was, the Whig element became largely in the ascendant in the Republican Party, yet without the Democratic infusion, that party would have been powerless in nearly every Northern as well as Southern State. This fact was recognized and generally admitted by earnest Republicans of every shade. There was, however, a class of old partisans, nurtured and educated in the Whig Party, imbued with all the prejudices and possessed of the personal partialities of that party, who had drifted with the main current into the Republican organization, without much regard for the doctrines and principles which led to its formation, but who with cherished self-conceit seemed to consider it a phase of Whiggism.

This was particularly the case in the State of New York, where partyism was all powerful with most of her active and leading politicians. The Democrats under the Albany Regency had for years enforced the discipline of party with such severity that men of that organization feared to avow and maintain an honest opinion on important questions which had a bearing adverse to the decrees of the Regency. "Shoot the deserters" was the decree of Marcy and Flagg who were chief disciplinarians and it had the effect of subduing individual independence and, with Marcy's maxim "to the victor belongs the spoils," at the same time sustaining the party in power. But some of the ablest, firmest, most conscientious and best Democrats of New York, like Silas Wright and Preston King, of firm principles yet moderate views, who valued party as a means not as an end, would not subscribe to all the demands and tenets issued in the name of

party, nor wholly surrender their individual convictions and principles to the increasing demands and exactions of the advocates of slavery.

Mr. Wright died early in the controversy and after his death many yielded to party considerations and exactions and re-united with their old associates; but King, Bigelow, Bryant, and others persevered and, though but a fragment of the old Democracy and a small minority of the Republican Party, they were yet, in numbers and character, sufficiently powerful to give the latter preponderance in that State, and, with others of like views through almost the whole North and West. Mr. Seward and his friends benignantly and patronisingly looked upon them as allies, or accessories to the Whig organization, a position which they declined to accept or acknowledge. They did not need or wish to be patronized, but claimed that they and all others with whom they politically associated were members of the Republican Party, supporters of the rights of the people of Kansas, regardless of political antecedents, opposed to infractions of the Constitution, and advocates of popular rights, states rights, federal rights and of the Federal Union. In other States a similar stand was taken and generally assented to, but in New York there seemed a general, preconcerted arrangement or understanding that Mr. Seward was the oracle in this new movement and it was assumed that he was to be the candidate of the Republican Party for President in 1860. To a considerable extent this sentiment from the Empire State went abroad over the country and was accepted, particularly by men who were strong in the Whig faith. The Democrats and the secessionists, composed like the Republicans of both the old parties though greater extremists, conceded to him the nomination and expected and wished it. There was, however, a very decided repugnance against making this distinguished Whig leader the Republican chief on the part of many Republicans, who doubted his political sincerity and viewed him as a managing party man, sustained by a corrupt lobby with more chicanery than principle. Outside of New York the opposition was in certain localities very earnest. At that time the Albany politicians of neither party stood high in the public confidence.

There was a taint of corruption about them. The Whig lobbyists who hung around and debauched the legislatures of that State were controlled and managed by a notoriously unscrupulous politician styled King of the Lobby, who was an intimate friend and companion of Mr. Seward. This unscrupulous man and his vicious adherents were obnoxious to sincere and genuine Republicans in all quarters.

A very strong delegation was elected from New York to the Chicago convention. It comprised some of the most conspicuous and able men of that State and as New York sent a large delegation, her united representation was in numbers as well as talents formidable. Besides the regular delegation, there was a gathering of many earnest and enthusiastic citizens, partisans more ardent than profound, in attendance to promote the nomination of their favorite. These were Whig partisans rather than sound and earnest Republicans. With scarcely an exception they had been under the discipline and management in all their local politics of Thurlow Weed, master spirit and the autocrat of the corrupt lobby which had made Albany notorious. There was, however, a counter movement to the nomination of Seward, composed of able and active men of New York present at Chicago, who made themselves heard and felt in opposition.

On the part of the Connecticut delegation there was no committal or feeling in favor of any one of the several candidates named, but there was a united voice and opinion, irrespective of party antecedents, against the nomination of Mr. Seward. In this they represented correctly the sentiments and wishes of their constituents, with whom that gentleman was not in high esteem. This united and emphatic sentiment, of which there was no concealment, had undoubtedly an influence on the minds of others, particularly the delegations from the Eastern States. I claim no merit above my colleagues for the course pursued at Chicago, and should not perhaps have been subjected to greater hostility for the stand taken, but the friends of Mr. Seward thought themselves justified in attributing to me personally the pronounced opposition of Connecticut to the wishes of the New York delegation. It had, unexpectedly to them, extended to other delegations, and to this avowed objection they attributed in a great degree their discomfiture. For my course in opposing the Albany program in the nomination of Mr. Seward I incurred the ill-will and resentment of his partisan friends, some of whom never forgave me but pursued me thence forward with unrelenting hostility.

More than a year after his inauguration, Mr. Lincoln in one of his cheerful and communicative moods related to me some of the particulars of the formation of his cabinet, and on one or two subsequent occasions he mentioned circumstances connected with it. He said that the choice of electors was made on Tuesday, November 6. The operator of the telegraph at Springfield, Illinois, invited him to occupy his room and obtain intelligence of the result as it was received. About two o'clock on Wednesday morning sufficient information had come

in to leave no doubt of his election, when he retired but hardly to sleep. Although much fatigued and exhausted he got but little rest. He rose early, oppressed with the overwhelming responsibility that was upon him which he had not before fully realized, and felt the necessity of relief and assistance. Under the circumstances he did, he said, what probably all of his predecessors had done, looked about at once for the men on whom he could rely, and who were to be his support in the trials that were before him.

There were many things to be taken into consideration—different influences to be reconciled, but he did not again sleep until he had constructed the framework of his cabinet. It was essentially the same he assured me as he finally selected, though one or two of the gentlemen occupied different positions. As regards New England, the man and the place, from first to last, remained unchanged, though there had been strenuous and persistent opposition, some from competing candidates, but more from personal hostility and old party animosities. He on that Wednesday, made up (his mind) subject to alteration and amendment, that he should tender seats in the cabinet to Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, Mr. Dayton, Mr. Welles, Mr. Bates and he also had in his mind Mr. Blair, Mr. N. B. Judd and one or two others. It was officially rumored at one time that Mr. Seward would not be likely to accept a cabinet appointment, and yet in view of the fact that he received the votes of nearly one half of the nominating convention for President, the intimation went out from Albany that it would be not only courteous and respectful, but would strengthen the new administration and Republican Party were Mr. Seward tendered the first place in the cabinet. It was further intimated or insinuated that he ought to be consulted as to those who were to compose the administration for it might influence his own determination.

Mr. Lincoln said to me it seemed appropriate and proper that Mr. Seward in view of his admitted talents and great public experience should be invited to the first place in his council and for the same reason that Mr. Chase and Mr. Bates—men of undoubted ability, though less conspicuous—who had been also candidates should be in like manner recognized by an invitation to his cabinet. But he did not think it came within the scope of his duty or of courtesy to turn over to either of them the selection of the men with whom he was to be associated as advisors and who were to compose his political family. He was willing to hear suggestions from any of them, or their friends, and to give to their opinions, for or against any individual, all the weight and consideration to which they were entitled; but he re-

served to himself the appointment of the men whose assistance he needed, with whom he was to confer and to whom he was to give his confidence. If when made up, there was incompatibility or want of homogeneity so that they could not work harmoniously, one or more could retire. Men of different parties had united in his election and were acting together on certain distinctive and well-known principles independent of old organizations, and he felt anxious that each of the parties of the past should be represented in his cabinet.

His administration was not to be a Whig or Democratic, or abolition, or so-called American, but a Republican administration. To select representative men of each of the old parties, Democratic and Whig who nevertheless were recognized and earnest Republicans, was a primary starting point, a basis on which to build. Mr. Seward was a Whig in his antecedents, and if he received the state department, the treasury ought by right to go to a man of the old Democratic Party. Mr. Chase was from the first in his mind's eye for the place. It was urged, however, that Mr. Chase was an abolitionist and had never been identified with the Democracy, but that Mr. Cameron from the great central State of Pennsylvania was a Democrat and associated with the Democrats. Between these two men were the appointments to the treasury and the war departments, yet neither of them he thought could be considered fairly a representative man of the Democratic Party though either might perhaps be acceptable. The friends of Mr. Seward, some of whom were very officious in giving their advice and opinions, were vehemently opposed to Mr. Chase for the treasury, but were reconciled to, preferred and desired Mr. Cameron, a Democrat, for that place.

Having disposed of the three first places in his cabinet by selection from the three great Central States, Mr. Lincoln's mind naturally turned to New England for his naval secretary. It was from there that the country derived a large portion of its seamen and there was a large shipping interest in that section. In view of the principles on which he had proposed to make his appointments he felt that he must take for this place a Democrat, and his mind at once, he informed me, designated the man. The only other individual in New England on whom his thoughts had at any time turned was Charles Francis Adams. Had neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Chase gone into the cabinet as at one time seemed possible, another arrangement might have brought that gentleman into the councils. But the selection of Mr. Welles was, he said, from the first very persistently opposed by some of the special friends of Mr. Seward, who did not at any time ac-

quiesce in the policy of a cabinet composed of men of decided opposite party principles and associations. The difference on this point between Mr. Lincoln and those who appeared as the representatives of the Albany arrangement was fundamental, but Mr. Lincoln did not abandon the line of policy which he had marked out for himself.

In the course of discussion he also discovered that there was particular animosity toward his selected naval secretary by the friends of Mr. Seward, who attributed to him more than to almost any other man, their defeat at Chicago, but efforts and the reasons against Mr. Welles instead of alienating, strengthened Mr. Lincoln in his choice. Mr. Adams, Governor Andrew and Mr. Banks were urged as acceptable to Mr. Seward. And Mr. John P. Hale and Mr. Amos Tuck and one or two others were pressed. Finding Mr. Lincoln fixed in his determination, it was made a special request that he should not commit himself but withhold the tender of an appointment until after he reached Washington and heard the opinions of his friends at the seat of government. There was general assent to the appointment of Mr. Bates, a prominent member of the bar of Missouri, an amiable gentleman of good common sense and general intelligence, of the old federal school. Never a partisan, but always a politician whose days had been passed in a local political minority, he enjoyed as he deserved the respect of all, and had been presented as a candidate for the presidential nomination at Chicago by the Know Nothings or American men of differing political principles. He was a Republican although residing in a Slave State, and had given his vote and influence towards Mr. Lincoln's election.

The name of Montgomery Blair was quite as distasteful to the representatives of the Albany policy as that of Mr. Welles. Two such men it was asserted would give the administration undue Democratic bearing, and their association with the secretary of state would be so uncomfortable, that it was represented Mr. Seward would hardly consent to go into the cabinet with them. His voice, it was claimed, ought to be so potential as to exclude men who were not acceptable to him. Others from the same locality might be substituted. Mr. Gilmer of North Carolina and Mr. Emerson Etheridge of Tennessee were named as preferable to Mr. Blair.

In the first cast of his cabinet on the day succeeding the election, Mr. Lincoln had included Mr. N. B. Judd of Illinois, an old and valued personal friend to whom he was under many and great obligations, as one whom he should desire to have in his council, as well as Mr. Dayton of New Jersey. But in the final make-up, partly from the

fact that Mr. Judd's antecedents were Democratic, but more from other influences, he was omitted and for him substituted Caleb B. Smith of Indiana who went into the department of the interior and Cameron to the war. These are substantially the facts which I learned chiefly from Mr. Lincoln himself. Before leaving Illinois, he was strengthened in the position he had taken by intercourse with others and by communications which he received. On reaching Washington, his opinions and selections were, with the two changes mentioned, confirmed by the ablest, most candid, reliable and best Republicans whom he consulted.

In his very curious Autobiography, Mr. Thurlow Weed, the friend and confidant of Mr. Seward, professes to give an account of his interview with Mr. Lincoln, and the part taken by himself in assisting and advising the President in regard to the formation of his cabinet. There is something of fact but much more of fiction in his narrative, with a good deal of suppression of truth. He was intrusive to impertinence in presenting and pressing his schemes. These are characteristics of the autobiographer. Mr. Weed, as the representative of Mr. Seward and chief engineer of the Albany policy, was astounded and overwhelmed with the result at Chicago, but he was too much of a partisan to surrender and abandon the contest though greatly discouraged and discomfited by what had taken place. The Illinois friends of Mr. Lincoln were polite and conciliatory towards all who were disappointed and were at special pains to make friends of the gentlemen from New York. It was known that Mr. Seward had left his seat in the Senate in May and repaired to Auburn where he awaited the committee which it was expected would be appointed to announce to him his nomination. There was no such committee, and his intimate associates who expected to see and congratulate him in his home at Auburn had no heart to meet the disappointed statesman and politician under his reverses.

Most of them passed to their homes direct and by other routes. Mr. Weed, who like others, had been invited after the nomination to visit Springfield and make the friendly acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln, greedily availed himself of the courtesy, but deemed it polite to postpone his visit for a few days until after the first rush from Chicago was over and the members of the convention had dispersed. Without letting his intention be known and in order to deceive and kill suspicion, Weed instead of returning to Albany or going south to Springfield, left Chicago for the great Northwest under the pretense of visiting that interesting portion of the country.

After the adjournment of the convention, I proceeded with the committee of which I was one to Springfield to inform Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. From thence I returned to Chicago and having some private affairs to attend to in western and southern Illinois, I went first to Rock Island. At that point I proposed to take a steam packet boat and go down the Mississippi to the vicinity of Quincy, but unfortunately was too late for the regular steamer on which I intended to embark, and there seemed no alternative but to wait over another day. In the evening, however, an irregular boat arrived on which I was informed I might take a passage, but with indifferent accommodations. I did not hesitate to go on board and almost the first person whom, in the confusion and dusk of the evening, I encountered was Thurlow Weed. I saw at once that the meeting was not only unexpected but that it afforded him no gratification. I had supposed he was at that time in Minnesota, and he probably believed me in Connecticut when we found ourselves face to face, as I have stated, on a Mississippi steamer. I left the boat the following morning before sunrise pursuant to arrangement, and did not see either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Weed again, until after the former was elected President, reached Washington, and invited me to take part with him in the administration. Mr. Weed continued down the river as I then supposed and in due time arrived in Springfield by a round-about course from the southwest, having performed a circuit of many hundred miles to obtain a private interview with Mr. Lincoln.

I have no intention of communicating any of the particulars that took place at that meeting in June. As the representative of his friend at Auburn he was somewhat presuming and officious, yet was treated with considerate courtesy. He accomplished nothing, however, that was decisive or satisfactory in regard to the influence which Mr. Seward might be allowed to exercise in forming the cabinet or shaping the policy of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. David Davis, since one of the justices of the Supreme Court but then a private citizen of Illinois and a confidential friend of Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Leonard Swett, another intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln's, were more free in their communications, promises and concessions to Weed, and also to others who sought to forestall action, than Mr. Lincoln thought it advisable for him to be under the existing circumstances. The comments of the self-appointed ambassador on individuals and their relation to the Albany policy were listened to kindly, but without any satisfactory final, answering response. No committals for, or against any one were obtained from Mr. Lincoln

and Weed returned in not a very complacent state of mind to Albany.

Though not satisfied, he could not make public his discontent. There was but one course for him to pursue in the great political contest of that year yet with a purpose in view there was some apparent holding off by the Albany clique, and also by certain Pennsylvanians, which led to a meeting in the latter part of summer at Saratoga of the same three gentlemen (Weed, Davis and Swett) who have been named. Two others from Pennsylvania were also in the Saratoga conference, at which it was arranged that Mr. Seward should, in the event of the election of Mr. Lincoln, of which there was little doubt, receive as was generally expected the appointment of secretary of state, and Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania that of secretary of the treasury, which was not expected nor wished. This arrangement, though for the time apparently acquiesced in or not emphatically repelled was never ratified and carried into effect by President Lincoln.

The opposition of the Albany politicians to Mr. Chase caused Mr. Lincoln considerable embarrassment. They were particularly solicitous to exclude Mr. Chase from charge of the finances, being well satisfied that he would not relinquish his seat in the Senate to which he had just been elected for any place in the administration except that of the state or treasury. If, therefore, Mr. Seward could secure the state department and Mr. Chase be excluded from the treasury, the former would be relieved from a formidable rival, and have, it was believed, little difficulty in shaping the policy of the administration. The Saratoga conference worked to that end. Mr. Cameron had not readily and zealously espoused the support of the Republicans ticket, but stood measurably aloof after the nominations at Chicago. He was not a man who commanded general confidence even in his own State, and yet he had the tact and skill to control in a great degree the party politics and elections in Pennsylvania. His interest, his influence and his authority in all political matters were, then and always, maneuvered by personal and selfish considerations. He probably knew not what it was to be disinterested on any subject, and had no conception of devotion or adherence to political principles of any kind or to party except for his own benefit.

No man, however, was more faithful to true and abiding friends than Simon Cameron. He never abandoned or neglected to serve if he had opportunity those who had supported him. In 1860, he was the most conspicuous managing party man in Pennsylvania, the great Central State of the Union. Parties were there very much broken up and debauched. Cameron and Buchanan, who for years cooperated,

had ceased to be friends. The former Whigs under Thaddeus Stevens and men of that school had never fellowshipped with Cameron, and the Know Nothing or American Party, as it was called, though founded in fraud, trick and cunning contrivance, feared and distrusted him. Nevertheless he managed to overcome and use enough of each and all parties to secure his purposes.

Weed sought the alliance of Cameron, as crafty as himself after the Chicago convention. Cameron well understood the object of the New York politicians and made use of them more successfully than they of him. From having been himself doubtful and indifferent as regards the Republican cause and party until a late period, and from being distrusted by Republicans generally he was lifted into a position by the Saratoga arrangement which, if it did not succeed in securing to him the treasury, carried him into the cabinet and gave him a place as influential and potent and actually more demonstrative and powerful during the few succeeding years, than the treasury.

After the election in November efforts were made to induce Mr. Lincoln to visit Auburn and consult with Mr. Seward in regard to the policy of his administration, and the selection of the members of his cabinet. But no argument or urging could persuade him to such a step. He had too much self-respect and self-reliance to listen for a moment to those who approached him on the subject. While modest and unassuming, ready to listen and anxious to inform himself, he knew too much of the proprieties of his position, and what was due to it to put himself in training or in the keeping of any man or men. These seductive and officious invitations and tenders from the Albany politicians did not give additional strength to, nor promote their schemes and the particular views of the school that offered them. They were fully understood and rightfully appreciated and disposed of.

Finding that Mr. Lincoln would not visit Auburn to receive lessons, it was concluded that Thurlow Weed should again visit Springfield as the representative of Mr. Seward. Messrs. Davis and Swett, with whom Weed had previously conferred, suggested, perhaps invited him, or someone possessed of the views and wishes of the Auburn statesman and politicians, to visit Mr. Lincoln. On this hint Mr. Weed, the confidant and oracle and organ of the sage of Auburn, went to Springfield the latter part of December, had one or two interviews with the President-elect, and succeeded in ascertaining the names of the gentlemen whom he proposed to invite to his cabinet. Mr. Weed, in his autobiography, has narrated with some "mental obliquities" as he has since confessed, his account of those interviews.

The plans and purposes of Mr. Lincoln were by no means satisfactory to the representative of the Albany policy.

He protested against it from the start as too Democratic, but failed to change the mind of the President as regards any one of the gentlemen whom he had selected. Having himself been a Whig in his antecedents, and some of the gentlemen whom he selected being of like politics, the President desired, contrary to the Albany policy, to have some Republicans of very pronounced Democratic views and antecedents in his council. He preferred also, to choose his own associates and advisors rather than that others should choose for him—to have his own friends instead of another man's friends for consultation and advice. It was also his aim and intention to avoid giving his administration a political bearing that should preponderate with either of the old parties for neither of which had he any profound regard. The intense partyism of Mr. Seward's agent did not strike Mr. Lincoln favorably, and caused him to hesitate in regard to Mr. Seward himself, in whose name and behalf the Auburn envoy addressed him. Nor was Mr. Lincoln inclined to give Weed his confidence though he yielded so far as to name to him, as the representative of Mr. Seward, the individuals he proposed to call around him. These names so disturbed Weed, who objected to Democrats like Welles and Blair, as particularly obnoxious, that the President on the earnest solicitation of Weed and the advice of others concluded to withhold a full committal until he reached Washington. He had, however, before the advent of Mr. Seward's agent in Springfield, been confirmed in his impressions respecting both these gentlemen who were so violently assailed.

The few prominent men whom Mr. Lincoln consulted and letters from others whose opinions he esteemed more highly than those of the obtrusive and importunate gentleman from New York, strengthened him in his original purpose. On his way to Washington, and after his arrival at the seat of government, he ascertained from prominent and candid gentlemen whom he consulted in confidence that the line of policy which he had marked out, and the selections he had made, were more in accord with the wishes of his true friends than the narrow and restricted personal and party views of the Albany politicians. In point of fact, the sentiment of the Republicans in Washington he found less favorable to the selection of Mr. Seward than to any one whom he proposed to place in his cabinet.

Learning at an early day after the election that the President had my name under consideration, I forebore all communication with him, and declined, though earnestly advised and invited, to visit him

or the seat of government while the subject of the formation of the cabinet was undetermined. Soon after the arrival of the President in Washington, I received a letter from James Dixon, one of the senators from Connecticut and a resident of my own town, written by request of Mr. Lincoln, propounding certain questions to me with reference to my appointment and a few days later a letter from the Vice-President-elect, Hannibal Hamlin, informed me that the President requested me to come to Washington. This summons I promptly obeyed.

Many of the facts related I learned at a subsequent period, the most important of them from Mr. Lincoln himself. The opposition to me by the Albany clique was very persistent and was not abandoned until after my arrival in Washington. It was their representation that I was an extreme state rights partisan and so obstinate and strict a constructionist as to be impracticable in my views and theories, which caused the President to request Senator Dixon to write me. Senator Preston King, the colleague of Mr. Seward in the Senate from New York with whom for twenty years I had been intimate, was most earnest and emphatic in favor of my appointment and was sleepless and unremitting in thwarting and defeating the intrigues of Weed and others against me.

When I reached Washington on the first of March, I found all the gentlemen, who a few days later were associated with me in the cabinet, already there; but unadjusted arrangements and complications which annoyed the President still existed. Opposition to myself had ceased for the President, weary of the harrassment and vexations of the Albany partisans, had signified that so much of his programme was finally determined upon. The principal, and almost sole remaining difficulty related to the treasury. The friends of Mr. Seward, and the gentleman himself, were unwilling that Mr. Chase should have charge of the finances and claimed that by a previous general understanding, Mr. Cameron was to receive that appointment. But the President, while he had not rejected the Saratoga arrangement and by his silence had apparently acquiesced in it, was never fully committed to it. He had so far yielded to the pressure as to write in December, at the time when Weed went to Springfield, a letter to Cameron, stating that he proposed to tender him either the treasury or the war department. To this extent and no further was he committed.

At no time had his private judgment inclined the President to give Cameron the treasury. The intrigue of the New York clique and a few similar characters in Pennsylvania had, in some degree biased his

mind, but sweeping condemnation on every hand outside of the circle mentioned, convinced him his own instincts were right and that it would be an unacceptable if not improper appointment. Mr. Seward, who had trusted to his friends to accomplish his wishes, felt at length compelled to express his feelings and views. He stated to the President that association with Mr. Cameron would on many accounts make the appointment of that gentleman more pleasant to him than Mr. Chase, but dwelt strongly and more particularly on the understanding which existed and the disappointment which would follow if he discarded the Pennsylvania senator. On these points the President had arrived at conclusions entirely different, and Senator Preston King, whom, with others he consulted, while they had not a strong partiality for Mr. Chase, protested most earnestly against placing Cameron in the treasury. . . .

CHAPTER XXXVII

MARCH 4, 1861 HERALDS THE COMING OF FATEFUL DAYS

(Among those who witnessed the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on March 4, 1861, was a young man from the West and another from the East—Charles Aldrich of Webster City, Iowa, and Charles Francis Adams, Jr. of Boston, Massachusetts. Both in after years wrote and published their recollections here reprinted of a historic day. Those of Mr. Aldrich first appeared in the April, 1907, issue of the *Annals of Iowa*; those of Mr. Adams originally took the form of an address delivered at the February, 1909, meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society of which he was then president. Mr. Aldrich had to travel more than a hundred miles by stage in order to begin his rail journey to Washington, while Mr. Adams was a passing resident of the capital, where his father was closing his services in Congress prior to appointment as United States minister to Great Britain. Both were alert observers, and both give us welcome glimpses of Mr. Lincoln and of General Scott on the eve of fateful days.)

I. AN IOWAN AT LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION

Considering the season of the year, and the means of reaching the end of the railroad, it was a long journey from Webster City, Iowa, to Washington in that stormy February of 1861. There were two methods of reaching the railroad, which was a little over a hundred miles distant, either by the Western Stage Company's vehicles, or by private conveyance. Under the circumstances I chose the former. In the pleasant summertime the Western Stage Company ran a two-horse coach from the end of the Dubuque and Sioux City railroad (now a part of the Illinois Central system), to Ft. Dodge. But when the snows were deep they used a common two-horse sleigh. When the mud was deep in the summer a common lumberwagon sufficed to carry the passengers and the mails. These old wagons had a wonderful proclivity for getting stuck in sloughs, and it was often jocularly advised that each passenger should provide himself with a fence rail in order to pry out the wagons when the good horses could not pull them through. The Western Stage Company's pioneer manager was

Thomas McChesney, who had long been in their employ on the lines in our section of the State. He was a man of energy, sometimes a little emphatic in his use of language, but thoroughly informed as to every detail of the work under his charge. He knew the drivers, and most of the horses, and looked after the various properties of the Western Stage Company with an eye single to the interests of his employers. Many times he came through our way ahead of the mails, and when stopping at the stage stations became sort of an oracle, giving the people all the news that was afloat at the end of the railroad. In this way he was a very popular man, and deserved his popularity for his genial nature and efficiency as a manager.

The middle of February I made an arrangement with him for a seat in his sleigh, which was to pass Webster City about that time. In those old snowstorm days you could not always rely upon promptness in this mode of transportation. I remember distinctly the pleasant morning when the sleigh arrived, stopping for me in front of the old town hall, which disappeared more than thirty years ago. The morning was mild and pleasant, and the sleighing simply superb. There was just one vacant seat and when I looked to see who occupied it, I found that I was booked to sit beside A. S. White, editor and publisher of the *Sentinel* at Ft. Dodge. The preceding year had been one in which political feeling ran high. White and I had had some very forcible discussions and were not indulging in the kindest feeling for each other. In fact, we had not spoken together for six months. But there was no alternative, I had to take a seat by his side. We each attempted to say "good morning" but I am of the opinion that it was a mumble, rather than any distinct enunciation. For many a mile we were simply coldly respectful towards each other. But happily we both thawed out by degrees, and entirely forgot our political troubles. East of Webster City about a dozen miles was the first stage station, where a town had been laid out and christened Hawley. It was supposed to have been located on the railroad but the line was finally established a couple of miles south, and Hawley never rose above the dignity of a stake town. Now it has no place on the local maps.

We traveled merrily along without incident until we reached a point in the Beaver Valley some twenty miles west of Cedar Falls. We there put up at the stage station which was kept by a jolly old farmer by the name of Peck. We had a very pleasant evening and the night closed in with every prospect that we could get an early start the next morning. But when daylight came a howling blizzard was wildly careering over the prairies, rendering travel both difficult and danger-

ous. We had no choice but to remain there two days. We amused ourselves by playing euchre, parching corn by the open fireplace, and reading such antiquated literature as we found lying about the house. The third morning we were able to leave, and slowly made our way through the snowdrifts to Cedar Falls. From there to the end of the railroad, which I believe was at Manchester, the roads were well broken, and we glided along in satisfactory style. I give my own recollection, but on recently meeting Captain (Charles B.) Richards, at San Diego, he insisted that owing to the snowed-up condition of the railroad, we continued by stage to Dubuque. But recollections will vary, like our watches, after the lapse of nearly fifty years. The only incident, however, that I recall was the upsetting of the sleigh and the dumping of all the passengers in a heap together. No one sustained any injuries, for we alighted in a snowbank, from which we soon extricated ourselves and went ahead.

From the time we reached the railroad until we arrived at Washington City we had a jolly company, and were full of ambition to witness the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln which was to take place on the 4th of March. I cannot now recall the number of days we were in Washington preceding the inauguration, but probably five or six. I remember that I experienced a profound feeling of disgust when I contemplated the great number of office-seekers who had crowded into Washington at this time. It was doubtful whether we had a country or not, but that seemed to make no difference with men who wanted consulships, Indian agencies, postmasterships, and almost anything else in the gift of the appointing powers. A friend of mine at Ft. Dodge was anxious to secure an Indian agency and begged me to say some words for him to our delegation in Congress. I carried out my promise to him, but he failed in securing the appointment.

The days dragged along slowly, but finally the 4th of March dawned upon the federal city, and everyone was bestirring himself in preparation for the great event of the century. I had secured a ticket with which I could obtain admission to the Capitol building and possibly a seat in the gallery of the United States Senate chamber, where some of the proceedings were to take place. I preferred, however, to join the crowd outside, in the hope that I could get close enough to the stand to hear the great inaugural address. At that time little had been done in the way of decorating the grounds on the east front of the Capitol. Across the street from the northeast entrance there still stood a high board fence. These boards were set up on end, and were far from being a graceful addendum to the landscape. The platform had been

erected about halfway up the northeast steps, and extended in the direction of the street. There was a multiplicity of seats provided for such people as could gain admittance. At the outer edge of the platform a wide board was set up on its end, and formed the back of the seat from which the occupant could face the President while he was speaking. Stephen A. Douglas sat on the south end of this front row of seats, occupying a place in the corner. I had heard him speak in the United States Senate and in Tammany Hall, New York City, and was familiar with his appearance.

I went across the street a distance of ten or twelve rods, and selected standing-room with my back against one of those tall boards. The area in front of this northeast corner of the Capitol was filled with spectators to the number of many thousands. Just before the appearance of Mr. Lincoln, a file of soldiers, doubtless regulars, came into the area, and marched along in front of the platform, slowly making their way through the crowd. From where I stood I could see their bayonets above the heads of the people. There was at that time serious apprehension that the President might be shot when he appeared to make his address, but this small company of men was all that was in sight in the way of defense. It was quietly understood, however, that several hundred men were scattered through the crowd armed with revolvers. Had any hostile hand been raised against the President its owner would very speedily have bitten the dust. It was a solemn and almost gloomy time, because there was a universal consciousness that we were just on the outbreak of war.

However, the assembled multitude had not long to wait before President Lincoln appeared, walking alone through the door that led to the portico outside of the Senate chamber. He walked quickly down the steps to the front of the platform. Removing his hat he looked for some place to dispose of it. From where I stood I plainly saw Stephen A. Douglas reach for the hat and the President yielded it to him. It was stated afterwards in the papers that Mr. Douglas quietly remarked: "Mr. President, I will take your hat." Some of the newspaper people who were sadly lacking in reverence stated that "Mr. Douglas could not be President himself, but that he held the hat of the man who was." The next movement on the part of Mr. Lincoln was thrusting his hand into his right breeches pocket and taking out a steel spectacle case. He opened this with a snap and drew out a pair of spectacles which he placed before his eyes. At that time he could not make a movement, however slight, which did not elicit rounds of applause. When he removed his hat, when he put on his

glasses, and when he restored the steel case to his pocket, there were loud cheers. He took his place at a table which had been conveniently placed, and drew out the manuscript of his inaugural address. The first words he uttered were—"Fellow citizens of the United States!" It seemed to everybody who heard him that he dwelt upon and emphasized the word "united." At all events, his expression was greeted with loud cheers. From this time until the close of his address his auditors were loud in their applause. I never listened to a speaker whose enunciation was so clear and distinct as that of Mr. Lincoln. You not only heard every word that he uttered, but every sentence was most clearly expressed. I believe his voice was perfectly audible to every one of the people who occupied the acres before and around him. At the close of his address he was greeted with deafening cheers, which seemed to carry with them an expression of highest confidence in the President.

When he concluded he stepped to one side of the table upon which lay an apparently well-worn copy of the Bible. The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Taney—the President kissing the Bible—after which the people who occupied the platform and steps arose and slowly filed into the Capitol. The address was already printed and was at once upon the streets. I know that it was as profoundly satisfying to the people present, as it was to the loyal people of the whole country.

During the remainder of that day it was quietly noised about among the Iowa politicians that the President would receive them in the East Room of the White House on the next afternoon. At that time there were sixty or seventy gentlemen from our State who had come to be present at the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. We were all introduced to the President by Josiah B. Grinnell, who seemed to know everybody from our State and also was well acquainted with the President. This presentation went off quite rapidly; in fact, it was very formal. The President pronounced our names as he took each by the hand and we speedily passed on with those who had gone before. Just ahead of me was a gentleman by the name of George May, a well-known pioneer of Marion County. In his boyhood he had known Mr. Lincoln but he did not expect any recognition on that account. Mr. Lincoln, however, shook his hand and allowed him to pass along, when he turned around, and taking one of his long strides, put his hand upon Mr. May's shoulder and turned him about. "Are you George May, the son of my old friend, (William) May?" George merely bowed an affirmative assent to this inquiry, but Mr. Lincoln

detained him a few seconds, during which time he showered him with a whole lot of questions. "When did you come down, George? How long do you expect to remain? Come around here again before you leave. I want to have a visit with you." George blushed like a modest girl and passed on. The politicians who were present and witnessed this little episode were in accord upon the proposition that George May would get whatever he asked for. After the reception was over we were received by Mrs. Lincoln. I believe that we were also presented by Mr. Grinnell. She merely bowed as each name was announced, and that part of the reception was speedily over.

A day or two after the events last recited the Iowa politicians were accorded a reception by General Winfield Scott. I cannot now recall the place where we found him. It seems to me, however, that it was at some point a block or two northeast of the Capitol grounds, but about this I am not certain. He had been apprised that we were coming and received us very cordially. The old man was dressed in a simple morning gown of some cheap material like quite ordinary calico. He bore the marks of extreme age. His eye was bleared and the skin on his face and hands was much discolored as we occasionally see it in aged people. He stood firmly on his feet as we were presented to him, and took each of us cordially by the hand. I had a great admiration for his past career as a soldier and was proud of the opportunity to meet him. He was then in chief command of the loyal armies of the country, and seemed to be our sole dependence so far as military ability was concerned. But as a support in such a time of need I could not repress the feeling that he was a frail one. Not long after this, however, Congress passed a law which placed him on the retired list. He lived some years afterwards and took deep interest in the success of the Northern armies. His occasional addresses were all on the side of loyalty and devotion to the Union.

It has always been a matter of great gratification to me that I was able to see the President, as I did on those two occasions, and the great general who had won undying fame upon bloody fields in Canada and Mexico. I spent the evening of the third of March in the gallery of the United States Senate. Seated at my left was Captain Richards, and on my right Mr. Grinnell. We heard disloyal speeches by Wigfall of Texas, and Joseph Lane of Oregon, and a marvelous address by Andrew Johnson of Tennessee. It was this great address which commended Andrew Johnson so warmly to the people of the North, and four years later helped to make him Vice-President of the United States.

2. MR. ADAMS CONTRASTS BUCHANAN AND LINCOLN

The day was clear and, as I remember it, somewhat blustery. Any one who has ever encountered on Pennsylvania Avenue a March dust borne on a March wind is not likely even in the Washington of today to covet a repetition of the experience; and fifty years ago the streets of Washington, as yet unpaved, were always either impassable from mud or ankle-deep in dust. On the day of Lincoln's first inaugural, a rasping wind was dust-laden. None the less for that, from an early hour the whole town seemed to gather towards the Capitol. During the earlier proceedings I was present in the reporters' gallery of the Senate chamber, surreptitiously smuggled in, as I remember it, under the friendly wing of General James Watson Webb, the famous editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer; but I can recall nothing of what took place below, except the impression made on me by the two chief personalities of the occasion—the outgoing President and the President-elect. In spite of his wry neck and dubious age, I could not but feel that Mr. Buchanan was undeniably the more presentable of the two; his tall, large figure and white head appeared well beside Mr. Lincoln's lank angular form and hirsute face; nor did the dress and bearing of the latter indicate that knowledge which was desirable of the amenities of the time and place. As a whole the scene impressed me as being distinctly unimpressive.

During the delivery of the inaugural from the usual improvised plank structure on the east front, . . . from where I stood I could only distinguish his words now and then, without at all following the thread of the address. As a spectacle, it was not heartening. The Capitol, it must be remembered, was at that time in a wholly unfinished condition, and derricks rose from the great dome as well as from the Senate and Representative wings. On the staging front I saw a tall, ungainly man addressing a motley gathering—some thousands in number—with a voice elevated to its highest pitch; but his delivery as I remember it, was good—quiet, accompanied by little gesture and with small pretence at oratory. The grounds at the east front are so large that it is difficult ever to compute correctly an audience there gathered. I should say, however, that the mob of citizens on that occasion did not exceed four or five thousand. Probably there were many more. It was a very ordinary gathering with a somewhat noticeable absence of pomp, state, ceremony, or even of constabulary. As I remember, not a uniform was to be seen. I recall it as a species of mass meeting evincing little enthusiasm; but silent, attentive, appreciative, and wonderfully respectable and orderly.

Throughout, however, a curious sense of uneasiness prevailed—a sort of nervous expectancy. The thought was ever present in my mind, as I fancy in that of every individual there, of something not on the programme about to occur. I did not myself really fear, much less expect it; but, none the less, I distinctly recall the latent mental suggestion—what if some Southern fire-eater or fanatical secessionist should now bring this ceremony to a sudden close by a deed of violence—by a pistol bullet from near at hand, or a rifle shot from some more distant window yonder? There was, however, no crazed and theatrical John Wilkes Booth in that gathering, or at least, if there, he did not put himself in evidence; and so the tragic outcome of four years later was not then forestalled. Presently the inaugural was brought to a close, and the audience melted slowly away. As I left the ground on my way towards Lafayette Square, I chanced across Senator Sumner, and joined him in the walk back. He was in great spirits; he was pleased with the inaugural, and evidently much relieved that the occasion had passed away in orderly fashion and without a hitch. The party to which he belonged was at last in firm possession of the machinery of government. Referring to the address, he expressed, I remember, strong approval of it, saying, in slightly oratorical though extremely characteristic fashion, that it suggested to him the old simile of “a hand of iron in a velvet glove.”

As we went westward, along F Street, which runs nearly parallel with Pennsylvania Avenue, but on higher ground, we saw in front of us a small closed carriage, low hung and drawn by a single horse only, behind which two uniformed staff officers were riding. Recognizing it as General Scott’s equipage, Mr. Sumner suggested that we should stop and speak to him. We came up to the carriage somewhere in the neighborhood of the Patent Office building, whence the intersecting streets commanded a view of Pennsylvania Avenue, a block below. The situation at once became plain. His carriage had drawn up there, and Scott was observing the march of the procession which accompanied the President along Pennsylvania Avenue, on his way back to the White House—the General himself driving along the street above the avenue, but commanding it at intersecting points. All his arrangements had been carefully made, and such forces as he had at his disposal, when not part of the procession, were within easy summons. It was stated, I know not how truly, that at certain points sharpshooters had been posted on roofs of houses or in the windows of some of the buildings commanding the east front of the Capitol and portions of Pennsylvania Avenue, always, of course, concealed.

The artillery was, as I remember, not in sight, at least it was not so far as my observation went; but doubtless it was within immediate call of controlling points. As the batteries were of the regular army, any attempt at rioting or outbreak would, I fancy, have been summarily dealt with. I have a most distinct memory of General Scott's appearance. When Mr. Sumner addressed him through the carriage window, he was looking intently the other way, down the street towards Pennsylvania Avenue, watching the procession; but when he heard Mr. Sumner's voice, he turned quickly around, his face bearing an aspect of great relief and satisfaction, and remarked that everything was going on as smoothly and quietly as possible, and the moment of possible danger he felt had been safely passed. He shook hands with us; and we then exchanged a few words of greeting with his two aides, both of whom seemed to be in the highest spirits; one of them, I remember, being Colonel Keyes, of Massachusetts, afterwards a major general.

I remained in Washington several days after the inauguration, attending, I remember, the first White House reception of President Lincoln. His appearance was awkward and ungainly. Obviously he did not feel at all at home amid his new surroundings. Though the memory of the fact has now passed away, it is comical to recall the dismay felt in Washington at the bearing and methods of the new occupants of the Executive Mansion. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were essentially plain people from Springfield—as it then existed; and the prairie Illinois capital was by no means, nor in any respect, what is known as a social centre. Naturally, then, Mrs. Lincoln had as little knowledge as was possible of the conventionalities—I might say, of the ordinary amenities even—of social life in Washington. The domestic arrangements and condition of affairs she found in the service of the White House failed to commend themselves to her ideas of the everlasting fitness of things. So she was quoted as talking of the unnecessary amount of "help," and of the reductions and changes in the direction of simplicity she proposed at once to introduce.

As for the President, he had come to Washington filled, apparently, with a sense of obligations in the way of office-giving which he had assumed during the canvass, and his ideas of department responsibility were of the vaguest possible character. He had some rude pocket memorandum books to which he continually referred, a species of debit and credit ledger, in which were pencilled entries relating to the various States, showing what each was entitled to have, and the persons toward whom he considered himself under special obligation.

As to the crisis which then confronted the country and himself individually—the catastrophe immediately impending—if at that time Mr. Lincoln realized the situation, he certainly, so far as the outer world was concerned, gave no indication of the fact. A vague sort of idea had prevailed that, should the fourth of March and the inauguration be safely passed, things would once more assume their normal shape. The apprehension of further disaster would be allayed. In that spirit of optimism so characteristic of our people, it was tacitly assumed, that the South would commit itself by no act of overt violence, until some actual invasion was attempted of what it called its “rights.” The cloud, ominously gathered on the southern horizon, might thus gradually disperse. We would then shake off the besetting nightmare of the last four months, and, like Bunyan’s Pilgrim, realize that it was, after all, only a dream. The Ides of March were to witness the awakening.

It is curious, and now from the historic point of view even of interest, to recall the contemporary evidence of this clinging to the last strand of hope. No blow had yet been struck, nor any blood shed; and until some blow was struck and blood had actually been shed, ground for hope remained. In a word, even in March, 1861, we failed to realize the inevitable. We still hugged our pleasing delusions. So I find that on the very day of the inauguration I wrote home thus:

“I have always held, particularly for the last few weeks, that the secession excitement could not be expected to die away while the fourth of March was impending. The coming change of the Government was a continually disturbing element. This is at last removed, and from this time the secession excitement, I believe, will die away, and the Union feeling rise almost visibly, day by day; unless again the secession feeling is revived by some act of strange folly on the part of the Administration. Almost the last act of the Congress just expired was one of conciliation, passed in spite of factious opposition; and within the last few days I have conversed with many men from the South, including even South Carolina, and all announce a better, kinder state of feeling, needing only gentleness and conciliation to ripen into Union.”

This pleasing, if somewhat iridescent, dream was dissipated during the days immediately following the inauguration. I have a vivid recollection of the frightened feeling with which we noted the course of events, and the gradual growth of a final conviction that the worst was yet to come, but now closely impending. Instead of dispersing, the cloud which lowered south of the Potomac became almost momen-

tarily more and more lurid, while electric flashes followed each other in ever quicker succession. Before many more days of that momentous month of March had succeeded each other, we all realized that the Ship of State, to use the familiar figure, was rolling helplessly on the long ground-swell of an oily sea towards a lee shore of a most alarmingly portentous aspect. A short time only, and we would find ourselves in the breakers. It was only a question of when and where and how. A catastrophe was not only inevitable but imminent; what would then happen no man for a moment pretended to predict. We all with bated breath and sickening anxiety awaited the dread moment.

One of the incidents I most clearly remember in those days was a morning horseback ride, in company with a sister, across the Potomac to Arlington. Colonel Lee, as he then was, had been, if I remember right, on duty in Texas, but was known to be on his way to Washington. I had shortly before been a guest of the Lee family, dining at Arlington. On the particular morning to which I refer—a typical Virginia spring morning, with the verdure just beginning to show on the trees and in the fields—my sister and I had ridden over to Arlington, where we had passed half an hour or so in company with the members of the Lee family—Mrs. Lee and her daughters. As we rode homeward down the driveway toward the Potomac, we met a hack, apparently from the station, driving up to the house. Behind it a trunk was strapped; and, as we passed, a man of fifty or thereabouts, with regular features and a grayish beard, turned toward us, evidently curious as to who we might be. I have always believed it was Colonel Lee, just back from Texas. If so, that was the only time I ever set eyes upon him. Never fully satisfied in my own mind that it was he, I have none the less a curiously distinct recollection of the look of inquiry on the face as the occupant of the vehicle glanced suddenly out with a startled expression—so to speak, taking us in.

Such are my personal recollections of Lincoln's first inauguration, and of a period in Washington than which none in the history of the country is more interesting. Certainly no period thereafter was marked by a greater anxiety, was more pregnant with possibilities, or for that matter, with future actualities.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MR. LINCOLN'S CABINET WEIGHED BY ONE OF ITS MEMBERS

(There is here given an address delivered by John Palmer Usher at a banquet in honor of a friend at Wyandotte, Kansas, on June 20, 1887, and later issued in pamphlet form for distribution among those who heard it. As a measured estimate in after years of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet by one of its members it eminently deserves a place in these pages. Mr. Usher was born in Madison County, New York, in January, 1816, the son of a country doctor of New England ancestry. He received a common school education and having studied law at New Berlin was in 1839 admitted to practice.

A year later Mr. Usher moved to Indiana, settling shortly at Terre Haute which remained his home for nearly a quarter of a century. Success as a lawyer of force and capacity came to him without delay, and in the course of a practice that soon extended into Eastern Illinois he had friendly contact with Mr. Lincoln and now and again was associated with him in the trial of suits. Mr. Usher also had an early entrance into politics. He served as prosecuting attorney and in the legislature; was one of the founders of the Republican Party in Indiana; vigorously stumped that State for Lincoln in 1860, and late in the following year became by appointment its attorney-general.

When the office of assistant secretary of the interior was created early in 1862 Mr. Usher was induced by his old friend, Caleb B. Smith to accept that post, and in January, 1863, he succeeded Mr. Smith as secretary discharging his duties with rare grasp of detail. He remained a member of the cabinet until a month after the death of Mr. Lincoln, when he resigned to become general solicitor of the eastern division of the Union Pacific Railway, making his home in Lawrence, Kansas. This association, which again proved his unusual capacity as a lawyer, he maintained in one form or another until his voluntary retirement at the end of twenty-two years of service. He died at Lawrence in April, 1889.

It is evident from the address here reproduced that Seward, Cameron and Bates had an understanding friend in Usher, whom Noah

Brooks describes as "a fair, florid, well-nourished and comfortable man," while his recollections help to a just and more discriminating estimate of Secretary Stanton.)

You ask me to say something about Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. It is said by naturalists, I believe, that if you give them the toe of an animal, and possibly a small part of the toenail, they can tell you what sort of an animal it belonged to; so I will give a few anecdotes about the members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, so that you may know what manner of men they were.

The head of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet was Mr. Seward. The first vote I gave for anybody in my life was for him for governor. After that I came West, and saw no more of him and thought no more about him until the great time came for the nomination in 1860. I am glad that Mr. Lincoln had the sagacity to call him to the head of his cabinet. When I came to know more of Mr. Seward, and saw the relations existing between him and Mr. Lincoln I grew to love him. He was a man of the very kindest feelings. One might have supposed he would feel resentful at his defeat in Chicago and willing to see Mr. Lincoln making, at times, a spectacle of himself, for Mr. Lincoln was not well versed in the amenities of life; but I assure you that whenever foreign ambassadors were to meet Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward was careful that he should make no mistakes and should appear to the very best advantage. When a foreign minister was to be presented to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward always suggested to him in advance, what he should say, where he should stand, and how he should act. He was a man who would do all that, when the nation was in a manner dissolved.

I never saw him show any resentment. When a number of clergymen wrote to him admonishing him of the weighty cares and duties that rested upon him and begging him to be more temperate in his habits, he wrote a letter in answer to them and made it ready for the mail. At that point he concluded that he would not mail it until the next day; that he would think of the subject until then. By that time he determined not to send it and took the letter from his drawer and threw it in the fire. Speaking of the circumstances to my informant, an intimate friend of his, he said he believed he had character enough to withstand the calumnies then afloat against him and that he would apologize to no man or set of men for his habits.

After Mr. Lincoln was assassinated and after Mr. Seward returned to the department of state, I called upon him, and he said that if he had been able to be out—he had been thrown from a carriage and

was confined to his room—Mr. Lincoln would not have gone to the theatre that night. It seems that he knew of or anticipated some design or plot against the President.

I could say more about Mr. Seward but I have not time. You can form some idea of his character from what I have told you. I consider that he was one of the wisest statesmen we have ever had, and Mr. Lincoln, while he was a great and good man, would have had infinite trouble without him. The utmost confidence and kindly feeling existed between these two men. The people do not know and would hardly believe me if I told them their kindly feeling for each other, and the obligation of this nation to these two men for their great labors for the preservation of the Union.

During all those days of anxiety and care there were occasionally ludicrous instances, which for a time lightened the gloom. There was a Swiss, John Hitz, living in Washington who kept a feed store and green grocery, upon the avenue, south of the Capitol grounds. He was consul general of the Republic of Switzerland. Occasionally a countryman of his would enter the army, and finding the service uncomfortable, would apply to Hitz to get him discharged. Hitz would make the appeal, but generally concluded by saying that if the ground stated by him did not compel the discharge of the soldier, he wanted him to stay and fight—that the Swiss were a liberty loving people and could never be better employed than fighting for it.

It is history that the government of Great Britain was in active sympathy with the rebellion. This sympathy was manifested in a great many ways, not only by that government but by a large majority of the people of England. The government affected a desire to have the war ended. The end wanted, however, was an acknowledgement of the southern confederacy. Lord Lyons, then British minister to Washington, was directed to propose to Seward an arbitration for the settlement of the controversy. He advised Seward of the desire of his government. Seward replied that the proposition seemed to emanate from a humane and proper spirit and he would consider it. He told Lord Lyons that the United States had a republican form of government, that the insurgents who sought to overthrow that form of government, also claimed to have a republican form of government; that it would be unseemly and could not be expected, that the United States would consent to submit the question of its existence to a crowned head, since all monarchies were radically opposed to republics; that Switzerland was a republic and had an able representative at Washington, Mr. John Hitz, consul general, who kept a feed store and green

grocery upon the avenue, and suggested that the whole matter be left to him. No doubt Lord Lyons thought by that time that Seward was making sport of him, and so this matter of arbitrament ended.

Mr. Chase was a Dartmouth College man. He was an able man in every way, but selfish and ambitious. He wanted above all things to be President, and I think that if he saw or believed that Mr. Lincoln was about to make a mistake of any sort which would diminish him in popular favor it would have afforded him pleasure; that he would be far from doing or saying anything to prevent the act from being done, or to extricate Mr. Lincoln if it was done.

Early in 1864 Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, put out a circular saying that Mr. Lincoln was not qualified to manage the affairs of this country and to successfully conduct the war then raging. It was signed by Kansas men with others. It was sent broadcast all over the country under the frank of the treasury department, this privilege being used by the bureau officers, one or more, of the treasury department. Many of the circulars were returned directly to President Lincoln. Mr. Chase, hearing of it, immediately repaired to the White House and protested to the President that he knew nothing of it and had nothing to do with it. Lincoln replied to him, as he told me, that he believed him, for he thought it impossible for him to have done such a thing. This episode closed out the candidacy of Chase for President in 1864.

But he did not abandon his ambitious hopes to become President. General Jackson had popularity in being called "Old Hickory," General Taylor in being called "Old Rough and Ready," and the admirers of Mr. Lincoln were prone to call him "Honest Old Abe." Chase evidently thought that the soubriquet "Old Greenbacks" would advance him in popular favor. There were about Washington, here and there, men who had been abolitionists, and their philosophy led them to pretty much ignore all other political principles and theories. They were all admirers of Chase and were wont to call him "Old Greenbacks" apparently with the object of getting the populace to so call him.

Mr. Chase was a remarkably handsome man, and his portrait, in its best form, was printed upon the one-dollar greenback notes, where the greatest number would be most likely to see and become familiar with his face. During the canvass of 1864, he made a speech in Cincinnati to an immense multitude. He was describing the scenes to the President upon his return and said he could occasionally hear voices all through the crowd applauding and calling him "Old Greenbacks."

When, however, rigorous times came on, the army disbanded with greenbacks for their pay, the creditor class, as it always had and always will do, began looking about to see how they could get the most of their credits by diminishing the paying abilities of their debtors, government as well as individual, and set up the unfounded claim that the principal of the bonds of the government were payable in like gold or silver coin, and that greenbacks were not a legal tender, and this because, as they alleged, the act of Congress making them legal tender was unconstitutional.

Chase, then chief justice, affirmed all these monstrous claims. The debtor class was amazed and I imagine the holders of the dollar notes with the face of Chase upon them were a good deal puzzled to know what it meant, and wondered if he could have been of the same opinion when he was secretary and directed his face to be put upon the notes, as he was when chief justice, and decided they were not legal tender. I won't say that Mr. Chase supposed that the time was at hand when the people were ready to regard nothing as money except gold and silver coin. It cannot be denied, however, that his opinions as a jurist were opposite his views as a statesman.

Notwithstanding, he was great as a statesman in the Senate and in the cabinet. He expressed himself with clearness and force. On the bench he had no superior in expounding the Constitution and the law except, as I feel, and believe I ought, his decision on the legal tender act. Respecting that act and all the financial measures of the government during the time that he was secretary, they were adopted as a necessity. I do not think there was much forethought in respect to them by the secretary or anyone else, until action was had upon the emergency as it occurred. It was impossible to support the army and carry on the war by paying the expenses of the government in coin. The issuing of paper was a necessity. When it was found that paper must be issued, the purpose of all who wished to preserve the government by force of arms, was to make that paper as valuable as possible, and the chief element of its value was believed to be in making it a legal tender for debts. When this paper was likely to become so abundant as to greatly diminish its value, it was found desirable to retire it, and so Congress provided for that by taxing all State bank issues and the issue of bonds with interest payable in gold at six per cent, into which this legal tender money might be funded. All these measures were successful. As I remember, they all originated in Congress and met with the favor of the President and he approved them.

I am not able to say much about the secretary of the navy, Mr.

Welles. I do not think he ever missed attending upon the President on cabinet days. I have no recollection of ever hearing him express himself on public affairs, or indeed about anything. He was appointed by the President at the instance of Mr. Hamlin, Vice-President. I heard it said in those times that there was a usage for the President to allow the Vice-President to name one member of the cabinet, and by that usage Welles came to be secretary of the navy. I witnessed a sharp controversy between him and Mr. Bates, the attorney-general, upon some question of maritime law; what the question was I have forgotten; but I observed that Welles was tenacious of his opinion and refused to yield to Bates.

The official papers of Welles will compare favorably with those of any of the secretaries to Mr. Lincoln or indeed of any of his predecessors or successors. I remember to have been struck with the clearness and conciseness of his statements in his official papers. His official letters and report of the capture of the Alabama by the Kearsage are models of conciseness and clearness of statement. He did not appear to have any intimacy with the President or any member of the cabinet, and so far as I discovered, or knew, with any other person. He neither said or did anything to antagonize the views of the President or anyone who might be supposed able to influence the President to his (Welles') prejudice.

When the President, with the knowledge and advice of Seward, sent a naval expedition to Pensacola without the knowledge of Welles or Cameron, Welles never complained of the indignity. He was true and faithful to the powers that were over him. The last time I met him was when President Johnson was making his famous journey, called at the time "swinging around the circle," Welles being one of the party. After the usual salutations, Welles asked me how many stars I had in my flag, whether thirteen or thirty-six; I told him thirty-six and with that he seemed pleased. I think Johnson was quite as much to his liking as Lincoln was; yet you will remember that when Charles Francis Adams, in his eulogy upon Seward, spoke slightly of Lincoln, Welles became indignant and made a vigorous protest against the insinuations prejudicial to the fame of Lincoln. Welles had able support in Fox, his assistant, but no evidence exists that Fox indited any of his official papers.

Then there was Caleb Smith, secretary of the interior, whom I succeeded early in January, 1863—remaining in office until May, 1865. I knew him well. He was a true orator. He was a man who, from the rostrum, would talk to you until you would feel the blood tingling

through your veins to your finger ends and all the way up your spine. When you meet a man who can do that, argument is at an end; you are carried away by the irresistible power of eloquence. Caleb Smith was not an abolitionist. He said to me one day when I was assistant secretary: "What do you think of the President issuing a proclamation abolishing slavery?"

I said: "I do not think well of it at this time."

He said: "If he does I will resign and go home and attack the administration."

I suppose the propriety of the first Emancipation Proclamation had been discussed, Smith having just returned from the cabinet meeting. You see what trouble Mr. Lincoln had. Smith was a man so conservative in his ideas that he felt that he could not at that time approve of a proposition to emancipate the slave in aid of the suppression of the rebellion, though when the first proclamation was issued Smith had changed his views and favored it.

Smith was born in Boston and educated in Ohio but his manhood was spent in Indiana. He was ever opposed to the Democratic Party in all its forms and organizations. He was a Republican, but not of the order of Julian. They were the antipodes of each other. Yet he for nearly a year indulged in the hope that the rebellion could be suppressed without emancipating the slaves; not that he favored slavery but because he shrank from interfering with the right of property in slaves. In that respect he came to be in accord with the unionists in the Slave States. Smith was an able lawyer and administered the duties of his office with fidelity and ability.

Now a few words about Simon Cameron. I am glad to have this opportunity to speak of him, because so much, at one time and another, has been said to his prejudice. I think that he was about as good a specimen of humanity, of fairness and honesty and justice as we ever had, however good. I will tell you a circumstance which occurred to illustrate what I am going to say about him. I think it was in the early part of 1865, along in the winter—maybe in March—John Covode of Pennsylvania, whom we all delighted to call Honest John, came to the department one day. We were great friends. I do not know why, but he had taken a liking to me and I to him. He said: "Come down to the Avenue House tonight to meet some of my friends."

I went down. I found in the dining room the table spread along its whole length with a cold collation and about forty seats at the table, all filled with Pennsylvanians, and I was seated at the table by the

side of Mr. Cameron who had lately returned from St. Petersburg where he had been sent as minister. There was plenty of wine and we helped ourselves to both food and wine. By and by Mr. Covode, sitting at the end of the table, reached behind him and took up a sword about three and a half feet long standing there and unsheathed it. The sword was so long that it required him to stretch his arms to the utmost. "Now," said he, "this sword was made and sent to me by my chum. He was an apprentice with me in Massachusetts to the blacksmith trade. When he became older, my chum remained in Massachusetts and followed the trade he had learned. You know what has become of me and what I have done. My old chum has amassed wealth and is a true Union man. He has forged out this sword and sent it to me as a token of his patriotism and respect for what I have tried to do."

After this and some other remarks, speeches were called for. One after another spoke, but no notice was taken of Mr. Cameron or allusion made to him. At length Covode called on Cameron to speak, saying: "Now we want to hear from Simon Cameron, our old war horse." He quickly arose at the call and began by speaking of the Republican Party and its achievements. He said it had suppressed a great rebellion; it had emancipated millions of slaves; but its great work was not yet done; that much remained to do; the freedom of the slaves emancipated was yet to be secured and ample provision made for their protection and for securing to them equal rights with all the citizens of the nation. "But what are we to think of a party," he said, "that, within sixty days after going into power, appoints a committee to investigate the frauds of its own members? They even had the audacity to accuse me of corruption in office—of making corrupt contracts. I, who during all the time that I was secretary of war, never made any contract whatever."

During the time he was speaking Cameron raised himself to his utmost height, his shoulder flew back until his coat swung clear of his body. His speech was vehement and his auditors, who it appeared to me, were jealous of his fame and power, sat silent while he spoke. I was somewhat surprised at his declaration that he never made any contracts while he was secretary of war, and after he sat down I fell into a conversation with him about it. He said all contracts were made in the quartermaster and commissary departments; that this thing of accusing him of making corrupt contracts was the most preposterous and absurd thing of all.

"For," he said, "If I have any ability whatever, it is an ability to make money. I do not have to steal it. I can go into the street any day, and as the world goes, make all the money I want. It was absurd to accuse me of that. When the war broke out I knew that the railroad from Baltimore to Harrisburg, the Northern Central of Pennsylvania, was bound to be good property; the soldiers and people devoted to the preservation of the Union traveling to Washington would necessarily be transported over it. The stock was then worth only a few cents on the dollar. I knew that from the very necessity of the case it would advance in value to par or nearly so. I bought large blocks of this stock, and told Mr. Lincoln if he would give me ten thousand dollars I would make him all the money he wanted."

I asked him if Mr. Lincoln was inclined to do it. He said no; that there was his mistake; that the investment would have been perfectly legitimate and that he might as well have made a large sum of money as not. Now that is Cameron, and you will find that there is no evidence that Simon Cameron was a corrupt man. He was ever faithful to the cause.

I was coming down from Denver one day and met Major Ed Smith. We were coming along together. Upon the way he related the following incident concerning Cameron: He said he was at the courthouse, at Reading, the day after Sumter was fired on; the drums were beating in the street and he went home and told his father he was going to the war. Directly he went to Washington with his comrades, and went into camp near the arsenal. He was not well pleased with the position of private and wanted to see if he could do a little better. He went to see Cameron whom he knew very well, but could not manage to see him.

The whole war department was filled and surrounded by people waiting to see Cameron, and it was impossible for Smith to get in. So he wrote Cameron a note and told him he was camped down near the Arsenal; that he wanted to see him, but could not for the crowd surrounding the department. Cameron had no more than got the note than he sent an orderly to Smith, directing him to come to the department. Smith went and Cameron asked him how long he had been in Washington. He answered he had been there some days and had tried to see him, but could not for the crowd.

"What do you want?" said Cameron.

"I want you to make me a lieutenant or captain in the regular army," Smith replied.

"Oh, that won't do," said Cameron, "you shall be a major; no relation of George Smith who voted for me for the Senate twenty-five years ago, shall be around here with such a commission as that."

That was his feeling towards his friends. When George Smith died, Cameron went over to Reading and stayed until he was buried. People talked about him and accused him of corruption in office because he had such friends outside of his party. They said he must have bought them. Don't believe a word of it. He did no such thing. He was faithful and true. In close elections, he received votes from the opposing party, because they were his friends and grateful for favors long before bestowed.

In this connection there is another incident in which Cameron figures, which may be interesting: At a meeting of the cabinet, the chief topic of discussion was the organization of the armies and putting them in the field, and after talking a while they came to the conclusion that they did not know anything about the subject or knew but little about it, and would want to inquire how this or that would do and what ought to be done, and the different members would say, "Well we don't know"—this is the way Lincoln told it to me—"we will go and see General Scott and see what he says about it."

So one bleak rainy day they went over to his quarters. General Scott was so infirm that he could not come to the White House, or remain in the war department and he had taken a room for his quarters across the street, near the war department. When they went in he had a stick or two upon the fire burning brightly, and they all took seats around the fire. General Scott was lying on a low and broad lounge in one corner of the room. He had a strap attached to a ring in the ceiling, and another ring at the end, reaching down over him a little below his breast, which he was accustomed to take hold of and pull himself up with, for he was very large and plethoric. After they sat down he got hold of that ring, with some trouble pulled himself to an upright position and swung his feet off the lounge upon the floor. Before they said anything they sat there looking at him, and he commenced his speech to the President.

"I am an old man," he said, "I have served my country faithfully I think, during a long life. I have been in two great wars and fought them through, and now another great war is on and I am nominally at the head of the army, but I don't know how many men are in the field, where they are, how they are armed and equipped or what they are capable of doing or what reasonably ought to be expected of them. Nobody comes to tell me and I am in ignorance about it, and can

form no opinion respecting it. I think under all the circumstances I had better be relieved from further service to my country."

It was a pathetic speech. They all sat silent and made no reply. At length Seward said in a cheerful tone, hitching himself in his chair in his usual way: "I think I see a way out of this," Cameron—it was not long after the Pensacola affair—flew into a passion at once and said, addressing Seward: "I suppose you do! You are always meddling with that which don't concern you!"

This little ebullition set them all laughing and so they directly got up and bade General Scott good-by. The point of it was that it amused Lincoln to see Cameron turning on Seward and saying that he was always meddling with that which didn't concern him. Said Lincoln to me: "I suppose he referred to the Pensacola affair."

Now I have to speak of Mr. Stanton, and one of the troubles with him was that he was a dyspeptic and because of that his temper was irascible and unequal. I was with him one day in the cabinet and his speech to me was rude and offensive. I determined I would never speak to him again. Relating the circumstances to a friend he said: "You do not know what a man will do who is a dyspeptic." I said he was no dyspeptic. He replied that he was and the worst afflicted man he ever saw. I said I hardly thought so. At the next cabinet meeting he came in as cheery as could be. He said: "Does any member of the cabinet want to name someone for appointment in the quartermaster commissary service?" There were half a dozen or more to be appointed.

I promptly said: "Yes, I do." A few years before I had defended a youth against an accusation involving life and liberty. He had gone to Iowa, grown to manhood, and joined a regiment of cavalry in that state. He was a warrant officer in the regiment and was charged with duties which belonged to the quartermaster's department. The superior officer concluded that it would be to the advantage of the service if he could be appointed to a position in the quartermaster's department. So he came to Washington and naturally came to me to secure the appointment for him.

Because of my interview with Stanton a few days before, I informed him that it was impossible for me to help him; that it would avail nothing for me to make the application. He informed me that he would leave by the afternoon train for his regiment. But how soon the whole thing changed! I was able to convey to him his good fortune at the station as he was about to take the train. So I concluded that it was my duty to forgive Mr. Stanton.

His career was marked by similar incidents. Stanton had able and devoted admirers and friends. Moorhead, an iron master of Pittsburgh, then a member of Congress, was an especial friend and admirer of his. One day Moorhead was in Stanton's office and a commissioned officer of inferior rank came in wearing his uniform. Stanton immediately commenced upon him in the rudest possible manner and without giving him any opportunity to explain, wanted to know why he was there, and why he was not in the field with his regiment. The officer turned upon his heel and left at once.

Moorhead immediately remarked: "Why did you treat that man so?" "I did not mistreat him," said Stanton.

"Yes you did, and very deeply insulted him. He has gone away justly angry and will not soon forget this."

Stanton called his door-keeper and directed him to run after the man and bring him back. He was soon again in his presence and Stanton said: "Mr. Moorhead here says I insulted you."

"Yes you did," was the reply "in a most offensive manner. I have been in the field with my regiment without leave of absence for two years or more. I got leave to come here, my object principally being to see you and pay my personal respects, and this is the way I have been received and treated."

Stanton at once made ample apology and protested that he intended no offense.

One day in a conversation with a former member of Congress from Philadelphia, regarding Stanton and his rude and offensive manners, he told me that on one occasion several years before, he had been in Pittsburgh and in want of money. Stanton was practicing law there and he applied to him for a loan and was rudely repulsed. Upon going to his room some hours after he found twenty dollars between the leaves of a book with a note from Stanton that he had left the money for him and if he needed more to apply to him.

After Stanton removed to Washington this gentleman had the management of an important suit with a fee conditional. He employed Stanton to assist him. The suit was determined in his favor and he received the stipulated compensation, amounting to several thousand dollars. He took the money to Stanton, told him what he had, proceeded to divide the money into equal parts, and handed one-half to Stanton for his compensation. Stanton took it and counted out a part and handed the major portion to this gentleman.

He at once said: "It is not mine, it is fairly yours, and I want you to keep it."

Stanton replied: "Take it, or I will put it in the stove, it is not mine, I have got all I am entitled to."

You will see from this his remarkable peculiarities. He had only one son. He had taken care to give him a superior education at Kenyon College. This son was possessed of a most lovable character. He grew to manhood and survived his father a few years. He was a lawyer of note and promise. One would suppose that Stanton would have at least, in the making of his will, bestowed upon him his library, but when his will came to be published it was found that he had not given him a cent or a scrap of any kind, book or anything else. Yet Stanton was possessed of a considerable fortune, his estate amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars. How will you account for all this? His son gathered up all his father's loose property, books and everything else, and submitted it to sale without a word of complaint.

From the circumstances I have related you can form some judgment of the character of this extraordinary man. He was a man of immense mental power. Upon occasions I have heard him express himself in speaking of the men who plunged this country into war in almost paralyzing terms. He was devoted to the cause he was striving to serve and gave all his energies to it. Night after night he remained in his office until a late hour and sometimes until daylight; not infrequently would his carriage be found standing at the door waiting for him when daylight came. No enemy of his ever had the audacity to charge him with corruption in office.

Seward appreciated and respected him. Sometimes he used to call him the Carnot of the war, because of his devotion, his ability and his faithfulness. He enjoyed the confidence and unfaltering friendship of the President. His foibles and his irascibilities were overlooked and unconsidered by the President—who appreciated his loyalty, devotion and ability. Upon one or more occasions he was known to have taken the written requests of the President and to have torn them into fragments and stamped them beneath his feet. This conduct being reported to the President he simply said: "Well I have not much influence with this administration but expect to have more with the next." The truth was that Mr. Lincoln had told Stanton that if he made requests of him which would injure the public service if granted he was at liberty to disregard them. Yet Stanton was hardly justified in tearing these requests in pieces in the presence of strangers.

Stanton was a profound lawyer and a great orator. After he was secretary he delivered one or more addresses advocating the election of General Grant for the Presidency, which were unsurpassed. He had

enemies—always had them, but do or say what they could they were unable to supplant him in the public estimation. Had he lived he would have acquired great fame in the judicial position to which General Grant had appointed him.

Edward Bates, from Missouri, was the attorney-general, first appointed by Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Bates had supporters for the office of President in the convention which finally selected Mr. Lincoln. So had Mr. Seward, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Chase. Thus you see that Mr. Lincoln in the selection of his cabinet officers, named all his rival candidates in the convention. Bates had a considerable following. He was a man of unostentatious manners, easily approached by all who wished to see him and highly respected by all. He was born in Virginia, but emigrated to St. Louis while he was yet a young man.

He became an eminent lawyer and had great success in his profession without acquiring much fortune. While he was attorney-general he rendered important service to the government. Early in the administration he was called upon for an opinion touching the alleged non-citizenship of people of African descent. By the decision of the Supreme Court in Dred Scott's case it was claimed that negroes were not citizens, and it was accordingly said by many that that decision held that the colored people had no rights which white men were bound to respect.

Bates in a very able opinion declared that persons of African blood, of whatever degree, born in the United States were citizens of the United States, and his opinion upon that subject was followed and became the law of the administration. The Dred Scott decision was no more heard in Israel. Bates was shrewd. He avoided antagonizing others whenever he could, but when he was driven to it he was firm and immovable. I remember one occasion when I was greatly benefited by his shrewdness.

By the Oregon organic act, it was provided that certain missionary stations with one section of land should be, and were granted to the missionary societies occupying said stations. The Methodists, conceiving themselves entitled to the station which was near The Dalles upon the Columbia River, proceeded to mark out irregular lines around an area of land amounting to six hundred and forty acres, within which lines there was a population of some four hundred people whose possession was adverse to the claim, and insisted that there should be a patent issued for this irregular tract of land.

I was beseeched by leading members of that denomination to direct the issue of a patent, but I was not satisfied that it could be legally

done. I was reminded that that denomination of people had with great unanimity supported the President and the war, which I well knew. The pressure brought to bear upon me was persistent and I was much perplexed as to what I should do. If I issued the patent the effect might be very injurious to the people living upon the land—if I refused to issue it, I would offend a large and influential following of the administration.

One day I received a note from Henry S. Lane, then a senator from Indiana, and a member of the Methodist Church, requesting me to come to the Capitol. I went up and found an assembly in the marble room of the Senate chamber, consisting of several Methodist bishops and a great many members of Congress of both houses. I at once suspected why my presence was desired, but I did not have to wait long for I was soon advised of what was wanted—that I should direct the commissioner of the land office to prepare a patent for this land near The Dalles.

I said it was an intricate question and one which I had not decided and was not yet prepared to decide—but that I was then engaged in an examination of the question, and would devote my attention to it without delay. Lane, among his other good qualities, was celebrated for his sense of justice and propriety. He at once spoke out and said: “You are quite right; it cannot be expected that you will direct a patent to be issued unless you are satisfied that the act of Congress will justify you in doing so.”

I bowed my acknowledgments straightway and left the room. In my perplexity I thought of Bates, and soon thereafter meeting him I explained to him my trouble and told him I contemplated asking him his official opinion upon the subject. He said he had in his time settled a great many controversies with religious organizations, that he made it a point never to antagonize them, and that with gentleness and kind words there was no difficulty in making peace among them.

So I sent the case to him and in a few days he returned a brief answer advising that I should refrain from considering the subject any further since the patent would be of no value to the church because if the right existed by virtue of the act of Congress it would not be strengthened a particle by the patent, if I decided to advise the issuing of a patent. On the other hand if I reached the conclusion that the lands were not granted to the church, and upon that ground refused to advise the issuing of a patent, it might embarrass the church in the litigation advised by him. His opinion was submitted to the bishops and they appeared to be satisfied with it. So a settlement was reached

of a controversy which might have become troublesome, for if a patent had been issued to the church the three or four hundred settlers at The Dalles would have clamored against it; and if the decision had been against the issuing of the patent, ugly complaint would have come up from the church.

Out of this difficulty the department was extricated by the act of Mr. Bates. Bates often said to me that all there was left of a man after arriving at the age of seventy were the patches and shreds that he had saved up as he went along. When he arrived at the age of seventy he resigned and returned to St. Louis, where he resided for several years thereafter in quiet repose, loved by many friends and venerated by all.

Montgomery Blair was the first postmaster-general under Mr. Lincoln. He was one of the organizers of the Republican Party and faithful to the declared principles of that party. It cannot be truly said that he ever swerved from them. He abhorred secession and rebellion. He cordially approved of the Emancipation Proclamation but he did not approve of the reconstruction plan finally adopted. During his incumbency of the office of postmaster-general many reforms and changes for the benefit of the service were made, to its great advantage. The patronage of his office was then immense, but is very much greater now. In his appointments to office and recommendations of appointments, he applied the Jeffersonian test, "Is he capable and is he honest?" His great care was not to appoint anyone to office who was indifferent to the success of the Union arms. That was made the test. Indeed that was the test in all the departments. That a man had been, or was a Democrat was no objection to his appointment to office. Applying this test, it is true, there were not very many Democrats appointed, though we did not regard any man a Democrat enough to hurt, if he was honestly in favor of maintaining the government. This rule was applied in the appointment to office in the army and in promotions. Whoever will carefully read and consider the history of those times will be satisfied of the truth of this statement. It is to Mr. Blair's credit that his lofty character exempted him from any accusation of misuse of his power or of his office.

Before the end of Mr. Lincoln's first term Mr. Blair resigned and Governor William Dennison of Ohio was appointed his successor. Dennison was Ohio's war governor. He supposed that it was his duty to attend to the wishes of persons who arrogated to themselves the claim of being genuine and Simon-pure Republicans. There were great numbers of that particular class of people sojourning in and about Washington, claiming in a greater or less degree to dictate as

to who should have office. An aged gentleman by the name of Allison was postmaster at Georgetown, at the time. He was an old citizen of the district, mayor of Georgetown, and respected by all but these newcomers.

They conceived the idea of having Allison removed, and accordingly lodged with Dennison a ponderous petition praying for his removal. The governor brought it with him to a cabinet meeting and apparently was about to submit it for consideration. He explained what it was and expressed his ignorance of the usual course of presenting such matters. Thereupon, Mr. Seward said: "Well, I know Mr. Allison very well. When I came here as a senator from New York, I wanted a seat in the Episcopal church. The people here considered me an abolitionist and determined among themselves that I should not have a seat in the church. This coming to the knowledge of Allison, he came to me and said he owned a pew in the church and that it was at my service, that I should sit there no matter who objected, and I did." By this time a broad grin came over the faces of the President and all of us and Mr. Lincoln said: "Oh, I know Mr. Allison," and Governor Dennison folded up the papers and that is the last we heard of it. So things went with him as postmaster-general the same as they had when Mr. Blair occupied that position. Whoever sympathized with the rebels were considered as "offensive partisans" and were relieved of office.

Governor Dennison was a man of remarkably delightful manners, of good address, faithful and devoted in maintaining the cause of the union and was respected by everybody who knew him. Dennison was in the cabinet when Lincoln was assassinated and remained several months after Johnson was inaugurated.

James Speed, of Louisville, succeeded Mr. Bates as attorney-general. I suppose his appointment arose from the fact that Mr. Lincoln was desirous of making some special recognition of the Speeds of Kentucky, growing out of the fact that Joshua Speed, the brother of James, had in years gone by, been the intimate friend and associate of Mr. Lincoln, at Springfield. Joshua Speed had returned to Kentucky and was enjoying a life of ease and comfort. He was a devoted union man and did not want office, or special recognition. He was only anxious for the success of his friend, the President.

The name of James Speed was sent to the Senate for confirmation at or about the time that Chase was nominated for chief justice. The Senate promptly confirmed the nomination of Chase, but omitted to pass upon the nomination of Speed. Lincoln, observing this, was quite

annoyed. Although Chase was confirmed his commission was not signed. Some of his friends inquiring of the President why the commission was not delivered, he quaintly remarked: "The Senate has not acted upon my nomination of Speed; when that is done I will consider whether I will deliver the commission to Chase or not."

It was not long after this remark before the Senate confirmed the nomination of Speed. He was not widely known as a lawyer, but he had eminence in his own State, and my understanding was that he stood at the head of the bar in Louisville. His learning and ability well qualified him for the office.

After Chase resigned his office as secretary of the treasury, William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, was appointed his successor. He had been a senator for many years and chairman of the finance committee. He was justly regarded as a leader in the Senate. His abilities and integrity were never questioned nor criticized. He was secretary but a few months when he retired from the treasury.

Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana, succeeded him. He was at the time of his appointment comptroller of the currency. He was a native of Maine, I believe, educated to the law and at one time probate judge of Allen County, Indiana. Until he came to Washington to discharge the duties of comptroller of the currency he had been a bank officer for twenty-five or thirty years. He was appointed to the office one or two months before Lincoln was assassinated and remained secretary during the administration of Johnson. His career as a bank officer had pressed upon him the sense of obligation to the creditor class, to take care and see that the paper discounted by the bank was made perfectly secure.

In his time the banks adopted a plan by which the names of the debtor and his sureties should be signed upon the face of the note instead of accepting the names of the sureties in the form of indorsements upon the back of the note and thus avoid the necessity of protest. That was about all the improvements in the way of banking that I am aware of during his time as cashier and president of banks. It was a good thing for the banks and likely to save much inconvenience and trouble. When he came to be secretary, it appeared to many that he was not conscious that his position was changed; that he was no longer acting for the creditor class, but for the people; that his effort seemed to be to make the creditors of the government more secure and their credits more valuable, though it might be opposed to the interests of the taxpayers who had the debt to pay.

Many thought that he was upon the wrong side of the counter—

that he ought to have taken his place with the taxpayers instead of the bond and note holders; that it was unwise for him in behalf of the government to insist upon giving the note and bond of the government with interest, when the creditor was willing to hold the note or greenback of the government without interest; that it was not good financiering to advocate the giving of a government bond with interest for paper which bore no interest, or less interest than the bond. John Covode of whom I have already spoken, then a member of Congress, believing with others that the funding process was injurious to the taxpayers offered and secured the passage of a resolution through the House disapproving of the further funding of greenbacks and non-interest paper; and afterwards, Covode being at the Treasury department, the secretary called Covode's attention to the resolution and told him that he was injuring the credit of the government. Covode replied by asking him if the government was in the market seeking to borrow money, or whether it was trying to pay its debts.

Upon being answered that the government was not seeking to borrow any money, Covode replied: "Then I am not so very solicitous about the credit of the government; it can pay its debts more easily if the holders of its paper do not consider it equal to gold." Was that not a more common sense view to take of the subject? About McCulloch's policy and whether it brought upon the country the hard times we experienced, men differed in opinion. There were, however, but few, embarrassed with debt, that approved of his policy; and today there is scarcely one to be found in favor of taking up by payment in coin or otherwise, the legal tender notes of the government now outstanding.

McCulloch was a man of integrity who undoubtedly believed that his policy was correct. Whether it was for the best or otherwise cannot be demonstrated. The nation has lived through it; many years have gone by since the financial affairs of the government have been placed upon solid ground and the value of its paper established, equal to its coin.

When the President delivered the commission of lieutenant general to General Grant, early in March, 1864, the members of the cabinet were Seward, secretary of state; Chase, secretary of the treasury; Stanton, (successor to Cameron) secretary of war; Welles, secretary of the navy; Blair, postmaster general; Bates, attorney-general; and myself, secretary of the interior.

Mr. Lincoln thought it fit and proper to convene the cabinet to witness the ceremony. Upon my entering the room of the President all

of the cabinet were present with the exception of Stanton. The President seemed to be in good spirits, which made me wonder the more why we were there; but I supposed in due time I would find out, and listened to the conversation going on. The President had not much order in the arranging and keeping of his papers; his table was generally filled up with papers as long as they would lie on it. He did not seem to have any difficulty in finding any paper that he wanted amongst the huge mass thrown promiscuously there.

Presently Mr. Stanton, General Halleck and General Grant entered the room. Without accosting the President or anyone present, they moved rapidly to the far side of this table and stopped facing the table, with General Grant between General Halleck and Mr. Stanton. The President was on the opposite side. As they halted and were in the position described, the President arose and took from the table a scroll tin case, opened it and took out the parchment commission. He then took from the pile of papers upon the table what soon proved to be his address to General Grant. As well as I can remember, it ran nearly in these words:

“General Grant—The Congress of the United States recently passed a law creating the office of lieutenant general. It seemed to be the will of Congress, as well as of the people, in which I heartily concur, that the office should be conferred upon you. You were nominated to the Senate for the office and the nomination was confirmed. I now present you your commission.” As he said that he handed to General Grant the commission, and then concluded: “The loyal people of the nation look to you, under the providence of God, to lead their armies to victory.”

After the lapse of years, it cannot be expected that anyone could remember the precise words of the President, though I believe I have given them quite accurately. Then General Grant took from his vest pocket a paper containing his response to the President. The substance of it I cannot recollect; I do not now remember a single sentence or phrase in it. But I do remember that the paper upon which it was written was probably less than a quarter of a sheet; that he held the paper in his right hand and began reading it, and read probably half of it, when his voice gave out. Evidently he had not contemplated the effort of reading, and had commenced without inflating his lungs.

When General Grant commenced reading he was standing most awkwardly, what in common parlance would be called “hipshot.” When his voice failed he straightened himself up in his fullest and best form, threw his shoulders back, took the paper in both hands, one at

each end, drew the paper up within proper reading distance, commenced again at the beginning and read it through in a full strong voice. As he straightened himself up and took the paper in his hands it seemed to me that he was thinking to himself "I can read this paper without faltering, and I am going to do it." And he did.

After it was read the members of the cabinet were introduced to General Grant. I had never before seen him, neither do I think any other member of the cabinet had seen him. Mr. Lincoln directly said to General Grant: "I have never met you before."

Grant replied: "Yes you have; I heard you in your debate with Douglas at Freeport, and was there introduced to you. Of course, I could not forget you, neither could I expect you to remember me, because multitudes were introduced to you on that occasion."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "That is so, and I do not think I could be expected to remember all."

It seemed, then, as it seems, today, to be a remarkable fact that neither the President nor any member of his cabinet up to that time, had any personal acquaintance with General Grant. None of us had, to our knowledge, ever seen him. We had heard of him. From the battle of Pittsburg Landing to the battle of Iuka and Corinth the reports were as often disparaging as they were favorable. General Grant never sent anyone to propitiate or make favor with the President. After the battle of Corinth, Judge Dickey, later of the supreme court of Illinois, and a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, came to Washington from Grant's camp and gave a favorable account of him. This I believe, gained from Mr. Lincoln full confidence in Grant's abilities, and this confidence was never broken, nor in the least abated. I heard Mr. Lincoln say, on one occasion: "General Grant is the most extraordinary man in command that I know of. I heard nothing direct from him and wrote to him to know why, and whether I could do anything to promote his success, and Grant replied that he had tried to do the best he could with what he had; that he believed if he had more men and arms he could use them to good advantage and do more than he had done, but he supposed I had done and was doing all I could; that if I could do more he felt that I would do it." Lincoln said that Grant's conduct was so different from other generals in command that he could scarcely comprehend it.

It was not until after the capture of Vicksburg that Grant sent anyone to the President direct from his army. Then he sent General Rawlins. I met him at the White House and was introduced to him by the President. Evidently Rawlins knew more of the field than of the

court. He was browned and sunburned; he sat close in the corner of the fireplace and appeared embarrassed to know what to do with his hands. He had provided himself with a new military suit of blue which hung loose upon his emaciated limbs. He was prompt to answer questions when asked, but showed no disposition to enlarge his speech beyond the appropriate answer. He was modest and it was plain that he was neither carpet knight or courtier.

He did not come to ask for anything, but the time of his coming and his manner naturally led to the impression that Grant concluded that, after nearly three years of successful war, he might, without being charged with vanity, send his chief of staff to the President and secretary of war to relate to them, if they wanted to know, incidents of his conflicts which might not be embraced in his reports. And well he might. In the language of John A. Logan, "his army had with their swords hewn their way to the sea."

CHAPTER XXXIX

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE IN MR. LINCOLN'S TIME

(Born in Indiana in 1838 and a graduate at Brown University in the class of 1858, John Hay was a student in a Springfield law office when in May, 1860, Mr. Lincoln became the Republican nominee for President. John Nicolay soon found his duties as secretary to a presidential candidate more than he could manage, and young Hay, with whom he was already on a friendly footing, was called in to assist him. Thus began an association which shortly led to Hay's appointment as assistant secretary to Mr. Lincoln, which post he held until his chief's assassination, being also during the earlier part of his period of service a resident of the White House.

For five years following 1865 Hay filled minor posts in the diplomatic service in Paris, Vienna and Madrid, and then for four years was a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, publishing during the latter period his *Castilian Days* and more widely known *Pike County Ballads*. Then came his marriage to the daughter of a wealthy resident of Cleveland—a union which enabled him to pursue in ease and comfort the profession of man of letters and to fill political posts not at the command of the man of average means. Thus in 1878 he was made assistant secretary of state and moved to Washington where for a dozen years he devoted his leisure hours to writing with his friend Nicolay the official life of Mr. Lincoln. In March, 1897, President McKinley appointed Hay ambassador to Great Britain, but in September, 1898, he withdrew from the post to serve with distinction and until his death in July, 1906, as secretary of state under McKinley and Roosevelt.

There is here reprinted an intimate and revealing account of life in the White House in Mr. Lincoln's time contributed by Hay to the November, 1890, issue of the *Century Magazine*. This article is rich in details of Mr. Lincoln's daily round as President, but significant also for its omissions. Its author, for what he no doubt regarded as good and sufficient reasons, makes no mention of Mrs. Lincoln. As a matter-of-fact, the uncertain moods of the President's wife now and again made the path of her husband's assistant secretary a thorny one,

compelling him in the end to find lodgings in a Washington hotel, a short remove from the White House.)

The daily life of the White House during the momentous years of Lincoln's presidency had a character of its own, different from that of any previous or subsequent time. In the first days after the inauguration there was the unprecedented rush of office-seekers, inspired by a strange mixture of enthusiasm and greed, pushed by motives which were perhaps at bottom selfish, but which had nevertheless a curious touch of that deep emotion which had stirred the heart of the nation in the late election. They were not all ignoble; among that dense crowd that swarmed in the staircases and the corridors there were many well-to-do men who were seeking office to their own evident damage, simply because they wished to be a part, however humble, of a government which they had aided to put in power and to which they were sincerely devoted. Many of the visitors who presented so piteous a figure in those early days of 1861 afterwards marched, with the independent dignity of a private soldier, in the ranks of the Union Army, or rode at the head of their regiments like men born to command.

There were few who had not a story worth listening to, if there were time and opportunity. But the numbers were so great, the competition was so keen that they ceased for the moment to be regarded as individuals, drowned as they were in the general sea of solicitation. Few of them received office; when, after weeks of waiting, one of them got access to the President, he was received with kindness by a tall, melancholy-looking man sitting at a desk with his back to a window which opened upon a fair view of the Potomac, who heard his story with a gentle patience, took his papers and referred them to one of the departments, and that was all; the fatal pigeonholes devoured them. As time wore on and the offices were filled the throng of eager aspirants diminished and faded away.

When the war burst out an immediate transformation took place. The house was again invaded and overrun by a different class of visitors—youths who wanted commissions in the regulars; men who wished to raise irregular regiments or battalions without regard to their State authorities; men who wanted to furnish stores to the army; inventors full of great ideas and in despair at the apathy of the world; later, an endless stream of officers in search of promotion or desirable assignments. And from first to last there were the politicians and statesmen in Congress and out, each of whom felt that he had the right

by virtue of his representative capacity to as much of the President's time as he chose, and who never considered that he and his kind were many and that the President was but one.

It would be hard to imagine a state of things less conducive to serious and effective work, yet in one way or another the work was done. In the midst of a crowd of visitors who began to arrive early in the morning and who were put out, grumbling, by the servants who closed the doors at midnight, the President pursued those labors which will carry his name to distant ages. There was little order or system about it; those around him strove from beginning to end to erect barriers to defend him against constant interruption, but the President himself was always the first to break them down. He disliked anything that kept people from him who wanted to see him, and although the continual contact with importunity which he could not satisfy, and with distress which he could not always relieve, wore terribly upon him and made him an old man before his time, he would never take the necessary measures to defend himself.

He continued to the end receiving these swarms of visitors, every one of whom, even the most welcome, took something from him in the way of wasted nervous force. Henry Wilson once remonstrated with him about it: "You will wear yourself out." He replied, with one of those smiles in which there was so much of sadness: "They don't want much; they get but little, and I must see them." In most cases he could do them no good, and it afflicted him to see he could not make them understand the impossibility of granting their requests. One hot afternoon a private soldier who had somehow got access to him persisted, after repeated explanations that his case was one to be settled by his immediate superiors, in begging that the President would give it his personal attention. Lincoln at last burst out: "Now, my man, go away! I cannot attend to all these details. I could as easily bail out the Potomac with a spoon."

Of course it was not all pure waste; Mr. Lincoln gained much of information, something of cheer and encouragement, from these visits. He particularly enjoyed conversing with officers of the army and navy, newly arrived from the field or from sea. He listened with the eagerness of a child over a fairy tale to Garfield's graphic account of the battle of Chickamauga; he was always delighted with the wise and witty sailor talk of John A. Dahlgren, Gustavus V. Fox, and Commander Henry A. Wise. Sometimes a word fitly spoken had its results. When R. B. Ayres called on him in company with Senator Harris, and was introduced as a captain of artillery who had taken part in a

recent unsuccessful engagement, he asked, "How many guns did you take in?" "Six," Ayres answered. "How many did you bring out?" the President asked, maliciously. "Eight." This unexpected reply did much to gain Ayres his merited promotion.

The President rose early, as his sleep was light and capricious. In the summer, when he lived at the Soldiers' Home, he would take his frugal breakfast and ride into town in time to be at his desk at eight o'clock. He began to receive visits nominally at ten o'clock, but long before that hour struck the doors were besieged by anxious crowds, through whom the people of importance, senators and members of Congress, elbowed their way after the fashion which still survives. On days when the cabinet met, Tuesday and Fridays, the hour of noon closed the interviews of the morning. On other days it was the President's custom, at about that hour, to order the doors to be opened and all who were waiting to be admitted. The crowd would rush in, thronging the narrow room, and one by one would make their wants known. Some came merely to shake hands, to wish him God-speed; their errand was soon done. Others came asking help or mercy; they usually pressed forward, careless in their pain, as to what ears should overhear their prayer. But there were many who lingered in the rear and leaned against the wall, hoping each to be the last, that they might unfold their schemes for their own advantage or their neighbor's hurt. These were often disconcerted by the President's loud and hearty, "Well, friend, what can I do for you?" which compelled them to speak, or retire and wait for a more convenient season.

The inventors were more a source of amusement than annoyance. They were usually men of some originality of character, not infrequently carried to eccentricity. Lincoln had a quick comprehension of mechanical principles, and often detected a flaw in an invention which the contriver had overlooked. He would sometimes go out into the waste fields that then lay south of the Executive Mansion to test an experimental gun or torpedo. He used to quote with much merriment the solemn dictum of one rural inventor that "a gun ought not to rekyle; if it rekyled at all, it ought to rekyle a little forrid." He was particularly interested in the first rude attempts at the afterwards famous mitrailleuses; on one occasion he worked one with his own hands at the Arsenal, and sent forth peals of Homeric laughter as the balls, which had not power to penetrate the target set up at a little distance, came bounding back among the shins of the bystanders. He accompanied Colonel Hiram Berdan one day to the camp of his sharpshooters and there practised in the trenches his long-disused skill with

the rifle. A few fortunate shots from his own gun and his pleasure at the still better markmanship of Berdan led to the arming of that admirable regiment with breech-loaders.

At luncheon time he had literally to run the gantlet through the crowds who filled the corridors between his office and the rooms at the west end of the house occupied by the family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning; late in the day he usually drove out for an hour's airing; at six o'clock he dined. He was one of the most abstemious of men; the pleasures of the table had few attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee; at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass of milk, a plate of fruit in its season; at dinner he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine; not that he remained always on principle a total abstainer, as he was during a part of his early life in the fervor of the Washingtonian reform; but he never cared for wine or liquors of any sort, and never used tobacco.

There was little gaiety in the Executive house during his time. It was an epoch, if not of gloom, at least of a seriousness too intense to leave room for much mirth. There were the usual formal entertainments, the traditional state dinners and receptions, conducted very much as they have been ever since. The great public receptions, with their vast rushing multitudes pouring past him to shake hands, he rather enjoyed; they were not a disagreeable task to him, and he seemed surprised when people commiserated him upon them. He would shake hands with thousands of people, seemingly unconscious of what he was doing, murmuring some monotonous salutation as they went by, his eye dim, his thoughts far withdrawn; then suddenly he would see some familiar face—his memory for faces was very good—and his eye would brighten and his whole form grow attentive; he would greet the visitor with a hearty grasp and a ringing word and dismiss him with a cheery laugh that filled the Blue Room with infectious good nature. Many people armed themselves with an appropriate speech to be delivered on these occasions, but unless it was compressed into the smallest possible space it never got utterance; the crowd would jostle the oration out of shape. If it were brief enough and hit the President's fancy, it generally received a swift answer. One night an elderly gentleman from Buffalo said: "Up our way, we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln," to which the President replied, shoving him along the line, "My friend, you are more than half right."

During the first year of the administration the house was made lively by the games and pranks of Mr. Lincoln's two younger children,

William and Thomas: Robert, the eldest, was away at Harvard, only coming home for short vacations. The two little boys, aged eight and ten, with their Western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience; they organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers, and became the hot champions of the distressed. William was, with all his boyish frolic, a child of great promise, capable of close application and study. He had a fancy for drawing up railway time-tables, and would conduct an imaginary train from Chicago to New York with perfect precision. He wrote childish verses, which sometimes attained the unmerited honors of print. But this bright, gentle, studious child sickened and died in February, 1862. His father was profoundly moved by his death, though he gave no outward sign of his trouble, but kept about his work the same as ever.

His bereaved heart seemed afterward to pour out its fullness on his youngest child. Tad was a merry, warm-blooded, kindly little boy, perfectly lawless, and full of odd fancies and inventions, the "chartered libertine" of the Executive Mansion. He ran continually in and out of his father's cabinet, interrupting his gravest labors and conversations with his bright, rapid, and very imperfect speech—for he had an impediment which made his articulation almost unintelligible until he was nearly grown. He would perch upon his father's knee, and sometimes even on his shoulder, while the most weighty conferences were going on. Sometimes escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary for the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor when the President would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed.

Mr. Lincoln's life was almost devoid of recreation. He sometimes went to the theater, and was particularly fond of a play of Shakespeare well acted. He was so delighted with Hackett in *Falstaff* that he wrote him a letter of warm congratulation which pleased the veteran actor so much that he gave it to the New York Herald, which printed it with abusive comments. Hackett was greatly mortified and made suitable apologies; upon which the President wrote to him again in the kindest manner, saying:

"Give yourself no uneasiness on the subject . . . I certainly did not expect to see my note in print; yet I have not been shocked by the comments upon it. They are a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule, without much

malice; and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it."

This incident had the usual sequel: the veteran comedian asked for an office, which the President was not able to give him, and the pleasant acquaintance ceased. A hundred times this experience was repeated; a man whose disposition and talk were agreeable would be introduced to the President; he took pleasure in his conversation for two or three interviews, and then this congenial person would ask some favor impossible to grant, and go away in bitterness of spirit. It is a cross that every President must bear.

Mr. Lincoln spent most of his evenings in his office, though occasionally he remained in the drawing-room after dinner, conversing with visitors or listening to music, for which he had an especial liking, though he was not versed in the science, and preferred simple ballads to more elaborate compositions. In his office he was not often suffered to be alone; he frequently passed the evening there with a few friends in frank and free conversation. If the company was all of one sort he was at his best; his wit and rich humor had free play; he was once more the Lincoln of the Eighth Circuit, the cheeriest of talkers, the riskiest of story-tellers; but if a stranger came in he put on in an instant his whole armor of dignity and reserve. He had a singular discernment of men; he would talk of the most important political and military concerns with a freedom which often amazed his intimates, but we do not recall an instance in which this confidence was misplaced.

Where only one or two were present he was fond of reading aloud. He passed many of the summer evenings in this way when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home. He would there read Shakespeare for hours with a single secretary for audience. The plays he most affected were Hamlet, Macbeth, and the series of Histories; among these he never tired of Richard the Second. The terrible outburst of grief and despair into which *Richard* falls in the third act had a peculiar fascination for him. I have heard him read it at Springfield, at the White House, and at the Soldiers' Home.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered:—For within the hollow crown

That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,—
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable,—and humored thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls and—farewell, King!

He read Shakespeare more than all other writers together. He made no attempt to keep pace with the ordinary literature of the day. Sometimes he read a scientific work with keen appreciation, but he pursued no systematic course. He owed less to reading than most men. He delighted in Burns; he said one day after reading those exquisite lines to Glencairn, beginning, "The bridegroom may forget the bride," that "Burns never touched a sentiment without carrying it to its ultimate expression and leaving nothing further to be said." Of Thomas Hood he was also excessively fond. He often read aloud *The Haunted House*. He would go to bed with a volume of Hood in his hands, and would sometimes rise at midnight and traversing the long halls of the Executive Mansion in his night clothes would come to his secretary's room and read aloud something that especially pleased him. He wanted to share his enjoyment of the writer; it was dull pleasure to him to laugh alone. He read Bryant and Whittier with appreciation; there were many poems of Holmes's that he read with intense relish. *The Last Leaf* was one of his favorites; he knew it by heart, and used often to repeat with deep feeling:

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb;

giving the marked Southwestern pronunciation of the words "hear" and "year." A poem by William Knox, Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? he learned by heart in his youth, and used to repeat all his life.

Upon all but two classes the President made the impression of unusual power as well as of unusual goodness. He failed only in the case of those who judged men by a purely conventional standard of breed-

ing, and upon those so poisoned by political hostility that the testimony of their own eyes and ears became untrustworthy. He excited no emotion but one of contempt in the finely tempered mind of Hawthorne; several English tourists have given the most distorted pictures of his speech and his manners. Some Southern writers who met him in the first days of 1861 spoke of him as a drunken, brawling boor, whose mouth dripped with oaths and tobacco, when in truth whisky and tobacco were as alien to his lips as profanity. There is a story current in England, as on the authority of the late Lord Lyons, of the coarse jocularity with which he once received a formal communication; but as Lord Lyons told the story there was nothing objectionable about it. The British Minister called at the White House to announce the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He made the formal speech appropriate to the occasion; the President replied in the usual conventional manner. The requisite formalities having thus been executed, the President took the bachelor diplomatist by the hand, saying, "And now, Lord Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

The evidence of all the men admitted to his intimacy is that he maintained, without the least effort of assumption, a singular dignity and reserve in the midst of his easiest conversation. Charles A. Dana says: "Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of the President." In his relations to his cabinet "it was always plain that he was the master and they were the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will, and if he ever yielded to them it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate." While men of the highest culture and position thus recognized his intellectual primacy there was no man so humble as to feel abashed before him. Frederick Douglass beautifully expressed the sentiment of the plain people in his company: "I felt as though I was in the presence of a big brother and that there was safety in his atmosphere."

As time wore on and the war held its terrible course, upon no one of all those who lived through it was its effect more apparent than upon the President. He bore the sorrows of the nation in his own heart; he suffered deeply not only from disappointments, from treachery, from hope deferred, from the open assaults of enemies, and from the sincere anger of discontented friends, but also from the world-wide distress and affliction which flowed from the great conflict in which he was engaged and which he could not evade. One of the most tender and compassionate of men, he was forced to give orders which

cost thousands of lives; by nature a man of order and thrift, he saw the daily spectacle of unutterable waste and destruction which he could not prevent. The cry of the widow and the orphan was always in his ears; the awful responsibility resting upon him as the protector of an imperiled republic kept him true to his duty, but could not make him unmindful of the intimate details of that vast sum of human misery involved in a civil war.

Under this frightful ordeal his demeanor and disposition changed—so gradually that it would be impossible to say when the change began; but he was in mind, body, and nerves a very different man at the second inauguration from the one who had taken the oath in 1861. He continued always the same kindly, genial, and cordial spirit he had been at first; but the boisterous laughter became less frequent year by year; the eye grew veiled by constant meditation on momentous subjects; the air of reserve and detachment from his surroundings increased. He aged with great rapidity.

This change is shown with startling distinctness by two life-masks—the one made by Leonard W. Volk in Chicago, April, 1860, the other by Clark Mills in Washington, in the spring of 1865. The first is of a man of fifty-one, and young for his years. The face has a clean, firm outline; it is free from fat, but the muscles are hard and full; the large mobile mouth is ready to speak, to shout, or laugh; the bold, curved nose is broad and substantial, with spreading nostrils; it is a face full of life, of energy, of vivid aspiration. The other is so sad and peaceful in its infinite repose that the famous sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens insisted, when he first saw it, that it was a death-mask. The lines are set, as if the living face, like the copy, had been in bronze; the nose is thin, and lengthened by the emaciation of the cheeks; the mouth is fixed like that of an archaic statue; a look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-sufficing strength. Yet the peace is not the dreadful peace of death; it is the peace that passeth understanding.

CHAPTER XL

MR. LINCOLN AS HE APPEARED TO HIS SECRETARY

(There is here reprinted a description of Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance by his private secretary, John George Nicolay, first published in the October, 1891, issue of the *Century Magazine*. Nicolay was born in Bavaria in 1832, but was brought to America at the age of six, and passed a part of his youth in Illinois. At the age of sixteen he entered the office of the *Pike County Free Press* at Pittsfield, and before reaching his majority became the owner and editor of that journal.

When in May, 1860, Mr. Lincoln was made the Republican nominee for President, young Nicolay had been for three years assistant secretary of state of Illinois under Ozias M. Hatch, one of the founders of the Republican Party in that state. Hatch was a close friend of Mr. Lincoln, and when the latter found it difficult to manage the flood of letters and throng of visitors which instantly became a part of his daily round he loaned Nicolay to assist him. Thus began an association which a few months later led to his formal selection by Mr. Lincoln as private secretary. In this capacity he accompanied the President-elect to Washington, and he served as Mr. Lincoln's right hand until his death.

A little later President Johnson appointed Nicolay consul at Paris where he remained until 1869 when he returned home to become editor of the *Chicago Republican*. Then for fifteen years following 1872 he was marshal of the Supreme Court in Washington. During this and a later period he joined with John Hay in writing the official life of Mr. Lincoln, a project conceived as early as 1861, first published serially in the *Century Magazine* and in 1891 issued in ten imposing volumes. Nicolay was also the sole author of several books of lesser importance and of many magazine articles. He died in Washington in 1901, occupied until the last with literary projects. His talents were not of an unusual sort, but his whole-hearted devotion to a greater man assures him a secure if modest place in the history of an eventful era.)

Partly as a blind inference from his humble origin, but more from the misrepresentations made, sometimes in jest, sometimes in malice, during political campaigns, there grew up in the minds of many the strong impression that Mr. Lincoln was ugly, gawky, and ill-mannered; and even in recently written reminiscences the point is sometimes insisted on. In one of the little bits of autobiography which he wrote in the campaign of 1860 at the request of a friend, he thus describes himself: "If any personal description of me is thought desirable, I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes."

To these points we may add the other well-known peculiarities of Lincoln's form and features: Large head, with high crown of skull; thick, bushy hair; large and deep eye-caverns; heavy eyebrows; a large nose; large ears; large mouth; thin upper and somewhat thick underlip; very high and prominent cheekbones; cheeks thin and sunken; strongly developed jawbones; chin slightly upturned; a thin but sinewy neck, rather long; long arms; large hands; chest thin and narrow as compared with his great height; legs of more than proportionate length, and large feet.

The reader's first impression will naturally be that a man with such long limbs and large and prominent features could not possibly be handsome; and this would be true of a man of ordinary height. But it must be borne in mind that Lincoln's height was extraordinary. A six-footer is a tall man; put four inches on top of that and you have a figure by no means common. Long limbs and large and strong features were fitted to this unusual stature, and harmonized perfectly with it; there was no effect of disproportion or grotesqueness. The beholder felt that here was a strong man, a person of character and power. As an evidence of this I cite two opinions concerning his personal appearance, made by impressions upon observers who noted not only the general effect but somewhat minute details. The first is from a Philadelphian who visited him at Springfield, soon after his election to the presidency, and wrote this description, which was printed in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, under date of November 14, 1860:

"He is about six feet four inches high, and about fifty-one years old. Unfortunately for his personal appearance his great height makes his lankness appear to be excessive, and he has by no means been studious of the graces; his bearing is not attractive, and he does not appear to advantage when standing or walking. Seated, and viewed from the

·chest up, he is fine looking. His forehead is high and full, and swells out grandly. His eyes are deeply set, and, when his face is reposing, are not remarkable for brightness, but kindle with his thoughts and beam with great expression. His eyebrows are heavy, and move almost incessantly as he becomes animated. The lower part of his face is strongly marked by long angular jaws; but, unlike such a formation generally, his chin is broad and massive. His prominent cheekbones, angular jaws, heavy chin, and large, full, but closely compressed mouth with the deep lines about it, impress one with vivid ideas of his sternness, determination, and will. The hollowness of his cheeks gives him a somewhat haggard look, but as he is now cultivating whiskers and a beard, his appearance in that respect will soon be improved. His hair is very dark, almost black; is luxuriant, and falls carelessly but not ungracefully around his well-formed head. No facial muscles show more mobility than his, and consequently his face is an ever-varying mirror in which various expressions are continually flashing. Unlike most very tall men, he is lithe and agile and quick in all his movements and gestures. He talks fluently, uses good strong Saxon, avoids all attempts at display and affectations of any kind. His voice is strong and clear, and his articulation is singularly perfect."

My second citation is from a personal description of him written by Thomas D. Jones, the Cincinnati sculptor, who went to Springfield in December, 1860, and made a bust of Mr. Lincoln. This description was printed in the Cincinnati Commercial of October 18, 1871. Doubtless the lapse of years had somewhat dimmed the writer's first impressions; yet as the sculptor's profession had trained him in the art and habit of critical examination of lines and proportions, we may trust his statement both in whole and in detail as that of an accomplished expert:

"Soon after reaching Springfield I attended one of Mr. Lincoln's evening receptions; it was there I really saw him for the first time to please me. He was surrounded by his nearest and dearest friends, his face illuminated, or, in common parlance, lighted up. He was physically an athletic of the first order. He could lift with ease a thousand pounds, five hundred in each hand. In height, six feet four inches, and weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds. He was a spare, bony, lean, and muscular man, which gave him that great and untiring tenacity of endurance during his laborious administration. Mentally he reasoned with great deliberation, but acted promptly, as he did in all of his rough-and-tumble encounters in the West. His arms were very long and powerful. 'All I had to do was to extend one hand

to a man's shoulder, and with weight of body and strength of arms give him a trip that generally sent him sprawling on the ground, which would so astonish him as to give him a quietus.' Well might he 'send them sprawling.' His great strength and height were well calculated to make him a peerless antagonist. Get any man out of balance and he will lie down of his own gravity. His head was neither Greek nor Roman, nor Celt, for his upper lip was too short for that, or a Low German. There are few such men in the world; where they came from originally is not positively known. The profile lines of the forehead and nose resemble each other. General Jackson was one of that type of men. They have no depression in their foreheads at that point called eventuality. The line of the forehead from the root of the nose to the hair above comparison is slightly convex. Such men remember everything and forget nothing. Their eyes are not large, hence their deliberation of speech; neither are they *bon vivants* nor baldheaded. Mr. Lincoln was decidedly one of that class of men. His habit of thought and a very delicate digestion gave him a lean face and a spare figure. He had a fine suit of hair until the barbers at Washington attended to his toilet."

Mr. Jones adds a strong emphasis to his word-picture by recording how Mr. Lincoln's coming official responsibilities, growing into an overwhelming burden through the serious beginnings of southern secession, wrought an impressive change in his looks.

"About two weeks before Mr. Lincoln left Springfield for Washington a deep-seated melancholy seemed to take possession of his soul. . . . The former Mr. Lincoln was no longer visible to me. His face was transformed from mobility into an iron mask."

In the first of the extracts quoted, mention is made of the fact that he did not appear to advantage when walking or standing. This was not due to any disproportion in his figure, but to the general western habit of an easy-going, loose-jointed manner of walking—a manner necessarily acquired by the pioneers in their forest life, where their paths over inequalities of ground, over logs and stones, made impossible the stiff, upright carriage of men on the unobstructed pavements of cities. So also the sedentary habits which Lincoln's occupation as a lawyer brought upon him in later years had given him what appeared to be a slight stoop of the shoulders, though in reality it was little else than the mere forward inclination of the head common to nearly all studious and reflective men. As a standing figure he was seen to best advantage on the orator's platform. At certain moments

when, in summing up a connected series of logical propositions, he brought them together into a demonstration of unanswerable argument, his form would straighten up to full height, the head would be slightly thrown back, and the face become radiant with the consciousness of intellectual victory, making his personal appearance grandly imposing and impressive.

Again, the question of looks depended in Lincoln's case very much upon his moods. The large framework of his features was greatly modified by the emotions which controlled them. The most delicate touch of the painter often wholly changes the expression of a portrait; his inability to find that one needed master touch causes the ever-recurring wreck of an artist's fondest hopes. In a countenance of strong lines and rugged masses like Lincoln's, the lift of an eyebrow, the curve of a lip, the flash of an eye, the movements of prominent muscles created a much wider facial play than in rounded immobile countenances. Lincoln's features were the despair of every artist who undertook his portrait. The writer saw nearly a dozen, one after another, soon after his first nomination to the presidency, attempt the task. They put into their pictures the large rugged features, and strong prominent lines; they made measurements to obtain exact proportions; they "petrified" some single look, but the picture remained hard and cold. Even before these paintings were finished it was plain to see that they were unsatisfactory to the artists themselves, and much more so to the intimate friends of the man; this was not he who smiled, spoke, laughed, charmed. The picture was to the man as the grain of sand to the mountain, as the dead to the living. Graphic art was powerless before a face that moved through a thousand delicate gradations of line and contour, light and shade, sparkle of the eye and curve of the lip, in the long gamut of expression from grave to gay, and back again from the rollicking jollity of laughter to that serious, far-away look that with prophetic intuitions beheld the awful panorama of war, and heard the cry of oppression and suffering. There are many pictures of Lincoln; there is no portrait of him. In his case there was such a difference between the hard literal shell of the physical man, and the fine ideal fiber, temper, and aspiration of his spirit; the extremes were so far apart that no photograph or painting of the former could render even an approximate representation of the latter.

There were also current many flippant and ill-natured remarks concerning Mr. Lincoln's dress, giving people the idea that he was either very rude of nature, or given to hopeless eccentricities. Nothing could

be more untrue. If in so trivial a matter the exact state of his mind is thought worth analyzing, it can be done by recalling the conditions and surroundings under which he grew up.

From his birth until he became of age, his home was a rude frontier log cabin. These cabins were far from being desirable schools of elegant dressing. As a rule they had only a single room, in which the whole family cooked, ate, and slept. They contained only the most indispensable articles of furniture. Changes of clothing were managed when the greater part of the household was out-of-doors, as was almost constantly the case. Even a tin wash-basin was a rare luxury. Young readers of the *Century* will no doubt wonder how the ordinary ablutions were performed. The devices were simple enough; the grown men went to the spring or creek, and the women and children brought the cooperative system into requisition. One person would go to the water pail, fill the gourd dipper, step a few yards outside the cabin door; and pour water on the hands of the other; and so each was helped in turn. Such a thing as shoe-blacking was rarely to be obtained, except as an article of home manufacture, burnt straw being sometimes mixed with grease into a paste for the purpose. But had there been a ton of blacking, it would have been of little general service, even to those who had shoes; for there were no pavements or sidewalks, and everybody's walk was necessarily either in the mud or in the dust.

Yet it must not be hastily inferred that frontier people were habitually slovenly or always dirty. As a rule they did the very best with their poor facilities for personal neatness and adornment; and in this, as usual, the women were the more enterprising and persistent. According to their means they "tidied up" their bare little households, scrubbed their puncheon floors, washed, mended, knit and spun, and in many instances wove, with such skill and application as to contribute materially to the health, comfort and cleanliness of the family, and often of the neighborhood.

Thus two influences contributed to the formation of Mr. Lincoln's habits and ideas about dress. The principal one was, of course, that of necessity. As a boy in Indiana, as the youth who drove one of the ox-teams that moved the family to Illinois, and cleared and fenced their first field for cultivation, he no doubt wore the ordinary pioneer garb, which in the warm summer weather was reduced to the shirt of coarse unbleached cotton, then commonly called "domestic" trousers of butternut or blue jeans, and coarse cow-skin shoes, and no doubt, like other country boys, he was often compelled to substitute for miss-

ing suspender-buttons "pins" of the sharp thorns of the honey-locust, or little wooden pegs whittled out with his jackknife. For head covering, home-made caps of coonskin were common in winter, and for summer hats of braided oatstraw, which every boy and girl knew how to make.

So long as he remained in his father's family he was necessarily subjected to these pioneer conditions. When he finally floated down the Sangamon River in his canoe to New Salem in 1831, there were doubtless chances for improvement, for New Salem had ten or fifteen houses and a store; and every self-respecting young stripling launching out into the world as Lincoln did, paid an intuitive tribute to society even in this early form, by making himself presentable to the utmost extent of his means. But day labor in flatboat-building could not immediately furnish him either time nor means for personal adornment. His opportunity probably came after the flatboat had arrived in New Orleans, the cargo had been sold, and he had received his pay. We may reasonably surmise that he wore a new suit of clothes when in June he returned by steamboat up the Mississippi to St. Louis, and walked thence to his father's home; and this betterment in his dress was probably continued, as far as might be, when he returned to become a permanent citizen of New Salem, first as the clerk in Offut's store, and later as one of the partners; for the inquisitive eyes of the country beauties who came to trade at his counter, or whom he saw at the little church gatherings on Sunday, could not fail to prompt an ambitious young fellow, early in his twenties, to such care of his person as he could afford.

But circumstances also followed to moderate this temptation. The Clary's Grove boys would not have tolerated any pronounced form of country dude; the store soon failed; the Black Hawk campaign gave him fresh experience in habits of primitive living; and on his return from soldiering, the occupation of deputy surveyor compelled him to a daily routine of encounter with brushwood, briars, and stones, in which his clothing, of whatever texture or cut, suffered the brunt of the battle. It is therefore likely that when he first went to Vandalia, as member of the legislature, the economy of his wardrobe was as remarkable as its neatness.

Here at Vandalia he saw a convocation of samples of all the good clothes and good manners in the State; but this showing could not have been very imposing. The settlement of Northern Illinois was scarcely begun. Chicago had only a population of 550, but 27 of whom were voters while two years before New Salem precinct alone had given

Lincoln 227 votes. The lead-miners who made up the settlement of Galena had reached that place by ascending the Mississippi River. The southern end of the State contained the bulk of its population, largely made up of pioneers from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Kentucky, and had St. Louis, Missouri, for its metropolis, though that city contained only six to eight thousand inhabitants, and did not as yet shed a very wide radiance of refinement in dress and manners, being more than anything else a flourishing *entrepot* of the western fur-trade. Society, therefore, as Lincoln found it at Vandalia, was, as afterwards at Springfield, of the make-up and spirit of slave-State pioneers—Virginia customs and ambition modified by the tedious filtration through Kentucky and Indiana forests, and tempered by the craft and the sturdy personal independence taught by the use of the rifle and the ax. They were men generally well through the transition from buckskin to blue jeans, but not yet far on the road from blue jeans to broad-cloth. They valued dress and costume as a means, not as an end; they looked more closely at the light in the eye of the neighbor or stranger, than at either the cut or texture of his garb, or the form or gesture of his salutation.

In fact there was such an absence of need for fine dress, that external display, except in men of position and well-established reputation, was rather regarded with suspicion. Western river commerce was just beginning a remarkable era of expansion and prosperity, fed by a constantly growing immigration; and river steamboats were haunted by a class of gamblers expert in the various games of cards, who made inexperienced or careless travelers their easy prey. These gamblers as a rule wore extra good clothes—shining silk hats, fine broadcloth coats, sparkling diamond breastpins; and they assumed all the elegance of manner compatible with their want of breeding and character, and the recklessness and desperation of their vocation. When an over-dressed individual appeared in a western village or community, it was all right if the people knew him to be Governor A. or Judge B. or General C., but if his name and standing were unknown, public opinion was quite sure to set him down as some accomplished professor of draw-poker.

The analysis thus far made of the surroundings and probable impressions of Mr. Lincoln during the pioneer period, which lasted, with but slight modifications, from his birth in Kentucky, through the days of his boyhood and youth in Indiana, the trip of emigration to Illinois, his experiences at New Salem, including the flatboat trip to New Orleans and the Black Hawk campaign, and his mixed occupation as

legislator at Vandalia during the winter, and practical surveyor of roads, farm lines, and town sites, during the summer, covering in all a period of about thirty years, may seem somewhat prolix, but is very essential because those experiences and surroundings formed the solid and enduring elements of his character. It was this thirty years of life among the people that made and kept him a man of the people—which gave him the characteristics expressed in Lowell's poem:

New birth of our soil; the first American.

Or, rather, it would be more accurate to say that there was an in-born quality in the individual, a finer essence, a nobler spirit which absorbed and combined in his character the people's virtues, while remaining untouched and untarnished by the people's vices. There is the constant manifestation of the nobler traits, the steady conquest of adversity through industry, patience, courage, self-denial, cheerfulness, ambition, and study.

A champion wrestler among the Clary's Grove boys, he did not become a braggart and bully. His trip to New Orleans gave him no allurements to cards or petty gambling. In his New Salem store he neither learned to chew tobacco nor to drink whiskey. His Black Hawk captaincy created no craving for military titles. His appointment to the New Salem postmastership failed to make him a chronic office-seeker. His work of surveying did not convert him into a land speculator. Sorely harassed by debt, he employed no subterfuge that savored of repudiation, but allowed even his surveying instruments to be levied upon by his exacting creditor. He overcame his want with persistent work, and subdued his constitutional melancholy with genial, hopeful cheerfulness. Nay, more, while bearing his own sore privations, he was constantly helpful to others. His popularity was not accidental. He was always and everywhere in request, because he could always and everywhere render a service. The idle crowds wanted him because he could tell a good story. Horse-races and wrestling-matches wanted him as a just and fair umpire. The weak and defenseless wanted his stalwart frame and strong arm. Cross-roads disputants needed his intelligence and reading for explanation or instruction. The volunteers needed him to command them. Politicians needed his advice in caucus, and his speeches on the stump. Everywhere it was actual service rendered that yielded him leadership and influence.

This same clearness of apprehension, this same solidity of judgment, this same intuitive selection of that which was better and higher, which made him so useful to others, served him in directing his own career. He had read law in borrowed books during the moments of

leisure which he could find between his duties as legislator at Vandalia, his work of practical surveying, and the time necessarily devoted to electioneering and speech-making to secure his re-election to the legislature; and at the age of twenty-eight secured his license and moved from New Salem to Springfield to enter on a new career as a lawyer. A law had already been passed, largely through his own exertions, changing the capital of Illinois from Vandalia to Springfield; and the removal of the archives of the State government took place in 1839.

This removal of Lincoln's residence from a village of 20 houses to a "city" of 2500 inhabitants placed him in striking new relations and necessities as to dress, manners, society, and politics; and yet here again, as in the case of his removal from his father's cabin to New Salem six years before, peculiar conditions rendered the transition less abrupt than would appear at first thought. Springfield, notwithstanding its greater population and prospective dignity as the capital, was in many respects no great improvement on New Salem. It had no public buildings; its streets and sidewalks were unpaved; its stores, in spite of all their flourish of advertisements, were staggering under the hard times of 1837-39; and general stagnation of business imposed a rigid economy on all classes. If we may credit tradition, this was one of the most serious crises in Lincoln's life. His intimate friend, William Butler, related to the writer that, having attended a session of the legislature at Vandalia, he and Lincoln returned together at its close to Springfield, by the usual mode of horseback travel. At one of their stopping-places over night, Lincoln in one of his gloomy moods told Butler the story of the almost hopeless prospects which lay immediately before him—that the session was over, his salary all drawn, and his money all spent; that he had no resources, and no work; that he did not know where to turn to earn even a week's board. Butler bade him be of good cheer, and without any formal proposition or agreement took him and his belongings to his own house, and domesticated him there as a permanent guest, with Lincoln's tacit compliance, rather than any definite consent. Later Lincoln shared a room and genial companionship, which ripened into closest intimacy, in the store of his friend, Joshua F. Speed, all without charge or expense; and these brotherly offerings helped the young lawyer over present necessities which might otherwise have driven him to muscular handiwork at weekly or monthly wages.

From this time onward, in daily conversation, in argument at the bar, in political consultation and discussion, Lincoln's life gradually broadened into contact and contest with the leading professional

minds of the growing State of Illinois. The man who could not pay a week's board bill was twice more elected to the legislature, was invited to public banquets and toasted by name, became a popular speaker, moved in the best society of the new capital, made what was considered a brilliant marriage, grew to important party influence, and was sent to Congress. His congressional service, though restricted by the traditions of his district to a single term, again widened his influence. He became a force in the nomination and election of General Taylor, made campaign speeches for him, not only in Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky but also in the Eastern States; and easily maintained his position as a leader in politics, while rapidly growing into fame as a leader at the bar.

Here we must turn back and again take up the analysis of his personal traits. And first as to dress and manners. It is a significant fact that the only alleged descriptions of his appearance in those early days (and they are evidently inferential rather than literal) are those which represent him as the tall, raw, country stripling in the pioneer garb in which he made his advent in Illinois and New Salem. And according to the rule that he is the best dressed man whose costume is the least noticeable, we must conclude that Lincoln's dress was always, both by compulsion and choice, of that commonplace respectability equally free from shabbiness on the one hand, and pretentious effort at display of gentility on the other. We may also draw the same inference from the character of his contemporaries and associates. Stuart, Logan, Browning, Douglas, Trumbull, Shields, Baker, Hardin, Peck, Davis, and a host of other prominent Illinoisans were his friends, companions, opponents, rivals; and there is neither record nor tradition that in society, or on the stump, or in the local or superior courts of the State, there was any marked distinction or contrast between him and them. Several of these passed through gradations of privation, fortune, and influence similar to his own; and if we would institute a closer comparison, any old inhabitant of Springfield could testify that his first law-partner, John T. Stuart, was always a better, and his second law-partner, Stephen T. Logan, always a worse dressed man than Lincoln himself. The simple truth is, that with those men, in those days, dress was a matter of altogether minor consideration, and played a very unimportant part as the measure of a man's worth or influence. Convenience and comfort, not display, were its ends. These early law-practitioners, who followed circuit courts from county to county, worrying through snow and mud, fording swollen streams, sleeping on cabin floors, could not remain fastidious about costume;

and the judges and juries were more impressed by the wit or argument or counsel than by the condition of his toilet.

And following Lincoln's career from his congressional service onward, through the years when he devoted himself exclusively to law, through the slavery discussion provoked by the Nebraska bill, through the great senatorial campaign with Douglas, through the campaign of 1860, and all his presidential service at Washington, we find, as to dress, that he simply continued the habits which the conditions of his early life impressed upon him. Always and everywhere he was sufficiently well-dressed to command the respect of those before whom he appeared; and quite as certainly he was never clad to that degree of fastidious elegance which would have entirely satisfied the superior being whose dictum regulates the curve of a trouser-leg. Standing side by side with Douglas in the joint debates, or on the platform of the Cooper Institute under the critical eyes of William Cullen Bryant, who presided, or towering before the multitude of great soldiers and civilians on the battlefield of Gettysburg, pronouncing his memorable address, he suffered no wise in comparison as to personal appearance with Douglas the senator, or Bryant the poet, or Edward Everett the polished statesman, diplomat, and orator.

If a few instances occurred where visitors found him in a faded dressing-gown and with slippers down at the heel, such incidents were due, not to carelessness or neglect, but to the fact that they had thrust themselves upon him at unseasonable and unexpected hours. So also there were some critics who, coming with the intention to find fault, could see nothing but awkwardness in his movements and wrinkles in his clothes. In the fifteen hundred days during which he occupied the White House, receiving daily visits at almost all hours, often from seven in the morning to midnight, from all classes and conditions of American citizens, as well as from many distinguished foreigners, there was never any eccentric or habitual incongruity of his garb with his station.

There, as in his father's cabin, or in New Salem, or Vandalia, or Springfield, the man Lincoln never gave a fraction of thought or a moment of care to any question of dress. He followed the ordinary fashion and wore what the tailor, hatter and bootmaker made for him. And so clad, the humblest citizens stood in his presence without awe, and the highest dignitaries with perfect respect. The world has yet to learn that General Scott, or Lord Lyons, or Bishop Simpson, or Prince Napoleon, or Archbishop Hughes, or the Comte de Paris, or Chief Justice Taney ever felt humiliated by the dress or want of

dignity of President Lincoln in state ceremonial or private audience. The eyes of these men were not upon the tailor's suit of broadcloth, but upon the President and the man, and in such a scrutiny Lincoln out-ranked any mortal who ever questioned him eye to eye in his long and strange career from New Salem to the Blue Room of the White House.

As with his dress, so with his manner. Tempered and modified by the gravity of added years, and an ever-widening experience among varied social classes and conditions in many parts of the Union, it nevertheless retained to the last a strong impress of the essential characteristics of the frontier—simplicity, directness, and sincere heartiness. He never learned and never used meaningless or misleading conventional phrases. He would say, "I am glad to see you." He would never say, "I am charmed to see you." He would always greet his visitors with a cordial shake of the hand and a winning look or smile, unless, as very rarely happened, his mind was weighed down with a preoccupation of overwhelming care and suspense. He always listened with patience, even when the request of his petitioner might be frivolous or foolish. That he was fond of wit, and jest, and laughter, the world already knows. He gave others courtesy, kindness, and consideration to the last degree, and never by word or look assumed that he demanded them for himself. . . .

CHAPTER XLI

ABRAHAM WOULD HAVE ENJOYED A WRESTLING MATCH WITH GEORGE

(There are here reprinted the most important parts of two articles giving General James Grant Wilson's recollections of Mr. Lincoln, first published in the February and March, 1909, issues of Putnam's Magazine. General Wilson was born in Scotland in 1832, but was brought to America as an infant, and after receiving a liberal education became the partner of his father, then a bookseller in Poughkeepsie, New York. This association he terminated in 1857 to found the Chicago Record, a magazine devoted to arts and letters. When the Civil War came he entered the Union Army from Illinois, and before his discharge in 1865 attained the rank of brigadier general. After that and until his death in 1914 he led the life of an industrious and many-sided man of letters chiefly concerned with American history and biography. Among other noteworthy tasks he edited with John Fiske Appleton's *Cyclopedia of Biography*.)

My first talk, face to face with Abraham Lincoln was in the autumn of 1858, when he was in the midst of his contest with Senator Douglas. I was introduced to him by Judge Samuel Treat, one of my father's friends. We found him in a shabby little uncarpeted law office over a grocer's shop in Springfield. He was of unusual height, six feet four, being three inches taller than Washington and nearly nine inches taller than Grant. His face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse rebellious dark hair; his arms and legs seemed to me the longest I had ever seen. His hands and feet were huge but well shaped, and his grayish-brown eyes were perhaps the saddest I ever saw. However, when a good story was told, whether by himself or another, his homely face lighted up till he was positively handsome.

Many things that were said during that hour's interview still linger in my memory. I ventured to inquire from what part of the country his ancestors came, and Mr. Lincoln answered: "Well, my young friend, I believe the first of our ancestors we know anything about was Samuel Lincoln, who came from Norwich, England, in 1639, and set-

tled in a small Massachusetts place called Hingham, or it might have been Hanghim—which was it, Judge?"

Something was said about the wildcat Western currency of seventy years ago, a species of paper money then worth about as much as Confederate bills were worth after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. (At the latter time a parcel containing over a thousand dollars was offered to me in Mobile by a Southerner, who said he would be glad to accept a five-dollar greenback in exchange for it, which he did.) Mr. Lincoln's story was that he was going down the Mississippi. Fuel was getting low, and the captain directed the pilot to steer in to the first woodpile he saw on the river bank. When the steamboat reached one, the captain said to the owner on shore: "Is that your wood?" "Certainly." "Do you want to sell it?" "Yes." "Will you accept wildcat currency?" "Certainly." "How will you take it?" said the captain; to which the owner promptly replied: "Cord for cord!"

Judge Treat mentioned to Mr. Lincoln that he had heard some interesting stories of Washington recently related by Mr. Custis, the General's adopted son, who lived with him at Mount Vernon for eighteen years—among other facts, that Washington was perhaps the strongest man of his day and generation, and that in his youth he was a famous wrestler, never having been thrown. Said Mr. Lincoln: "It is rather a curious thing, my young friend, but that is exactly my record. I could outlift any man in Southern Illinois when I was young, and I never was thrown. There was a big fellow named Jack Armstrong, strong as a Russian bear, that I could not put down; nor could he get me on the ground. If George was loafing around here now, I should be glad to have a tussle with him, and I rather believe that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to manage the aristocrat of old Virginia."

Another droll story that still lingers in my memory was of Lincoln's attending a meeting of the board of trustees of the Illinois Lunatic Asylum near Springfield. The long hall being rather chilly, he thought it would be well to wear his hat. As he passed along, a little lunatic darted out from a door and confronting him exclaimed: "Sir, I am amazed that you should presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus!" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Columbus," replied Mr. Lincoln, removing his hat and proceeding to the meeting. Returning half an hour later, having forgotten the incident, and wearing his hat as before, he was again accosted by the little man, who, drawing himself up, said in severe tones: "Sir, I am astounded that you should dare to wear your hat in the presence of General Wash-

ington!" "Pray excuse me, General," and Mr. Lincoln took off his high hat, "but it seems to me that less than an hour ago you said you were Christopher Columbus." "Oh yes, that is quite correct; but that was by another mother!"

During the years 1859-60 I frequently met Mr. Lincoln when his legal engagements called him to Chicago, where I was publishing and editing a literary journal called the Record with an office in Portland Block. On the sixth story of the large Dearborn Street building, the sculptor, Leonard W. Volk had his studio. I happened to meet Mr. Lincoln on the stairway, about the middle of April, 1860, and he informed me that he was giving sittings to Mr. Volk for a portrait bust; when he came down he would stop and see my sanctum. He did so, and as he looked around at the large, carpeted room, with its well-filled bookcase, some attractive pictures, and busts of Shakespeare and Burns, he said: "Well, I never saw an editorial office like this before. It doesn't seem to resemble my Springfield law shop that you saw two winters ago." He was particularly interested in the busts on learning that I had brought them from Stratford and Ayr respectively, saying: "They are my two favorite authors, and I must manage to see their birthplaces some day, if I can contrive to cross the Atlantic." By appointment Mr. Lincoln stopped the following morning at my office for me to accompany him, and we went up the four pair of stairs together in a trial of speed. His long legs took him three steps at a stride; but I was quicker with my shorter stride of two steps, so we arrived at the goal neck and neck, to the intense amusement of the astonished sculptor who awaited us at the head of the stairs.

The previous day Volk had made a plaster cast of Lincoln's face to aid him in making his well-known bust. During the hour that Lincoln remained in the studio, he poured out an almost unceasing stream of drolleries, while Volk was modelling the clay. My recollection is that Lincoln gave the sculptor six or more sittings of from one to several hours in duration. The original plaster bust is now in the possession of the sculptor's only son, Douglas Volk, a well-known painter.

A few months before Lincoln's nomination, which I witnessed, I visited the venerable James K. Paulding, the friend and literary partner of Washington Irving, at his residence near Hyde Park on the Hudson. The author of *The Dutchman's Fireside*, who was secretary of the navy in Van Buren's administration and of course a good Democrat, expressed great interest in Lincoln, having read all the speeches made by him in his debate with Douglas, which I had sent him. He

then said that in the summer of 1842, after Mr. Van Buren had completed his term as President, they made a tour to the West, proceeding as far as Illinois, and spending a day or two in Chicago, then a small and unattractive town. Later, when on their way to Springfield, they were delayed by impassable roads and compelled to spend the night at Rochester, several miles from the capital. Some of the ex-President's Springfield friends, knowing of the wretched accommodations of the place, came there bringing bottles and other refreshments to entertain the party at the country inn. "The Democrats," said Mr. Paulding, "also brought with them your Whig friend, Lincoln, to aid in entertaining the New Yorkers. Thanks to his anecdotes and descriptions of Western life, together with other witty stories, we passed a joyous evening in the little prairie tavern. If the tall Illinoisan receives the nomination for President, as you think very possible, I believe I shall be tempted to vote for him." But Paulding died in April, 1860.

Soon after Lincoln's election, he held a reception in the principal hotel of Chicago. For several hours a continuous procession of his friends and admirers passed before him, many of them old and intimate acquaintances. It was amusing to observe Lincoln's unfeigned enjoyment and to hear his hearty greetings in answer to familiar friends who exclaimed, "How are you, Abe?" he responding in like manner with "Hello, Bill!" or "Jack" or "Tom," alternately pulling or pushing them along with his powerful hand and arm, saying: "There's no time to talk now, boys; we must not stop this big procession; so move on."

More than two years later, General Grant gave me leave of absence to go to Washington to visit a younger brother, who, having been mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, had been removed to a Georgetown hospital. After seeing my brother I called at the White House, and the President said: "How are affairs progressing with the Western armies and what brings you to Washington?" When informed, he remarked: "If you will come in this afternoon at four o'clock, we will walk over to Georgetown and see the young captain."

I found him buttonholed, at four o'clock, by a Buffalo member of Congress whom I happened to know, who was pressing with great earnestness and excessive vigor the claims of some of his constituents for some certain office. When he saw me he looked at me as much as to say: "I wish you would take yourself out of here till I get through." But Lincoln caught a look at that expression and said: "It's all right, John, turn on your oratory." So the member of Congress resumed, but

finally came to an end, as all things must, and when he was finished the President, looking at him very quizzically, first on one side of his face and then on the other, remarked: "John, how close you do shave!" The result of that was that we all left in the best of spirits, and parted at the gate of the White House, the member of Congress going his way and we going to the hospital.

I said: "Mr. President, is that the manner in which you manage the politicians?" "Well, Colonel," he replied, "You must not think you have got all the strategy in the army; we have to have a little bit for Washington."

And that was his strategy. He did not argue with his people, but made some droll remark of that character, or told some funny story, and so he evaded discussions with these people on the claims of their constituents. That is the way he talked to the politicians.

When we arrived at the hospital, Mr. Lincoln saw, or thought he saw, a strong resemblance between my brother and his favorite son Willie who had recently died. This interested him so deeply that the following afternoon Mrs. Lincoln drove out with us, and she too saw the likeness. During the fortnight that my brother survived, the President visited him several times, and Mrs. Lincoln sent the young soldier little delicacies made by herself. This incident is introduced chiefly to illustrate the fact that the President was one of the tenderest-hearted of men.

One day the President and the secretary of state, accompanied by a young staff-officer, attended a review near Arlington on the opposite side of the Potomac. An ambulance drawn by four mules was provided. When the party arrived on the Virginia side of the river, where the roads were rough and badly cut by artillery and army trains, the driver had so much difficulty with the team, in his efforts to prevent the wheels dropping into the ruts, that he lost his temper and began to swear; the worse the roads became, the greater his profanity. At last the President said, in his pleasant manner: "Driver, my friend, are you an Episcopalian?" Greatly astonished, the man made answer: "No, Mr. President, I ain't much of anything; but if I go to church at all, I go to the Methodist Church." "Oh, excuse me," replied Lincoln, with a smile, and a twinkle in his eye; "I thought you must be an Episcopalian for you swear just like Secretary Seward, and he's a churchwarden!"

Two years passed, and I was again in Washington, remaining on duty there for more than three months. Late one evening when I

dined with the President, the secretary of state and Elihu B. Washburne, a member of Congress from Galena, Illinois, were announced. Mr. Seward said they desired to show the large gold medal, just received from the Philadelphia Mint, which was voted by Congress to General Grant, for the capture of Vicksburg. Mr. Lincoln, approaching a small centre-table on which there was a drop-light, opened the morocco case containing the medal upside down.

After a long pause, the writer ventured to remark: "What is the obverse of the medal, Mr. President?" He looked up, and turning to Mr. Seward, said: "I suppose by his obverse the Colonel means t'other side!" There was no sting in this, and the victim joined in the general laugh. Indeed, Lincoln was too kind-hearted to exercise his trenchant power of repartee. "Wit laughs *at* everybody," he said; "humor laughs *with* everybody." The President's jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the sea of troubles that almost overwhelmed him, he affected a serenity that he was far from feeling, and his fun and mirth at momentous epochs were censured by dullards who could not comprehend their philosophy.

The following anecdotes and incidents belong to January and February, 1865. "A frontiersman," said Mr. Lincoln, "lost his way in an uninhabited region on a dark and tempestuous night. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by terrible thunder and more terrific lightning. To increase his trouble his horse halted, being exhausted with fatigue and fright. Presently a bolt of lightning struck a neighboring tree, and the crash brought the man to his knees. He was not an expert in prayer, but his appeal was short and to the point: 'Oh, good Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light, and a little less noise!'"

Something led Mr. Lincoln one evening to mention the fact that David Tod, the war governor of Ohio, who declined his invitation to succeed Chase as secretary of the treasury, had occasion to visit Washington in 1863, on government business. During an interview the President remarked: "You are perhaps aware, Governor, that my wife is a member of the Todd family of Kentucky, and they all spell their name with two *d's*. How is it that you use but one?" "Mr. President, God spells his name with one *d*, and one is enough for the governor of Ohio."

I called at the White House once with Isaac N. Arnold, a member of Congress from Chicago. In the course of conversation the President expressed his admiration for Dr. Holmes's poem *The Last Leaf*, and

said that his favorite hymns were Toplady's Rock of Ages and the one beginning:

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies.

His favorite poem, he said, was one entitled Mortality, the author of which he had failed to discover, although he had tried to do so for twenty years. I was pleased to be able to inform him that it was written by William Knox, a young Scottish poet who died in 1825. He was greatly interested, and was still more gratified by the receipt, not long afterwards, of a collection of Knox's poems, containing his favorite, which had appeared in hundreds of newspapers throughout the country, and had been frequently attributed to him. A few days later I received a characteristic note of thanks for the volume.

Another evening the President told a few friends of an unknown person applying to the secretary of state for a foreign mission, preferably to France. Mr. Seward informed his visitor that the position was not vacant. "Well, how about Berlin?" That post also was held by an estimable gentleman. "Can you make me consul to Liverpool?" "No, for the place is satisfactorily filled." "Perhaps you can appoint me to a clerkship in the state department." Upon being informed by the secretary that he was sorry there was no vacancy, the obscure individual in the threadbare coat said: "Well, then, will you lend me five dollars?"

I was so fortunate as to be within a few yards of the President when he delivered, on the east portico of the National Capitol, on the morning of Saturday, March 4, 1865, his Second Inaugural Address. Clouds hung like a pall in the sky, as if portending trouble and disaster; but as the tall form of the President appeared on the crowded colonnade, he was greeted with cheers from thousands of throats. Almost immediately sunshine fell upon him as he began to read, in a strong high-pitched voice, what he believed to be the best of all his oratorical efforts. Breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone at his home in Harley Street, one of several guests introduced the name of Mr. Lincoln, and all enjoyed a few anecdotes of him, related by the writer. The distinguished statesman admitted his great qualities, and said that the President's Second Inaugural Address was "unquestionably a most striking and sublime utterance, not surpassed by any delivered during the nineteenth century."

About the end of March, 1865, I accompanied to the theatre the President, Mrs. Lincoln and the young lady who was with him when the assassin's bullet closed his career a fortnight later. He sat in the

rear of the box leaning his head against the partition paying no attention to the play and looking so worn and weary that it would not have been surprising had his soul and body separated that very night. When the curtain fell after the first act, turning to him, I said: "Mr. President you are not apparently interested in the play." "Oh, no, Colonel," he replied; "I have not come for the play, but for the rest. I am hounded to death by office-seekers, who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours' relief that I am here." After a slight pause he added: "I wonder if we shall be tormented in heaven with them, as well as with bores and fools?" He then closed his eyes, and I turned to the ladies.

A few moments later I felt Mr. Lincoln's hand on my shoulder. Turning, to my great surprise I saw him sitting upright, his eyes gleaming with fun. "Colonel," he said, "did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the circus?" "No, Mr. President, but I shall be delighted to hear it." "Well, when Grant was about ten years old, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family lived, and the boy asked his father for a quarter to go to the circus. As the old tanner would not give him the necessary coin, he crawled in under the canvas tent, as I used to do; for in those days," said the President, "I never possessed a quarter of a dollar. There was a clever mule in that circus that had been trained to throw his rider, and when he appeared in the ring it was announced that any one in the audience that would ride him once around the ring without being thrown would win a silver dollar. There were many candidates for the coin, but all were thrown over the animal's head. Finally the ringmaster ordered the mule taken out, when Master Ulysses presented himself saying: 'Hold on, I will try that beast.' The boy mounted the mule, holding on longer than any of the others, but at length, when about seven-eights of the ring had been achieved amid the cheers of the audience, the boy was thrown. Springing to his feet and throwing off his cap and coat, Ulysses shouted in a determined tone: 'I would like to try that mule again,' and again the audience cheered him. This time he resorted to strategy. He faced to the rear, seized hold of the beast's tail instead of his head, which rather demoralized the mule, and so the boy went around the ring, winning the silver dollar. And," added the President, "just so General Grant will hold on to Bob Lee."

A little more than three weeks later I was awakened early in the morning at my home on the Hudson, by the tolling of the church-bells. When I inquired why they were ringing, I learned that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. General Grant once said to me that

the day the President died was the saddest of his life, and I think that, with a single exception, it was the saddest day of mine.

While many persons have known both Lincoln and Grant, and a few, perhaps, were acquainted with both Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware there was but a single one who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings. That person was the leader of the Philadelphia bar, Horace Binney, with whom I spent a memorable evening in the year 1874. On that occasion he told his guests that he had known Washington, his mother living in Market Street adjoining the President's residence; that he had seen the General almost daily for several years when he himself was a schoolboy, and was always recognized and frequently spoken to by Washington, who knew him as his friend Mrs. Binney's son. The venerable man also mentioned the interesting fact, that he had been acquainted with every President of the United States up to the time of General Grant, during whose second administration he passed away at the great age of ninety-five.

It has ever been a source of regret that I omitted at the time to jot down some of the delightful sayings and amusing anecdotes related by Lincoln in Leonard Volk's studio in Chicago in mid-April in 1860. A single Southern story is, after almost half a century, the only one I can recall, and I cannot remember what led Mr. Lincoln to relate the incident, for he rarely told a story without a purpose. A balloon ascension occurred in New Orleans and the aeronaut, who was arrayed in silks and spangles like a circus performer, descended in a cotton field, where a gang of slaves were at work. The frightened negroes took to the woods—all but one venerable darkey, who was rheumatic and could not run, and who, as the resplendent aeronaut approached, having apparently just dropped from heaven, said: "Good mawning, Massa Jesus; how's your Pa?"

On Lincoln's 56th birthday (February 12, 1865), the writer's brother-in-law, James Dixon of Connecticut, who represented that State in the United States Senate from 1857 to 1869, always supporting the President's policies, invited me to meet a tall New Englander at luncheon, and later to accompany them to the White House, as he wished to introduce him to Mr. Lincoln, who was invariably interested in persons taller than himself. When the President saw the giant, lacking but two inches of seven feet, he was speechless with astonishment. As he surveyed him several times from head to foot, a smile spread over his face, and his eyes sparkled with fun, as he said:

"My friend, will you kindly permit me to inquire if you know when your feet get cold?"

Another evening, that month, the President related an incident that had occurred at Decatur when the Illinois Republicans named him as their choice for the presidency. An old Democrat from Egypt, as Southern Illinois was called, approached Mr. Lincoln and said, "So you're Abe Lincoln." "Yes, that is my name." "They say you're a self-made man." "Well, yes; what there is of me is self-made." "Well, all I have got to say," observed the old man, after a careful survey of the Republican candidate, "is that it was a damn bad job."

Among several "good things" the President told of a Southern Illinois preacher who, in the course of his sermon, asserted that the Savior was the only perfect man who had ever appeared in this world; also, that there was no record in the Bible, or elsewhere, of any perfect woman having lived on the earth. Whereupon there arose in the rear of the church a persecuted-looking personage who, the parson having stopped speaking, said: '*I know a perfect woman, and I've heard of her about every day for the last six years.*' 'Who was she?' asked the minister. 'My husband's first wife,' replied the afflicted female.

A few evenings later, the President at the White House read to three intimate friends, with much power and pathos, Halleck's Alnwick Castle and Marco Bozzaris. The closing lines of this splendid American lyric have been deemed prophetic of the President's own career and fate:

For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

CHAPTER XLII

A YOUNG MAN'S CONTACTS WITH MR. LINCOLN RECALLED IN OLD AGE

(There are here reproduced the personal recollections of Lincoln which formed the basis of a lecture many times delivered in old age by Dr. Francis Durbin Blakeslee. The son of a pioneer preacher of mark who named him for two of the founding heroes of Methodism—Francis Asbury and John Price Durbin—Dr. Blakeslee was born in 1846 at Vestal, New York; at the age of seventeen entered government service as a quartermaster's clerk, and in 1868 became a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thereafter for nearly sixty years his career as preacher, educator and social reformer was a many-sided and fruitful one, carrying him to all parts of the United States and to Europe, the Orient and Australia. His last days were passed in honored retirement in Los Angeles, and there he died in September, 1942, in the closing months of his ninety-sixth year.)

I was a clerk in the quartermaster general's office at Washington for a year and a half, including the close of the Civil War. In consequence I had frequent opportunities of seeing President Lincoln. Not often on the street—he was too busy to be there—but in great assemblies and elsewhere.

It was a custom in those days to hold services on Sunday afternoons in the House of Representatives. The most prominent preachers were secured. On one occasion, Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church—one of the greatest orators that this country ever produced—then a guest at the White House, was the preacher. I remember, as if it were yesterday, seeing there the President and all his family. On another occasion Murdock, the great elocutionist, also a guest at the White House, gave a reading. Again Lincoln was present.

I attended, in the same place, a meeting held in the interest of the Christian Commission. Secretary Seward presided. General Fiske was one of the speakers. Admiral Farragut was there and other prominent actors in the great drama of the Civil War. It was impossible to proceed because of the continued applause, until the great President un-

limbered himself and bowed right and left to the waiting multitude.

In the summer the Marine Band gave free concerts on the White House grounds on pleasant Saturday afternoons. One day I stood so near the White House that I was within ten feet of the President as he came out to mount his horse to ride to the Soldiers' Home. I could have stepped three paces and touched him. He could have no vacation in war time, but he could go for the night some four miles out to the Soldiers' Home, embowered in a grove, and get that much of country air. At another time I saw him riding in a carriage to the Soldiers' Home with a squad of cavalry as his escort.

I called on the President on Monday, January 2, 1865. My diary reads: "Accompanied by Miss Fannie and Miss Laura," (young women at my boarding-place,) "called upon the President." Then, with boyish irreverence, I continued: "Shook his paw with a gusto." With the increasing wisdom of maturer years, I now see that I should have done it with my right hand!

I heard Lincoln's last public address, which he delivered from a second-story window of the White House, three days before his assassination. He had just returned from Richmond. The cruel war was over. There was intense rejoicing, not exceeded on Armistice Day after the World War. Cabinet members and other prominent officials were serenaded and made speeches. Flags, bands and bunting were much in evidence. The President had been asked for a speech the previous evening. He replied that he was so busy that evening that he could not possibly give us any time, but that if we cared enough about it to come the following evening he would arrange to receive us. Of course we cared, and I was one of the hundreds that stood on the White House grounds and heard Abraham Lincoln's last speech. It was about twenty minutes long, and related to the problems confronting the nation at that crisis of its history, and may be found today among his published addresses.

On two different occasions, five years apart, I have spoken at patriotic services in Patriotic Hall in Los Angeles. On Lincoln's Birthday a year ago, the presiding officer, Mr. M. T. Salida, who has been blind ever since a Confederate bullet went through his temple, said, in introducing me: "Dr. Blakeslee is the only person, who, after all the intervening years, I know stood with me on the White House grounds and heard Abraham Lincoln's last public address." When I arose, I said: "After all these years, and I have met many who were connected with those times, Mr. Salida is the only person who I know stood with me on the White House grounds and heard Abraham Lincoln's

last public utterance." I have been saying that in my addresses ever since; I spoke at the Mission Inn, Riverside, on Sunday evening, the thirteenth of last February; the second time in successive years. After the lecture, a Mrs. Russell came to me and said: "I want you to know that as a little girl I stood with you on the White House grounds and heard Abraham Lincoln's last public utterance." So now there are two that I know, who stood there with me that evening.

I saluted Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at the Navy Yard, the afternoon of the very day he was assassinated. Some fellow clerks and I had gone there to see the monitors, damaged in the Fort Fisher engagement, which had come to the Navy Yard for repairs. They were "rare birds" to landsmen. As fast as built, they were rushed into service. All Washington, as it were, turned out to see the ironclads which marked such a revolution in naval warfare. We went all over three of them. The autopsy on the body of the assassin, Booth, was later held in the gun room of one of these, the Montauk.

The President and his wife drove up and halted at the end of a platform, similar to a railway platform, upon which my friends and I were standing. We saluted, and the salute was returned. Many years later, I had an interview with Schuyler Colfax in Providence, Rhode Island, following his lecture on Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Colfax then told me that he knew for a fact that I saw the great man later than did any of his Cabinet. He said to me: "I know where they all were that day and evening, and not one of them saw Mr. Lincoln as late as you did." No credit to me; only one of the accidents or incidents of my early manhood. "But I am ahead of you," he continued; "I was talking with him at the White House when he entered the carriage to go to the theatre."

I stood beside the casket in the White House. My diary of that day reads: "Thousands were unable to enter." There was no business at the office that day. I was foot-free, and with a boy's enthusiasm I went early and waited long—and finally got in, and stood by the casket and looked into the cold face of him whom I had saluted in life a few hours previously.

Not only that, but I took part in the funeral procession. I doubt if there is now another on earth who can truthfully say that. I was a youngster. The others were older. They are probably all gone.

The quartermaster general's office was a bureau of the War Department, and the clerks were drilled periodically during office hours. In a recent reading of my diary, I find this entry: "We drill now every day." We had some humble part in defending Washington when it

was attacked by the Confederate general, Early, in the summer of 1864. When the officials in charge came to make up the military part of the funeral pageant, they put our company in line. My diary of April 19, 1865, reads: "At 8 o'clock we all repaired to the office where we put on our uniforms and equipment, and from that time till half past two had to stand in the sun. We then fell in with the funeral procession, and marched up around the Capitol and back. We were just as near dead when we got back as could be."

I could almost have thrown a stone from the house where I was rooming to Ford's Theatre. I overslept the night of the assassination; and although Washington was seething with an excitement never before known in its history, I was utterly oblivious of it all. I went late to my breakfast the following morning and, as I entered the restaurant, noted the unusual quiet which prevailed. While the waitress was filling my order, the only other man at my table turned his daily paper—and I then read the black headlines telling me of the awful event of the night before! My father, living hundreds of miles away, and the great centres of the country knew of the tragedy before I did.

I met Boston Corbett at a Methodist classmeeting on the second of May, six days after he had shot the assassin, Booth, in the Garrett barn in Virginia. I obtained his autograph and had a short chat with him. He told me that the pistol with which he shot Booth, and for which he had been offered over \$1,000, had been stolen. He had promised the loan of it to a great fair at Chicago in the interest of the Sanitary Commission. When he went to get it, it was gone.

I saw the Grand Review for two days; attended for two days the trial of the assassins at the Arsenal, and obtained the autograph of every member of the military commission constituting the court. Of course I had excellent opportunity of seeing the conspirators, Mrs. Surratt among them. She was one of the four who were executed.

I was President of Iowa Wesleyan University, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, when Senator James Harlan, the first president of the institution and later president of the board of trustees that elected me, died; and I spoke at his funeral in the college chapel. He was elected to the United States Senate while president of the university. Senator Harlan was father-in-law to the late Robert Todd Lincoln, the eldest son of Abraham Lincoln. I first met Robert at the funeral of Senator Harlan. Later Bishop McCabe and I had an interview with him in his office in Chicago, when he was president of the Pullman Company. I saw Mrs. Robert Todd Lincoln more frequently, for she spent a good deal of time at her father's home at Mt. Pleasant. I first met Senator

Harlan in Washington when I was a boy, and at that time obtained his autograph.

I hold in my hand an autograph of Abraham Lincoln! He wrote every line of what I read you: "For G. H. Blakeslee—A. Lincoln—Nov. 2, 1864."

G. H. Blakeslee was my father. He was a Methodist pastor at Binghamton, New York. At the call of the Christian Commission, which antedated the Red Cross, he, with other pastors, went to the front to serve on battlefields and in hospitals and to hold religious services with the troops. Upon returning from the front, he stayed a night with me in Washington. At the breakfast table he said: "We are going to call upon the President this morning," referring to a brother minister who was stopping elsewhere in the city. At night he showed me the autograph, which I have treasured these many years.

A few years ago, to my utter surprise, I found in my attic two cheap little blank-books which proved to be my father's diary of all those days, from October 4 to November 4, 1864. I turned with greatest interest to November 2, and there was the following entry:

"At 2 P. M. accompanied by Rev. E. W. Breckinridge visited the Presidential Mansion. Four young men approached the President who were anxious to get his aid relative to a matter which I did not understand. But Mr. Lincoln, who was seated in his chair, replied to them kindly but firmly, 'I can do nothing for you.' When they urged that their papers should be read, he replied, 'I should not remember it if I did. The papers can be put in their proper places and go through their proper channels.' A lady next appeared and presented a paper. He took it and read it and replied: 'This will not do. I can do nothing for your husband.' 'Why not?' said the lady. 'Because,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'he is not loyal.' 'But he intends to be; he wants to take the oath of allegiance.' 'That is the way with all who get into prison,' replied the President. 'I can do nothing for you.' 'But you would,' said the lady, 'if you knew my circumstances.' 'No, I would not. I am under no obligation to provide for the wives of disloyal husbands. Hasn't your husband the consumption?' 'No,' replied the lady. 'Well,' said the President, 'it is the only case. Nearly all have the consumption.'

"Another lady presented her case which was a similar one and met a similar result. Next Rev. E. W. Breckinridge presented himself and handed him his card. 'What is your name?' asked Mr. Lincoln. 'Breckinridge,' replied Brother B. 'Rather a suspicious name, but I am loyal.' " (Breckinridge was the name of one of the candidates representing the disloyal element of the South, opposing Lincoln for the

presidency in the campaign of 1860). “ ‘I have long desired to see you and take you by the hand. I am glad to see you bearing your labors so well. You have the prayers of the people, and I pray for the speedy and peaceful termination of the war on the principles of your proclamation.’ Meanwhile I shook the hand of the President and asked him for his autograph. He took the book I presented and cheerfully gave his name. Brother B. presented his book and received Mr. Lincoln’s signature. We then bade him good-bye and took our leave, thankful for the privilege of seeing and shaking hands with the President.

“As we passed out of the Presidential Mansion we met on the veranda the President’s son, some nine years of age.” (He was really eleven.) “He was handling some boards that lay there for the purpose of building a scaffold. We shook hands with him and Brother B. inquired his name. He replied ‘Tom.’” (He was the one called “Tad.”) “We went from there to the quartermaster general’s office and found Durbin. We repaired to the rooms of the Commission on 10th Street, and spent the evening very pleasantly with a number of the delegates.”

This book, in which is the autograph of Abraham Lincoln, is a record book like that which was given to all delegates, as they were called, serving in the Christian Commission. On the three pages preceding that on which Lincoln’s autograph appears are the autographs of Grant and every member of his staff, obtained by my father at the headquarters of the Army in the Field. On the back of Lincoln’s page is the autograph of Theodore Roosevelt, obtained for me by a friend a few months before Roosevelt’s death.

Under celluloid, inside the cover of this book, I have a light green silk lapel badge of the Wide-Awake Clubs, worn in the first campaign for the election of Lincoln in 1860. It has the youngest-looking portrait of Lincoln that I ever saw, with a facsimile of his signature. I found this in the same attic, where, a year or two later, I found my father’s diary. I never have seen another. Roosevelt was more interested in this badge than in anything else in the book. I believe that he had never seen one like it.

Years ago I spoke for a few minutes to a Sunday School at the Methodist Church of Geneva, New York. I had said a few things about Lincoln’s temperance principles. An official of the church then told me that the widow of the man who sold Booth the glass of brandy which he took in the saloon adjoining Ford’s Theatre, just before the assassination, was sitting in the audience. The story in brief was that the bartender years before had become a Christian, had moved to

Geneva, where he had been for years a member of the Methodist Church, and had died about three years before.

The very next Sunday, the Presbyterian pastor at Marathon, New York, told me of an interesting character whose funeral he had conducted at his former charge. This man was in the saloon when Booth came in and he saw Booth drink the brandy. He asked the bartender who the man was. "Don't you know? That is Booth, the actor." "No, I have never seen him before to know him," the man replied. This man went into the theatre to witness the play, and after a little saw Booth edging along the gallery toward Lincoln's box. Having just learned that he was an attache of the theatre, he thought nothing of it. Soon the awful tragedy! This man passing out through the vestibule was met by those coming down the opposite stairway carrying Lincoln. They said to him: "Here, give us a lift; we haven't quite help enough." He then helped carry Lincoln's prostrate form over to the room across the street, where Lincoln died the next morning. These two interesting experiences came to me on two successive Sundays.

I am sometimes asked concerning the personal appearance of Abraham Lincoln. When in repose his countenance was sad. His face was rugged and seamed. The late Rev. Dr. Ervin S. Chapman, an acquaintance of Lincoln, who, when in his eightieth year, published a life of the great President, suggests in his book that Lincoln's reputation for ill looks is largely due to a protruding lip. He prints a portrait of Lincoln from his mouth up, and challenges anyone to produce a nobler countenance. A prominent woman in Washington once said: "When Lincoln's face is lighted up with the animation of public speech, he is the handsomest man I ever saw."

In his young manhood, while following a trail in the wilderness of Illinois, Lincoln was met by a native, who, when he was near enough took the rifle from his shoulder—nearly everybody carried a rifle in that section in those days—and pointed it at Lincoln. "Hold on there, stranger," cried Lincoln; "what do you think you are doing?" "I took a vow on the grave of my mother that if I ever met a homelier man than I, I'd shoot him!" Lincoln looked him over a second or two and then said: "Well, stranger, if I am any uglier looking than you, I think you'd better shoot me."

Lincoln once sent Judge Holt, who was a subordinate of Stanton, secretary of war, to release a family imprisoned in Fort Henry, Baltimore. Baltimore had probably more disloyal citizens than loyal. This family had been guilty of carrying on a contraband trade with some of their friends who had gone South. This was not murder, but it was

contrary to military law and discipline. Knowing all the circumstances Lincoln felt that they had been punished enough. Stanton learned of Judge Holt's action, and upon his return to Washington strenuously called him to account. The Judge replied, "Why, Mr. Stanton, you do not suppose that I went down there upon my own initiative!" "Did Lincoln tell you to do that?" stormed Stanton. "He certainly did or I should not have done it," was Judge Holt's answer. "Well, all I have to say is, we've got to get rid of that baboon at the White House!" Stanton said that of his great chief! This was repeated to Lincoln by one who added, "Mr. President, I would not endure such an insult." "Insult? insult?" said Lincoln; "that is no insult; it is an expression of opinion; and what troubles me most about it is that Stanton said it, and Stanton is usually right."

But I cannot leave this Stanton story here. In the room to which Lincoln was carried, across the street from Ford's Theatre, were gathered the cabinet, members of his family, and a few prominent officials. All night long they watched the flame of life flickering lower and lower and lower. As the morning dawned there was a period of silence—and at last the feeble flame went out. Stanton broke the silence: "Now he belongs to the ages." The next morning, as the body of Lincoln lay in the casket, the cabinet was invited in. Stanton was again the spokesman: "There lies the mightiest man that ever ruled a nation!" He was a baboon no longer.

Lincoln used to visit the hospitals. His great, sympathizing heart impelled him to seek to comfort the sick, the wounded and often dying boys of the army. He had been at one hospital nearly all day with a company of friends. Just as they were entering their carriages to leave, an attendant rushed out and said to one of the party: "There is a Confederate prisoner in one of the wards that the President did not visit, and he wants to see the President." When Lincoln was told, he said, "I'll go back." As he approached the cot and extended his hand, the young fellow exclaimed: "I knew they were mistaken! I knew they were mistaken!" He had heard all that talk about the ape, the baboon, the gorilla; but one glance at the kindly face dispelled it all and he said: "I knew they were mistaken!"

"What can I do for you, young man?" inquired Lincoln. "O, I don't know anybody up here, and the surgeon tells me I can't live, and I wanted to see you before I die." The President asked him about his father, mother, his brothers and his sisters. The young fellow's confidence was won, and he told about his family and his home; about his keepsakes and what he wanted done with them. Lincoln listened

sympathetically and promised to see that a letter was written. He still tarried, trying to prepare the young man for "the great adventure." Presently he said: "Now, my boy, I have been here nearly all day. I am a very busy man and I ought to be going; but is there anything more that I can do for you?" "I was hoping you would stay and see me through." And the great tears rolled down on Lincoln's coat-sleeve as he continued to minister to the dying boy.

If I had the ability and were asked to put on canvas one scene which above all others would come somewhere near portraying the character of this great man, it would be that scene in the hospital, where the President of one of the greatest nations of earth was helping to prepare for death a prisoner boy from the ranks of his country's foes. His moral character was an essential element of his greatness.

Abraham Lincoln—good in his greatness, and great in his goodness!

We are filling the world with material memorials to his greatness, but he needs them not. Efface every tablet, destroy every effigy, break in pieces every statue, level every monument, raze to the ground his mausoleum, cast to the winds his sacred dust; and it would not diminish one iota, the profound reverence and affection with which he evermore will be regarded by all mankind, wherever civilization shall make known the name of Lincoln.

CHAPTER XLIII

SECRETARY CHASE NEVER A MATCH FOR SECRETARY SEWARD

(In the Welles collection in the Library of Congress, besides the fifteen manuscript volumes of the diary of the secretary of the navy there are three other manuscript volumes in his handwriting. The first labelled Narrative deals with the history of the Lincoln administration to June 29, 1861. The second, to which the author gave the title Narrative of Events Commencing March 6, 1861, duplicates or amplifies much of the matter now to be found in the first chapter of the first volume of the printed diary. One portion of this second narrative, however, and a most interesting one, is omitted from the diary. It criticises Edwin M. Stanton sharply and at length, for Mr. Welles was ever a good hater, and records among other things a meeting in the War Department the second evening after Mr. Lincoln's death at which Stanton divulged a cabinet secret. Mr. Welles acidly comments:

"This occurrence confirmed an impression which I had previously entertained, and of which I subsequently became fully satisfied, that Mr. Stanton was in the practice of consulting with and communicating in confidence to certain silent friends important measures of administration while yet they were cabinet secrets. His confidants may not always have been the same on every question, nor were his communications in every instance limited to members of Congress, though they were usually the only ones to whom he imparted information. But these clandestine communications drew around him a set of men, who made him their champion and leader against both Lincoln and Johnson."

All of which, in the light of the later revelations of Jeremiah S. Black regarding Stanton's activities as a member of the Buchanan cabinet in its last days helps to confirm a belief that he diligently pursued the role of talebearer and mischief-maker while a cabinet officer under three Presidents.

Turning to the third of the manuscript volumes under consideration it may be noted that its twenty-four pages bear the label Narrative of Events, and deal mainly with Mr. Lincoln's appointment of Seward, Chase and Cameron to his cabinet, and the conditions under

which Cameron was compelled to retire from it to be succeeded by Stanton. There are inner evidences that it was written and more than once rigidly revised after Mr. Welles had returned to private life. Some of its disclosures are so weighty and arresting as to clearly demand for it a place in these pages. Mr. Welles, as already hinted, was always swayed by the qualities of one sure to take sides and strike sturdy blows, but he was also a shrewd judge of men, and his estimates of those with whom he labored or to whom he was opposed are essential to a clear understanding of the perplexed and troubled period of which Mr. Lincoln was the master spirit.)

In the organization of his cabinet Mr. Lincoln had experienced some difficulty. A strong effort was made by the friends of Mr. Seward to exclude Mr. Chase and some alleged early committals by friends of Mr. L. were said to have been made for Mr. Cameron for the office of secretary of the treasury. Without adverting to that contest further at this time, it is sufficient that Mr. Chase went into the Treasury and Mr. Cameron into the War Department. It was intended that this arrangement should be considered a triumph by neither. If Mr. Chase obtained the Treasury Mr. Seward had a friend in whom he did not confide but who was a skillful party tactician associated in the council of the President to co-operate with and sustain him. But Mr. Cameron was himself not without political aspirations which in a brief period had an effect adverse to Mr. Seward and favorable to Mr. Chase.

The understanding that existed between Mr. Seward and Cameron at the organization of the Cabinet and not a very high appreciation of the abilities of Mr. Cameron led Mr. Seward to believe he might make himself familiar with the War Department and assume as occasion required some of the duties of secretary of war, an assumption that was not entirely satisfactory to that officer. Mr. Cameron was not destitute of discernment, and had friends to inform and advise him also. Neither to him nor them was it altogether pleasant that he should be considered as a mere secondary personage, or convenience to the secretary of state, yet this was at the beginning the received opinion, and both Mr. Seward and his supporters were willing to encourage and strengthen that opinion. The readiness with which the secretary of state entered upon the discharge of the duties of the war power, and the manner in which it was done in some cases caused public discontent and brought out in strong relief the subordinate position of Cameron.

Without tracing these matters in detail it may be stated that after

a few months, the intimacy between the secretary of the treasury and the secretary of war was as great certainly as between the latter and the secretary of state. Mr. Seward was not the first to detect this change in a man whom he supposed identified with him in all matters. When finally and fully convinced of the growing friendship between Mr. Cameron and Mr. Chase, the grumblings against the management of the War Department and vicious contracts in military affairs began to make an impression on the Administration. Still I had no thought that anything serious or decisive in regard to Mr. Cameron would take place until the Friday or Saturday preceding the second of December session of Congress in 1861. The heads of each of the Departments had presented to the President an abstract of the essential parts of their respective reports and he had read to us his completed message when he asked for my full report, which I immediately gave him. On Saturday I learned he was displeased with portions of the report of the Secretary of War and quite as much displeased that it had been printed, and to some extent distributed without its being first submitted to him. He was especially dissatisfied with that part which assumed to state or enunciate the policy to be pursued by the Administration in regard to slaves. Cameron justified himself on the ground that there was nothing novel in his report—that it was the course pursued by the Army which had been acquiesced in and he supposed approved by the President and cabinet and asserted that the report of the secretary of the navy, though more brief was as explicit and as objectionable in that respect as his. In the discussions that took place Cameron found a friend and supporter in the secretary of the treasury, but the secretary of state attempted no excuse or justification—interposed no plea to mitigate the decision which was impending if not already decided.

Mr. Chase apologized for Cameron, befriended and defended him. No one condemned his views though there was a general disapproval of his enunciation of a policy which if it were the policy of the Administration properly belonged to the President to communicate to Congress and the country. There was a great sensitiveness in the public mind on the subject. Fremont had been disciplined in regard to it. The conclusion to which the government would arrive was not doubted; but that one of the heads of department should make it a prominent part of his report, and, without consulting the President to whom it was addressed and on whom was the responsibility of the measure and to whom it properly belonged to determine the policy of the Administration and communicate it to Congress, was admitted to

be indecorous and improper. The President ordered that part of the report which he deemed intrusive and objectionable to be expunged, and thus expurgated it was transmitted with the other documents that accompanied the President's message to Congress. There was no alternative for Mr. Cameron but to submit, yet neither he nor any member of the cabinet supposed that the difficulty was then disposed of. His report had gone forth to the country, but the true official document did not contain the exceptionable passage. There were other allegations against the secretary of war by personal and party opponents; his surroundings were not such as to inspire confidence, but these matters were never brought before the cabinet in any form if they even had any influence on executive action.

I had no doubt from the aspect of affairs after the first of December that Mr. Cameron was to leave the cabinet, nor do I think there was any doubts on his part or that of most of his colleagues. The President had made up his mind to dispense with his services. Mr. Chase may have entertained a lingering hope that he would be retained, but Messrs. Blair, Smith and Bates viewed it like myself as a question already decided, and our speculations were as to who would be Mr. Cameron's successor.

The subject, however, lingered along for several weeks without any announcement of final action. I was intensely occupied with affairs then pressing upon me, yet not without a natural interest as to who would be our future associate; inquiries were interchanged as we casually met in cabinet or on business.

When on the (13th) of January Mr. Edwin M. Stanton was appointed it was a surprise to every member of the cabinet except Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase. I was first informed of it by Mr. Blair whom I met in the street. He had just been advised of the fact by President Lincoln, who had sent, or was about to send the nomination of Mr. Stanton to the Senate.

There has been some disputation in regard to the selection of this gentleman and how it was brought about, and also as to the reasons of Mr. Cameron's retirement. The latter is represented to have been voluntary—that the post and duties of the War Department were not congenial—that he tendered his resignation and accepted the Russian Mission from choice. This statement is undoubtedly the most soothing and acceptable to Mr. Cameron, and his friends, but it is not correct. The time has past when a true statement can affect his aspirations, and were he alone concerned, the mere matter of his compulsory or voluntary retirement from the War Department except as an histori-

cal fact might be of little interest. I know, and know from his own lips, that he left the Cabinet with reluctance—that he regretted the necessity that compelled him to relinquish the position—and that he believed if Mr. Seward had been so disposed, he could have remained.

Both Messrs. Seward and Cameron were skillful and adroit tacticians. They had been to some extent rival candidates with Mr. Lincoln for the nomination at Chicago in 1860. Cameron's expectations were certainly less sanguine than Seward's, for he had no party strength, but knowing the decided opposition to Mr. Seward without concentration on any other he relied on the skillful management of himself and his agents with such appliances as he had practiced in Pennsylvania to succeed in the general scramble and uncertainty which prevailed in regard to candidates to secure the nomination. Mr. Seward confidently expected the nomination. A plurality of the convention and of the Republican Party anticipated his election and many earnestly desired it, but most of the Democratic-Republicans, that is Republicans of Democratic antecedents and some of the earnest and sincere Whigs were very decidedly opposed to him. No management or means on the part of his friends were availing. A swarm of old party runners and lobbyists and local partisans from New York, assisted by a similar class in other States, lead (sic) by Thurlow Weed, had gathered at Chicago in the full confidence of complete success. Mr. Seward not doubting his own nomination had repaired to Auburn from Washington to receive the committee which was to announce to him that he was the Republican candidate. Great and almost overwhelming was the disappointment which followed the selection of Abraham Lincoln, and for a time some of the other candidates and their friends were cool and indifferent, or actually opposed to the ticket nominated at Chicago. Not so, however, was the course of Mr. Seward and his supporters. Their personal disappointment was greater than that of either of the rival candidates, but they were earnest and sagacious party men, and soon recovered from the shock which had astounded them. Incipient steps were promptly taken to establish cordial and intimate relations with Mr. Lincoln. Before returning East, Mr. Thurlow Weed by, or with the advice and approval of Mr. Preston King, who while friendly to Mr. Seward was earnestly devoted to Republican views, privately sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, and succeeded in establishing friendly and to a certain extent confidential relations for the future, and virtually secured for Mr. Seward the first place in the Cabinet of 1861.

Mr. Cameron held aloof until a later day. His object and ends were

more personal than political. He had been associated with the Democratic Party, but his principles sat loose upon him. Little confidence was reposed in his party fidelity. To his personal friends he was always faithful and true—never abandoning them even if his party demanded the sacrifice. By this policy, and the free use of public and corporate patronage and money which he did not affect to conceal, he had built up a power in Pennsylvania that was formidable, and controlled in a great measure the party political movements of that State. In the controversies that were pending he had generally acted with the Republicans, and was an avowed personal and party opponent of President Buchanan with whom he had a difference of ten years standing. When the Chicago nomination was made the question with him was, how and in what way was Cameron to be benefitted. Mr. Seward and his friend Weed understood him and after a little time it was whispered among Cameron's Pennsylvania intimates that the Treasury Department which he demanded would, doubtless be given him, but it was nowhere credited. The belief that such an appointment would be made was harmful. No favorable response came from any quarter out of Pennsylvania, nor but a feeble approval there. Cameron was watchful and reserved until late in the summer, when Judge David Davis and Mr. Swett met Cameron, Thurlow Weed and two or three others at Saratoga, and it was arranged that Pennsylvania should, in the event of Lincoln's success, have the Treasury and that Cameron should receive the cabinet appointment of that State.

The committals at Saratoga became a serious embarrassment to Mr. Lincoln when organizing his Cabinet. He felt that he could not give the Treasury to Mr. Cameron—was satisfied that it was not in itself a proper appointment—and the opinions of his best and most reliable friends were almost unanimously against it, and almost as unanimously in favor of Mr. Chase. This, however, was extremely distasteful to Mr. Seward. There was a rivalry between him and Mr. Chase for national favor, and there were other differences which could not be reconciled. In fact the friends of Mr. Seward anticipated and expected that, through Cameron's influence they should conciliate and consolidate Pennsylvania and New York for future party operations, not only during the administration of Mr. Lincoln, but thereafter, while Mr. Chase, a younger and rising man, the favorite of Ohio and more acceptable to the anti-slavery element, was an obstacle in their way. It had contributed to their defeat at Chicago. The zeal for Cameron was less than the opposition to Chase. In the few days that passed from the arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington to his inauguration,

the ardent friends of Mr. Seward became so interested and excited as to declare in some instances, that New York's favorite son would not consent to go into the cabinet if Mr. Chase was given the Treasury. These declarations—threats they might be called—if they had any effect were exactly opposite to what was intended. Mr. Lincoln knew with what assiduity and earnestness the post of secretary of state had been sought for Mr. Seward, and he was under no apprehension that he should have (sic) the services of that gentleman, and as soon as he felt he could extricate his friends and relieve himself of the Saratoga committals he tendered the Treasury to Mr. Chase, (and) sought to conciliate and reconcile the Albany combination by assigning Cameron to the War Department.

Whatever disappointment was experienced on the one hand, or triumph^{on} on the other in this decision, each was modified in a few weeks when the Civil War gave to the War Department power, patronage and prominence far greater than that of any other Department in the government. The secretary of the treasury soon found that his principal labors were required to furnish means for military operations. He was literally the servant—the pecuniary pander of the secretary of war. Mr. Seward was gratified with this state of things. At the commencement of the Administration he assumed, apparently, that he was—the premier—the Acting President, and that his colleagues in the cabinet occupied positions subordinate to him. The President, never a presuming man and without much administrative experience, deferred greatly to Mr. Seward whose characteristics were in some respects the opposite of his. Without hesitation the secretary of state was ready to direct the movements of other branches of government sometimes without even consulting with the heads of the Departments interested and in this matter was, until checked, involving the Administration in confusion. The War Department he seemed to consider a mere appendage to that of the State, and freely issued orders—projected and sent out expeditions, and did some extraordinary things, which, if to be done at all, should have been by the Administration and properly belonged to the secretary of war. This intimacy and freedom by which one department assumed mastery of the other was not relished by Mr. Cameron, who had schemes and aspirations and knew his rights and wished them to be respected by the secretary of state as well as by his other associates.

The assumptions of Mr. Seward led to constant and increasing intimacy with the secretary of the treasury, which had their natural effect and influence on the secretary of war. The questions that

arose, as hostilities progressed, developed the feelings and mental workings of Cameron's mind. He was in no sense an abolitionist, was not a believer in the "irrepressible conflict," but had united with the Republicans in the Kansas controversy more from opposition to Buchanan than from devotion to principle. After hostilities commenced, he became aware, at an earlier moment than many others, that the doom of slavery was fixed, and his intercourse with the secretary of the treasury with the necessity of action contributed to his taking an early and decisive stand against the return of slaves who escaped from their owners and had fled within the Union lines. Neither the President nor the secretary of state was disposed to take any advanced step on the slavery question at that early period; but the subject was pressed on both the secretaries of war and of the navy who were compelled to act, and found in Mr. Chase a full and ready supporter of pretty extreme measures. While there was no apparent coldness or estrangement between Mr. Seward and Mr. Cameron, there was a perceptibly increasing friendship and intimacy between the latter and Mr. Chase which did not escape the observation of Mr. S.

When exception was taken to Mr. Cameron's report, and a portion of it was expurgated, no one in the Cabinet including Mr. Cameron himself doubted that he was to leave—no one doubted that Mr. Seward acquiesced in, if he did not improve the occasion to prompt the movement. But the change was delayed. No successor was announced, though it was understood Cameron was to leave. The subject of selecting one of his advisers a member of his political family, was of so delicate a character—so personal as well as political, that I for one and so I believe with all the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward, forbore to intrude upon the President any views or preferences unsolicited. I am not aware that I more than once had any conversation or allusion to the subject, and then it was of the President's seeking, but I then, and until the appointment was made, had an impression that he was favorably disposed toward Mr. Blair who was a military man, had received a military education at West Point, and in our cabinet consultations had exhibited great intelligence, knowledge of military men, sagacity and sound judgment in his suggestions and opinions. My impressions were and still are that his own preferences were for Mr. Blair, but that he was influenced by others, both Seward and Chase to a different course. More than six weeks passed away after it was understood that Cameron was to retire, before any change took place, but they had not been weeks of inaction.

I have no doubts that the appointment of Edwin M. Stanton was

projected and determined upon by Mr. Seward before he concluded to give up Cameron. He was dissatisfied with the increasing intimacy between the secretaries of war and treasury, and when he beheld the former embarking without reserve in the policy of the latter, on the question of the status of the Negro, Mr. Seward no longer desired that Cameron should be retained in the Cabinet, and it was not difficult for other causes as well as that of slavery impressed the President that it was expedient to relieve the Administration of Cameron. It was more difficult to induce him to receive into his cabinet Mr. Stanton, for whom he had, to say the least, no special regard. Their slight previous acquaintance had not been such as to win the esteem or respect of Mr. Lincoln. But he was not the man to permit his personal likes or dislikes to govern his action in cases of public necessity. He knew Mr. Stanton possessed ability and energy, but that he was rough and uncongenial; and he was not fully convinced of his sympathy and right feeling with the Administration. He had been a member of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet and had left the public service with his chief, in company with Mr. Black with whom he fraternized, and in whose views on existing controverted questions he was supposed to concur. Although a resident of Washington during the dark and eventful period that followed the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, he had kept aloof from the administration and never called upon the President or any member of his cabinet, except Mr. Seward. In the selection of local attorney for the District as early as May or June, Mr. Stanton had been a prominent candidate, and was urged for that place with great zeal by the secretary of state, and the President, always disposed to secure as many as possible of the prominent Democrats as were favorably inclined to the Union cause, felt that it might be a judicious appointment.

The discussions which took place in the Cabinet on that occasion precluded the selection of Mr. Stanton, and nothing subsequently occurred to remove the objections which had been made to his receiving that local appointment. But Mr. Seward, when in the Senate, in the winter of 1861, and after it was understood he was to be a member of the new cabinet, had been approached by Mr. Stanton, and throughout the winter received from him confidential communications disclosing the acts and purposes of the Buchanan Administration. These secret revelations—betrayals of confidence—had brought the two gentlemen in close relations, which Mr. Seward believing it to be personal to himself, did not forget. He was not aware at the time when he proposed a successor to Cameron that Mr. Stanton had made similar

disclosures to prominent Republican Senators, but supposed himself the only recipient of these Cabinet secrets. Could Mr. Stanton be brought into the Cabinet, in place of Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of State assumed he would have a trusty and reliable friend and supporter in the War Department in place of Cameron who had left him for Chase. Indeed, he had assurances to that effect from Mr. Stanton himself, who stated to Mr. Seward as Mr. S. himself informed me that he should sustain his policy, vote with him and remain with him in the Cabinet, and leave whenever he (Seward) left. He had given similar pledges to Mr. Black when he entered the Buchanan Cabinet, declared Black's principles to be his principles, Black's policy to be his policy, and that he should cling to him to the end. This was unknown to Mr. Seward, who did not doubt Stanton's sincerity but believed he was precisely the man whom he wished to have in the War Department, and he succeeded with some difficulty in persuading the President to give up objections and yield to his wishes, when he was made aware of what Stanton had done in the winter of 1861 to counteract (and) defeat the administration of Buchanan of which he was then a part. But the actors, Messrs. Seward and Stanton had apprehensions that there might be difficulty in consummating their scheme.

The reluctance of Cameron to leave was much greater than had been anticipated, and if not conciliated he might in his rage go into opposition, and such was his influence and party skill and tact that he would be likely to array Pennsylvania against the Administration in that trying emergency. This would make the acquisition of Stanton very dear to the Administration. Although claiming to come from Pennsylvania Stanton had no political or party strength in that State, and he felt his inability to cope with the man whom he was to displace. These difficulties struck him sooner than Mr. Seward, but their force was seen and felt by both. The question arose at once how to appease the doomed man and effect a change by peaceable arrangement. Cameron who felt humbled and prostrated by the blow, which was to him wholly unexpected, was not unwilling to make terms when he became convinced the President was inflexible on the subject of a change in the War Department. The Russian mission was open to him, for which he had no qualifications whatever, and which nothing, but to escape disgrace, would induce him to accept. To travel a year in Europe as the representative of the government, and visit St. Petersburg without performing any duty would extricate him from some political embarrassments and from the humiliation of an abrupt dismissal. This also enabled him to retain his influence in Pennsylvania.

Another point with Messrs. Seward and Stanton, and in which the President concurred, was to reconcile Mr. Chase, who, no more than his associates knew what was being done, and was even less aware that a change was inevitable. Mr. Seward after the retirement of Cameron and the selection of Stanton, was willing to remain incognito, step aside and let his rival of the Treasury carry out and take the credit and responsibility of his (Seward's) plans. Cameron therefore was to consult with Mr. Chase, let him understand in confidence that he proposed to leave the cabinet, resign the office of secretary of war and that he should like to retire with grace, which might be effected if he could only obtain the Russian mission, then filled by Cassius M. Clay an abolition friend of the secretary of the treasury. This already determined fact Mr. Chase kindly undertook to accomplish, and, as was anticipated, at the same time to secure the appointment of some one on whom he could rely as Cameron's successor. Again the secretary of the treasury was the victim, not to say the dupe of a prearranged scheme. He knew not and did not suspect that Stanton had been designated for the place. In talking over the subject of a new secretary with Cameron, the latter suggested that the appointment ought to, and probably would be given to Pennsylvania. To this Chase assented, and in consultation with Cameron, the latter said he knew of no man better adapted to the place than Mr. Stanton, whose appointment as district attorney Chase had assented to. This proposition readily took. Mr. Chase had an old Ohio acquaintance in Stanton that had been continued though without special intimacy until the formation of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. Some weeks were consumed in these negotiations and the preliminaries which led to them, during which the President kindly suspended action, withdrew his first summary letter to Cameron, accepted his resignation and consented to recall Clay and appoint him minister to St. Petersburg. Clay came home fired with patriotism to take a commission as brigadier general and be snubbed by Halleck, who would give him no military command and denied his fitness for the service.

In this whole transaction, arranged with such apparent satisfaction, Mr. Seward did not appear, although it was all his own work—Mr. Chase who seems to have been, and undoubtedly himself believed he was the means of effecting these changes, and that they originated with him had really nothing to do with them but to act a part which was adroitly contrived for him to execute.

Different versions have been published of this change in the War Department—some who participated in it have made statements

which they doubtless believed were true. I was an observer—a spectator merely not an actor, of the proceedings; and some things came to my knowledge incidentally and in a manner and way unknown to the actors. If as certain gentlemen have represented they know the fact that Mr. Cameron in secrecy proposed to Mr. Stanton that he should take the position—that Mr. Cameron voluntarily relinquished the position—that Mr. Chase first designated Mr. Stanton or communicated to him his appointment—they are measurably deceived, and not possessed of all the facts. Mr. Stanton, I am confident was aware that he had been selected, while Mr. Chase was yet ignorant of the movement, and when the latter called on Stanton and communicated what was intended he conveyed no news to that gentleman. The deception was then and for a considerable period well sustained. I am not sure that the chief justice was ever wholly undeceived. For a time he bore himself towards the new secretary in a manner worthy of a patron, courted his intimacy and friendship, but before he left the Treasury he must have been aware that there were stronger ties between the State and War departments than any which he could weave. In aptness and skill Mr. Chase was never a match for Mr. Seward.

CHAPTER XLIV

MR. LINCOLN TAKES A HAND IN THE CAPTURE OF NORFOLK

(The records reveal that only once during four years of war did Mr. Lincoln exercise in direct fashion his authority as commander in chief. That was in early May, 1862, when, as an unexpected sequel to his first visit to Fort Monroe, he played a leading part in the capture of Norfolk, an operation soundly planned but attended in the execution by an undue amount of fumbling and needless loss of time. The results were heavy losses for the Union cause, and prompted early replacement of the aged and uncertain General Wool by the younger and more energetic General Dix as commander of the Fort Monroe military district.

There are here reprinted salient parts of an account of the affair, with deserved tribute to the mettle displayed by Mr. Lincoln and Secretary Chase in action, contributed by General Egbert L. Viele to the October, 1878, issue of *Scribner's Monthly*, then edited by Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, one of the earliest of Mr. Lincoln's biographers. Born in 1825 General Viele was graduated at West Point in 1847, and saw service in the Mexican War and the Southwest, but left the army in 1853 and opened an office as a civil engineer in New York. He preceded Frederick Law Olmstead in the preparation of plans for Central Park in New York and in 1860 was engineer of Prospect Park, Brooklyn. When the war opened he was made a captain of engineers in a New York regiment and in August, 1861, was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers.

General Viele was second in command of the Port Royal expedition, and after the events he narrates below served until October, 1862, as military governor of Norfolk. In 1863 he resigned his commission and resumed engineering practice in New York. He had a part in preliminary plans and explorations for the New York elevated railway system, and, also active in politics, in 1885 served a single term in the popular branch of Congress. He died in 1902 in his seventy-seventh year. One of his sons electing in youth to take up his residence in France under the name Francis Viele-Griffin attained distinction as a poet in that country.)

The alternate clouds and sunshine that followed each other in such quick succession in the atmosphere of the national capital during the progress of the Civil War brought upon those at the head of affairs an intense mental strain which few among the people realized at the time. The hopes that were born of victory were rapidly replaced by the despair that came with defeat, until the hearts of those whose faith was the firmest grew faint amid the dread uncertainties of the future.

One of those dark periods was that which followed the conviction that the "change of base" had failed to accomplish the magnificent results that were so enthusiastically anticipated. At this emergency it was decided in cabinet council that the President, the secretary of war and the secretary of the treasury should proceed to the seat of active operations on the Peninsula in order to gain from personal observation a better knowledge of the situation.

For obvious reasons the departure of the President from Washington at such a moment and for such a purpose was kept a profound secret; and when, without any previous intimation, I was requested by the secretary of war, late in the afternoon of the 4th of May, 1862, to meet him within an hour at the Navy Yard, with the somewhat mysterious caution to speak to no one of my movements, I had no conception whatever of the purpose or intention of the meeting. It was quite dark when I arrived there simultaneously with the secretary, who, after exchanging a few words with me, led the way through the inclosure to the wharf on the Potomac, to which a steamer was moored that proved to be the revenue cutter *Miami*. We went on board and proceeded at once to the cabin, where to my surprise, I found the President and Mr. Chase, who had preceded us. The vessel immediately got under way and steamed down the Potomac. The *Miami* was one of the finest models and most neatly appointed vessels ever owned by the government, and was of about five hundred tons burden. She was originally an English yacht, named the *Lady Murchard*, built for his own use by a wealthy gentleman who came out in her to Canada, and afterward sold her to the Treasury Department for a revenue cutter, her name being changed by the secretary. Her armament was four brass howitzers, two on each side, and a pivot rifled gun in the bow, besides which the sailors were all armed with carbines and cutlasses.

The cabin was neat and cozy. A center table, buffet and washstand, with four berths, two on each side, and some comfortable chairs, constituted its chief appointments. A shaded lamp suspended from the

ceiling threw a cheerful light over the table, upon which a tempting supper was spread. Mr. Chase was the host. He had brought with him his own butler, a most accomplished man in his vocation. Throughout the trip Mr. Chase displayed that thorough knowledge of the social amenities for which he was at all times, and under all circumstances, eminently distinguished. He seemed to feel that we were his guests, as the steamer belonged to the Treasury Department, and he treated us as if we were in his own home. Had he been more cordial he would have been less dignified, and had he been more dignified he would have been less cordial.

After supper the table was cleared, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a general review of the situation which lasted long into the night. The positions of the different armies in the field, the last reports from their several commanders, the probabilities and possibilities as they appeared to each member of the group, together with many other topics, relevant and irrelevant, were discussed, interspersed with the usual number of anecdotes from the never-failing supply with which the President's mind was stored. It was a most interesting study to see these men relieved for the moment from the surroundings of their onerous official duties. The President, of course, was the center of the group—kind, genial, thoughtful, tender-hearted, magnanimous Abraham Lincoln! It was difficult to know him without knowing him intimately, for he was as guileless and single-hearted as a child; and no man ever knew him intimately who did not recognize and admire his great abilities, both natural and acquired, his large-heartedness and sincerity of purpose. . . .

Both Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton were under great depression of spirits when we started, and Mr. Chase remarked with a good deal of seriousness that he had forgotten to write a very important letter before leaving. It was too late to remedy the omission, and Mr. Lincoln at once drove the thought of it from his mind by telling him that a man was sometimes lucky in forgetting to write a letter, for he seldom knew what it contained until it appeared again some day to confront him with an indiscreet word or expression; and then he told a humorous story of a sad catastrophe that happened in a family, which was ascribed to something that came in a letter—a catastrophe so far beyond the region of possibility that it set us all laughing and Mr. Chase lost his anxious look.

In marked contrast to the bonhomie and frankness of the President was the reserve of Mr. Chase. Not more firm, perhaps, in his convictions than Mr. Lincoln, he was more decided in his expression of

them. At the same time, he was so well poised in his whole organization that it was only in times of absolute emergency that the true force of his character exhibited itself. He was pre-eminently an "intellectual observer," and never lost an opportunity to store his mind, from a close observation of current events, with the great truths that affect the interests of humanity. This made him a radical in politics and a leader in public affairs. It was difficult for him to follow the lead of anybody. Looking into the future with its possible complications, he was always in advance of public opinion, and so was not always understood.

The secretary of war was, unlike either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Chase, remarkably compact in both his physical and mental organization, reticent to an extreme degree, accepting responsibilities with unhesitating confidence, and executing the dictates of instantaneous impressions with a boldness and a vigor that amazed the timid and astonished his most trusted confidants. He courted antagonism with a spirit of uncompromising defiance, and outwardly seemed callous to every emotion of sympathy or tenderness. Yet no man ever lived whose heart was more sensitive or more gentle in its impulses. . .

Shortly after our departure a drizzling rain set in, and we had not proceeded many miles down the river when the night became so thick and dark that the pilot found great difficulty in discerning the proper course, and the captain decided that it would be most prudent to come to an anchor, and wait for the weather to clear. The driving rain outside only served to make our little cabin seem more cozy, and the small hours of morning came before there was any disposition to retire. Before going to bed, one matter was decided upon which the sequel proved to be of very great importance. The conversation had naturally turned upon our destination and the objects of this official expedition. Neither the President nor either of the secretaries had ever been at Fortress Monroe, and the conceptions they had formed of its location and topographical surroundings were quite inaccurate.

While we were examining the maps of Virginia, I pointed out what I regarded as a feasible route to the rear of Norfolk from a point near Linn Haven Bay, opposite Fortress Monroe. I had been anxious that we should attempt this route while our expedition to Port Royal was lying rather listlessly at Hampton Roads in 1861, awaiting the completion of some minor details. We had nearly 20,000 men on board the transports at that time, destined for a descent on the Southern coast, and we could have readily struck the blow and re-embarked during the time we were lying there idle in the ships. In war, as in

commerce, it is always best to turn your capital rapidly, before your stock spoils on your hands, and this *coup de guerre* would have been most excellent practice for our troops, while, the force being an overwhelming one, success was assured in advance.

It was not so decided; but I had not lost sight of what appeared to me to be a weak point in the defense of Norfolk. Mr. Chase, whose comprehensive mind was as fully alive to the military situation as it was assiduous in the administration of the national finances, was particularly impressed with the points that were presented, and through his urgency, the President, and the secretary of war decided that, if there were troops at Fortress Monroe that could be spared, the movement should be made; and with that conclusion it was further decided to go to bed. The President's berth was on the same side of the cabin with mine, and he suggested that, as I had more room than I required and he had not enough, a moveable partition would have been a great convenience, recommending that Mr. Chase should provide some arrangement of this kind, in case we took another trip. Mr. Lincoln always had a pleasant word to say the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. He was always the first one to awake, although not the first to rise.

Few were aware of the physical strength possessed by Mr. Lincoln. In muscular power he was one in a thousand. One morning, while we were sitting on deck, he saw an ax in a socket on the bulwarks, and taking it up, held it at arm's length at the extremity of the helve with his thumb and forefinger, continuing to hold it there for a number of minutes. The most powerful sailors on board tried in vain to imitate him. Mr. Lincoln said he could do this when he was eighteen years of age, and had never seen a day since that time when he could not. It occurred to me, when reading the details of the plot that terminated in the death of the President, that his abduction, which was at one time proposed by the conspirators, would have resulted very disastrously to those who should have the temerity to undertake it. The proposed plan was to waylay the President at night during one of his frequent visits to the War Department, where he was in the habit of going to read the telegraphic dispatches during the time of important military movements, and where he would often remain until a very late hour, returning alone through the grounds of the White House. A half-dozen men were to seize and carry him off; but, had they attempted it, they would probably have found that they had met their match, for he had the strength of a giant. Judge Swett, of Chicago, who was an intimate friend of his, says that he had seen him dash into a crowd where two

powerful men were fighting, and, taking each by the collar, hold them out at arm's length, in the most helpless and ridiculous position.

The necessities of his early life imbued him with that self-reliance that became a part of his very nature, and exhibited itself on all occasions. He never liked to be waited upon, or to ask any one to do anything for him that he could possibly do himself. This showed itself on one occasion, when, being struck with an amusing rhyme which I showed to him in a number of Harper's Weekly, instead of requesting me to cut it out for him, he borrowed my knife, and, extending himself at half length on the deck, spread the paper before him and cut the piece out, remarking at the same time that it was not precisely the attitude for the President of the United States to assume, but it was a good position for a man who merely wanted to cut a piece out of a newspaper. This little scrap amused him exceedingly. It was a very absurd idea, absurdly expressed; but there was something about it that pleased his fancy, and he was not satisfied until he had read it to each one of the party, appearing to enjoy it the more oftener he read it . . .

Physically, as every one knows, Mr. Lincoln was not a prepossessing man, with scarcely a redeeming feature, save his benignant eye, which was the very symbol of human kindness. "If I have one vice," he said to me one morning—"and I can call it nothing else—it is not to be able to say no! Thank God," he continued, "for not making me a woman, but if He had, I suppose He would have made me just as ugly as He did, and no one would ever have tempted me. It was only the other day, a poor parson whom I knew some years ago in Joliet, came to the White House with a sad story of his poverty and his large family—poor parsons seem always to have large families—and he wanted me to do something for him. I knew very well that I could do nothing for him, yet I couldn't bear to tell him so, and so I said I would see what I could do. The very next day the man came back for the office which he said I had promised him—which was not true, but he seemed really to believe it. Of course there was nothing left for me to do except to get him a place through one of the secretaries. But if I had done my duty, I should have said 'no' in the beginning."

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Fortress Monroe. The outlines of the grand old fortress were dimly visible along the horizon as we approached, and around and about it in the adjacent waters was a cordon of floating videttes, whose thousand lights glimmered like stars in the mirrored surface. Ocean steamers, river steamers, sloops, transports, brigs, canal boats, harbor tugs, men-of-war, gun-

boats, monitors, iron-plated batteries, with countless smaller craft of almost every description, were congregated here, evidently for some great purpose, and towering above them all was the *Vanderbilt*, that leviathan of ocean steamers, a million-dollar gift by the owner to the government.

Answering the hail of the guard-boats we made a landing, and the secretary of war immediately dispatched a messenger for General Wool, the commander of the fort; on whose arrival it was decided to consult at once with Admiral Goldsborough, the commander of the fleet, whose flagship, the *Minnesota*, a superb model of naval architecture, lay a short distance off the shore. The result of this conference was a plan to get up an engagement the next day between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, so that during the fight, the *Vanderbilt*, which had been immensely strengthened for the purpose, might put on all steam and run her down. Accordingly the next morning, the President and party went over to the Rip Raps to see the naval combat. The *Merrimac* moved out of the mouth of the Elizabeth River, quietly and steadily just as she had come out only a few weeks before when she had sunk the *Congress*. She wore an air of defiance and determination even at that distance. The *Monitor* moved up and waited for her. All the other vessels got out of the way to give the *Vanderbilt* and the *Minnesota* room to bear down upon the rebel terror in their might, as soon as she should clear the coast line.

It was a calm Sabbath morning and the air was still and tranquil. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the cannon from the vessels and the great guns from the Rip Raps that filled the air with sulphurous smoke and a terrific noise that reverberated from the fortress and the opposite shore like thunder. The firing was maintained for several hours, but all to no purpose; the *Merrimac* moved sullenly back to her position. It was determined that night that on the following day vigorous offensive operations should be undertaken. The whole available naval force was to bombard Sewall's Point, and under cover of the bombardment, the available troops from Fortress Monroe were to be landed at that point and march on Norfolk. Accordingly, the next morning, a tremendous cannonading of Sewall's Point took place. The wooden sheds at that place were set on fire and the battery was silenced. The *Merrimac*, coated with mail and lying low in the water, looked on but took no part. Night came and the cannonading ceased. It was so evident that the *Merrimac* intended to act only on the defensive and that so long as she remained where she was, no troops could be landed in that vicinity, that they were ordered to disembark.

It may here be remarked that all this fiasco had been clearly foreseen by more than one of our party. But the proposition to make a landing at Pleasure Point, discussed on the *Miami* on our way down, had been met by the assertion from at least two of General Wool's staff officers that such a thing was utterly impossible. One of them had said there was no such place, and the other had asserted positively of his own knowledge that the water was shoal for more than a mile from shore, being but between three and five feet deep; that troops could not possibly be landed there, and that any attempt to do so would prove an utter failure. For these reasons, so decidedly and authoritatively put forth, the plan which had been determined upon the first evening of our trip had been set aside for the one that had thus been brought to a most ridiculous termination.

The failure of the proposed attack upon Sewall's Point and the disembarkation of the troops that had been hastily crowded into everything in the way of a transport that could be made available was not a very inspiring spectacle, and no one felt the mortification of the occasion so much as Secretary Chase. He was so keenly alive to the necessities of the hour, and so sensitive to the least thing that savored of defeat that he fairly chafed under a sense of disappointment as he saw the disembarking troops. Turning to me, he said: "Let us take our *man-of-war* (the *Miami*) and reconnoiter the place you suggested for a landing."

Of course I was gratified at the proposition, and we started at once. General Wool was sitting at the door of his quarters as we passed, and learning our design, volunteered to accompany us, and sent his orderly for the very officer (Colonel Cram) who had pronounced the plan impracticable. The *Miami* was soon under way, accompanied by a small tug. As Colonel Cram still insisted upon it that we would get aground if we attempted to approach the shore in so large a vessel, we anchored in six fathoms of water and betook ourselves to the tug, which was in its turn anchored at quite a distance from the shore. A rowboat was quickly manned with armed sailors, and in this Colonel Cram, with another officer, undertook a closer reconnaissance, but returned in great haste before they were half-way to the land, with a breathless account of a large body of men on shore.

While they were recounting their narrow escape, Mr. Chase was watching the shore with a powerful field glass, with the hope of discovering the force that had so alarmed the reconnoitering officer. Instead of defiant warriors he saw some people waving a white sheet as a flag of truce; a longer scrutiny revealed a white woman, a negress

and child and a dog, as the sole cause of the colonel's terror, and he was therefore instructed to return to the shore with the crew, while Mr. Chase and myself followed in another boat. The result of all this was the demonstration that this was not only an available, but a most admirable, landing place, with depth of water sufficient for the largest transport to approach to within a few feet of the shore; yet these officers had been stationed at Fortress Monroe a whole year! On our return Secretary Chase reported the result of our reconnoissance to the President, who was so much astonished that he insisted upon going in person that very night to verify the fact. Accordingly with the secretary of war and the secretary of the treasury, he went over on the *Miami* to the Virginia shore, and by the light of the moon landed on the beach and walked up and down a considerable distance to assure himself that there could be no mistake in the matter.

No time was lost on the following morning in re-embarking the troops for the purpose of marching on Norfolk by the rear. At the last moment General Wool, with much emotion, begged the secretary to allow him to command the troops. The secretary had decided to relieve him of the command of the expedition on account of his advanced age, but finally reversed his decision with the remark that he could not inflict sorrow upon gray hairs. And here I must let Mr. Chase tell the story in one of his printed letters:

"The next morning (yesterday) I was up early. We breakfasted at six o'clock, and got away as promptly as possible. When we reached the place selected for the landing, we found that a considerable body of troops had already gone forward. I then took the tug and went along the shore to the point where the President's boat had attempted to land the evening before, and found it only about three-quarters of a mile distant. I then returned to the *Miami* and found that the General had gone ashore. I followed, and on the shore met General Viele. He asked me if I would like a horse. I said that I would; and he directed one to be brought to me, and I was soon mounted. I then proposed to ride up to the place where the pickets had been seen the night before. General Viele agreed, and we were not long in getting up as far as I had been with the tug, and even some distance beyond. We found a shed where a picket had stayed the night before, and found fresh horse-tracks in many places, showing plainly that the enemy had withdrawn but a few hours previously. Returning, I made report to General Wool. Meantime, Mr. Stanton had come, and he asked me to go with the expedition, which I finally determined to do. I accordingly asked General Wool for a squad of dragoons, and for

permission to ride on with General Viele ahead of him, following the advance which had already been gone some three or four hours. He acceded to both requests, and we went on; that is, General Viele, myself, and a half-dozen dragoons."

Starting at once to the front with our escort, we had not gone very far before it became evident that a great deal of confusion existed in the command—in fact, that there was no organization, and an utter absence of definite instructions or orders of any kind. Overtaking a regiment that was scattered along the road—most of the men lying down wherever any shade could be found, as the day was intensely warm—Mr. Chase inquired of the colonel to whose command he belonged and what his orders were. He replied that he had no idea who was his commander; that some said Weber and some said Mansfield. He had received no orders, except that when he landed he was told to take a certain road, and he thought he would wait to see what was to be done next. Overtaking another regiment, a mile or two beyond, the secretary received the same answers.

Going on still further, we came upon General Mansfield and his staff, who had dismounted in the shade, near a spring of cool water. Further still, another straggling regiment was found; yet no one had any orders or instructions. Suddenly the booming of cannon was heard immediately in front, and, as no artillery had been landed by us, it was evident that the firing proceeded from the enemy. Straggling soldiers now came running toward us, with exaggerated rumors of the enemy being in force, burning the bridges and contesting with artillery the passage of the streams that crossed the road. The ridiculousness of the situation would have been amusing, if it had not been for the serious aspect that it was gradually assuming. Two regiments of cavalry had been embarked, and two batteries of artillery; yet not a horse or a gun had been sent to the front. Four regiments of infantry were marching along, uncertain what road to take, and unassigned to any brigade; two brigadier generals and their staffs, without orders and without commands, were sitting by the roadside, waiting for something to turn up.

This was the situation, with the enemy firing in front. Secretary Chase took it all in at a glance, and rose at once to the necessities of the occasion. Tearing some leaves from his memorandum-book, he directed me to send one of our escort back to General Wool with a written requisition for artillery and cavalry. This brought the General to the front with two pieces of artillery and some mounted troops. As he rode up, Mr. Chase expressed to him in very strong language his

astonishment at the condition of things. General Wool replied by saying that he presumed General Mansfield had felt some delicacy in assuming command over General Weber, and that General Weber had hesitated to act while General Mansfield was so near. "Talk of delicacy," exclaimed the secretary, "with the enemy firing in front! What absurdity! Let General Mansfield go to the rear and bring up re-enforcements, and that will settle all questions of delicacy." This brought about a prolonged discussion between Generals Wool and Mansfield which was carried on at a short distance from the road, under the shade of a large sycamore tree. Losing all patience, the secretary exclaimed: "Two cackling old hens!" and, turning to me with a voice and manner that would have become Wellington or Soult, he said:

"Sir! I order you in the name of the President of the United States to take command of these troops and march them upon Norfolk."

An infantry regiment was deployed at double quick, as skirmishers in advance, and the other regiments were soon moving rapidly down the Norfolk road. They had proceeded some distance before General Wool was aware of the movement. He was not long in overtaking us, however, and on his demand for an explanation from me Mr. Chase assumed the responsibility, after which we proceeded harmoniously toward our destination. At the extreme limits of the city, and before the formidable line of entrenched works was reached, a large delegation, headed by the mayor and municipal councils, made its appearance with a flag of truce and performed a most skillful ruse to gain time for the Confederates to secure their retreat from the city. The mayor, with all the formality of a medieval warden, appeared with a bunch of rusty keys and a formidable roll of papers, which he proceeded to read with the utmost deliberation previous to delivering the "keys to the city." The reading of the documents—which embraced a large portion of the history of Virginia, the causes that led to the war, the peculiar position of the good citizens of Norfolk, and in short a little of everything that could have the remotest bearing upon the subject and exhaust the longest possible space of time in reading—was protracted until nearly dark.

In the meantime the Confederates were hurrying with their artillery and stores over the ferry to Portsmouth, cutting the water pipes and flooding the public buildings, setting fire to the Navy Yard, and having their own way generally, while our general was listening in the most innocent and complacent manner to the long rigmarole so ingeniously prepared by the mayor and skillfully interlarded with ful-

some personal eulogium upon himself. Losing all patience, Mr. Chase at last interposed and suggested that any further parley was unnecessary, and that we should proceed to the city. And now another well-devised plan presented itself in the shape of a number of carriages which the mayor particularly desired should be used by the officers in taking possession of the city, the troops in the meanwhile to remain where they were.

Falling readily into this second little trap, the General accepted, and we were driven to the city hall, where more rusty keys were produced and more formal speeches made. A collection of several thousand people, some of them in butternut and gray, assembled in front of the building. While the General and the mayor were going through their high formalities, Mr. Chase asked for a pen and a piece of paper, and wrote an order assigning the command of the city to myself as military governor, which General Wool signed at his direction. Then, bidding me good-bye, he took the General by the arm and departed, leaving me the solitary occupant of the city hall, without a soldier within two miles, and with not even an aide-de-camp to assist me. The situation appeared somewhat critical. A noisy mob surrounded the building, some of the more excitable exhibiting a sort of bravado by firing pistols in the air. It was fast growing dark, although the surrounding heavens reflected the glare from the burning Navy Yard. The probable return of the *Merrimac* to a position off the city would certainly complicate matters most disagreeably, so that it became a question of no little moment to occupy with troops, as speedily as possible, the opposite side of the river, to prevent supplies from going to the *Merrimac*, and also to save the Navy Yard from total destruction.

Fortunately, an enterprising newspaper correspondent had followed the carriage on foot, and him I appointed an aide and dispatched for the troops. By the time the troops arrived the moon had risen, and by its light they were placed in position. A regiment dispatched to the Navy Yard was too late to rescue it from almost complete destruction, but it cut off the *Merrimac* from any supplies from either side of the river. It was long after midnight before the final disposition of the troops was made, and this had hardly been accomplished when, with a shock that shook the city, and with an ominous sound that could not be mistaken, the magazine of the *Merrimac* was exploded, the vessel having been cut off from supplies and deserted by the crew, and thus this most formidable engine of destruction that had

so long been a terror, not only to Hampton Roads, but to the Atlantic Coast, went to her doom, a tragic and glorious finale to the trip of the *Miami*.

In Battles and Leaders of the Civil War (Volume II, Page 15) Brigadier General Joseph B. Carr, who at the time commanded, with the rank of colonel, a brigade in the Fort Monroe district, adds some lively details to General Viele's narrative. General Carr describes the belated surrender of Norfolk after ill-timed disputes between two general officers as to rank, and stresses the lack of energy and order which followed the landing of only a part of Wool's command at a point which took in reverse the Confederate works. He then continues:

"While (part of) our troops were absent on this expedition, General Mansfield (second in command to General Wool) and myself were summoned to Fort Monroe by President Lincoln. Arriving there, Mr. Lincoln said: 'Colonel Carr, where is your command?' 'At Camp Hamilton, sir.' 'Why are you not on the other side at Norfolk?' 'I am awaiting orders.' Turning to Mansfield, Lincoln said: 'Why are you here? Why not on the other side?' 'I am ordered to the fort by General Wool,' replied Mansfield. President Lincoln with vehement action threw his tall hat on the floor, and uttering strongly his disapproval and disappointment, finally said: 'Send me some one who can write.' Colonel LeGrand B. Cannon, of Wool's staff, responded and Mr. Lincoln dictated an order to General Wool requiring that troops at Camp Hamilton be at once ordered to Norfolk, and that the troops already there be pushed rapidly forward. The order was issued, and I reported to General Viele at Norfolk and was assigned to the command of the exterior lines of defense at Portsmouth. The delays in forwarding and pushing the troops allowed the Confederates time to burn the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, and to destroy the shipping."

CHAPTER XLV

“ABOUT THE HOMELIEST MAN I EVER SAW”

(In March, 1862, Nathaniel Hawthorne, first among the imaginative writers of his generation, visited Washington, companioned by his publisher, William D. Ticknor. During a leisurely sojourn in the capital city Hawthorne and Ticknor by lucky chance became members of a deputation which one morning called on President Lincoln to present him with a whip made in a Massachusetts factory. Hawthorne on his return to his Concord home prepared an article setting forth in characteristic manner his Washington experiences, including visits to the Union Army, and to Alexandria, Harper's Ferry and Fortress Monroe, on the morrow of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, which under the title Chiefly About War-Matters was published in the issue of the Atlantic Monthly for July, 1862.

Not, however, as its author had written it. James Thomas Fields, then editor of the Atlantic, deemed it best to omit a description of Lincoln which “considered as a portrait of a living man, and drawn by Hawthorne,” he wrote nine years later in his *Yesterdays with Authors* “I thought it would not be wise or tasteful to print.” (Accordingly) “I wrote to the author and asked his permission to omit his description of the President’s personal appearance. He complied with my request without a murmur, but he always thought I was wrong in my decision. He said the whole description of the interview and the President’s personal appearance were, to his mind, the only parts of the article worth publishing.”

The article is here reprinted as Hawthorne wrote it, with the paragraphs omitted by an over-prudent editor enclosed in brackets. They make up a vivid and arresting portrait which claims a place of honor in any Lincoln gallery. It may be added that the whip presented to the President by Representative Charles R. Train of Framingham had been manufactured by the American Whip Company of Pittsfield whose wares in those days were sold from door to door in every countryside of the land.)

We were not in time to see Washington as a camp. On the very

day of our arrival sixty thousand men had crossed the Potomac on their march towards Manassas; and almost with their first step into the Virginia mud, the phantasmagory of a countless host and impregnable ramparts, before which they had so long remained quiescent, dissolved quite away. It was as if General McClellan had thrust his sword into a gigantic enemy, and, beholding him suddenly collapse, had discovered to himself and the world that he had merely punctured an enormously swollen bladder. There are instances of a similar character in old romances, where great armies are long kept at bay by the arts of necromancers, who build airy towers and battlements, and muster warriors of terrible aspect, and thus feign a defence of seeming impregnability, until some bolder champion of the besiegers dashes forward to try an encounter with the foremost foeman, and finds him melt away in the death-grapple. With such heroic adventures let the march upon Manassas be hereafter reckoned. The whole business, though connected with the destinies of a nation, takes inevitably a tinge of the ludicrous. The vast preparation of men and warlike material—the majestic patience and docility with which the people waited through those weary and dreary months—the martial skill, courage, and caution, with which our movement was ultimately made—and, at last, the tremendous shock with which we were brought suddenly up against nothing at all! The Southerners show little sense of humor nowadays, but I think they must have meant to provoke a laugh at our expense, when they planted those Quaker guns. At all events, no other Rebel artillery has played upon us with such overwhelming effect.

The troops being gone, we had the better leisure and opportunity to look into other matters. It is natural enough to suppose that the centre and heart of Washington is the Capitol; and certainly, in its outward aspect, the world has not many statelier or more beautiful edifices, nor any, I should suppose, more skillfully adapted to legislative purposes, and to all accompanying needs. . . .

Everybody seems to be at Washington, and yet there is a singular dearth of imperatively noticeable people there. I question whether there are half a dozen individuals, in all kinds of eminence, at whom a stranger, wearied with the contact of a hundred moderate celebrities, would turn round to snatch a second glance. (Here follows a thumb-nail sketch of Secretary Seward as "a pale, large-nosed, elderly man, of moderate stature, with a decided originality of gait and aspect, and a cigar in his mouth" and then Mr. Hawthorne continues):

Of course, there was one other personage, in the class of statesmen,

whom I should have been truly mortified to leave Washington without seeing; since (temporarily, at least, and by force of circumstances) he was the man of men. But a private grief had built up a barrier about him, impeding the customary free intercourse of Americans with their chief magistrate; so that I might have come away without a glimpse of his very remarkable physiognomy, save for a semi-official opportunity of which I was glad to take advantage. The fact is, we were invited to annex ourselves, as supernumeraries, to a deputation that was about to wait upon the President, from a Massachusetts whip-factory, with a present of a splendid whip.

Our immediate party consisted only of four or five (including Major Ben Perley Poore, with his notebook and pencil), but we were joined by several other persons, who seemed to have been lounging about the precincts of the White House, under the spacious porch, or within the hall, and who swarmed in with us to take the chances of a presentation. Nine o'clock had been appointed as the time for receiving the deputation, and we were punctual to the moment; but not so the President, who sent us word that he was eating his breakfast, and would come as soon as he could. His appetite, we were glad to think, must have been a pretty fair one; for we waited about half an hour in one of the antechambers, and then were ushered into a reception-room, in one corner of which sat the secretaries of War and of the Treasury, expecting, like ourselves, the termination of the Presidential breakfast. During this interval there were several new additions to our group, one or two of whom were in a working-garb, so that we formed a very miscellaneous collection of people, mostly unknown to each other, and without any common sponsor, but all with an equal right to look our head-servant in the face. By and by there was a little stir on the staircase and in the passageway, and in lounged a tall, loose-jointed figure, of an exaggerated Yankee port and demeanor, whom (as being about the homeliest man I ever saw, yet by no means repulsive or disagreeable) it was impossible not to recognize as Uncle Abe. Unquestionably, Western man though he be, and Kentuckian by birth, President Lincoln is the essential representative of all Yankees, and the veritable specimen, physically, of what the world seems determined to regard as our characteristic qualities. It is the strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitudes, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him, and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for

him to fling his lank personality into the chair of state—where, I presume, it was his first impulse to throw his legs on the council-table, and tell the Cabinet Ministers a story. There is no describing his lengthy awkwardness, nor the uncouthness of his movement; and yet it seemed as if I had been in the habit of seeing him daily, and had shaken hands with him a thousand times in some village street; so true was he to the aspect of the pattern American, though with a certain extravagance which, possibly, I exaggerated still further by the delighted eagerness with which I took it in. If put to guess his calling and livelihood, I should have taken him for a country schoolmaster as soon as anything else. He was dressed in a rusty black frock-coat and pantaloons, unbrushed, and worn so faithfully that the suit had adapted itself to the curves and angularities of his figure, and had grown to be an outer skin of the man. He had shabby slippers on his feet. His hair was black, still unmixed with gray, stiff, somewhat bushy, and had apparently been acquainted with neither brush nor comb that morning after the disarrangement of the pillow; and as to a nightcap Uncle Abe probably knows nothing of such effeminacies. His complexion is dark and sallow, betokening, I fear, an insalubrious atmosphere around the White House; he has thick black eyebrows and an impending brow; his nose is large, and the lines about his mouth are very strongly defined.

[The whole physiognomy is as coarse a one as you would meet anywhere in the length and breadth of the States; but, withal, it is redeemed, illuminated, softened, and brightened by a kindly though serious look out of his eyes, and an expression of homely sagacity, that seems weighted with rich results of village experience. A great deal of native sense; no bookish cultivation, no refinement; honest at heart, and thoroughly so, and yet, in some sort, sly—at least, endowed with a sort of tact and wisdom that are akin to craft, and would impel him, I think, to take an antagonist in flank, rather than to make a bull-run at him right in front. But, on the whole, I liked this sallow, queer, sagacious visage, with the homely human sympathies that warmed it; and, for my small share in the matter, would as lief have Uncle Abe for a ruler as any man whom it would have been practicable to put in his place.

[Immediately on his entrance the President accosted our member of Congress, who had us in charge, and, with a comical twist of his face, made some jocular remark about the length of his breakfast. He then greeted us all round, not waiting for an introduction, but shaking and squeezing everybody's hand with the utmost cordiality, whether the

individual's name was announced to him or not. His manner towards us was wholly without pretence, but yet had a kind of natural dignity, quite sufficient to keep the forwardest of us from clapping him on the shoulder and asking for a story. A mutual acquaintance being established, our leader took the whip out of its case, and began to read the address of presentation. The whip was an exceedingly long one, its handle wrought in ivory (by some artist in Massachusetts State Prison, I believe), and ornamented with a medallion of the President, and other equally beautiful devices; and along its whole length there was a succession of golden bands and ferrules. The address was shorter than the whip, but equally well made, consisting chiefly of an explanatory description of these artistic designs, and closing with a hint that the gift was a suggestive and emblematic one, and that the President would recognize the use to which such an instrument should be put.

[This suggestion gave Uncle Abe rather a delicate task in his reply, because, slight as the matter seemed, it apparently called for some declaration, or intimation, or faint foreshadowing of policy in reference to the conduct of the war, and the final treatment of the Rebels. But the President's Yankee aptness and not-to-be-caughtness stood him in good stead, and he jerked or wiggled himself out of the dilemma with an uncouth dexterity that was entirely in character; although, without his gesticulation of eye and mouth—and especially the flourish of the whip, with which he imagined himself touching up a pair of fat horses—I doubt whether his words would be worth recording, even if I could remember them. The gist of the reply was that he accepted the whip as an emblem of peace, not punishment; and, this great affair over, we retired out of his presence in high good humor, only regretting that we could not have seen the President sit down and fold up his legs (which is said to be a most extraordinary spectacle), or have heard him tell one of those delectable stories for which he is so celebrated. A good many of them are afloat upon the common talk of Washington, and are certainly the aptest, pithiest, and funniest little things imaginable; though, to be sure, they smack of the frontier freedom, and would not always bear repetition in a drawing-room, or on the immaculate page of the Atlantic.]

Good Heavens! what liberties have I been taking with one of the potentates of the earth, and the man on whose conduct more important consequences depend than on that of any other historical personage of the century! But with whom is an American citizen entitled to take a liberty, if not with his own chief magistrate? However, lest the above allusions to President Lincoln's little peculiarities (already well

known to the country and to the world) should be misinterpreted, I deem it proper to say a word or two, in regard to him, of unfeigned respect and measurable confidence. He is evidently a man of keen faculties, and, what is still more to the purpose, of powerful character. As to his integrity, the people have that intuition of it which is never deceived. Before he actually entered upon his great office, and for a considerable time afterward, there is no reason to suppose that he adequately estimated the gigantic task about to be imposed on him, or, at least, had any distinct idea how it was to be managed; and I presume there may have been more than one veteran politician who proposed to take the power out of President Lincoln's hands into his own, leaving our honest friend only the public responsibility for the good or ill success of the career. The extremely imperfect development of his statesmanly qualities, at that period, may have justified such designs. But the President is teachable by events, and has now spent a year in a very arduous course of education; he has a flexible mind, capable of much expansion, and convertible towards far loftier studies and activities than those of his early life; and if he came to Washington a back-woods humorist, he has already transformed himself into as good a statesman (to speak moderately) as his prime minister. . . .

CHAPTER XLVI

FIRST MEETINGS WITH MR. LINCOLN IN WAR DAYS

There are here reprinted accounts of five first meetings with Mr. Lincoln, the earliest in 1860, a few weeks after his election to the Presidency, the second in 1861, and the other three in 1863, midway in his period of service in that office. Two embody the recollections of members of the House and Senate—George W. Julian of Indiana and Cornelius Cole of California; a third those of Levi S. Gould, sometime clerk in the Treasury Department under Secretary Chase; a fourth those of Robert S. Rantoul, an honored member of the Massachusetts bar, and in the fifth George D. Gitt tells how as a lad of fifteen he heard the Gettysburg Address.

Mr. Julian's recollections were first published in *The Chicago Tribune* of February 7, 1909; those of Mr. Gould in the January, 1913, issue of *The Magazine of American History*, and those of Mr. Rantoul formed a part of the proceedings of the January, 1909, meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The recollections of Mr. Cole, as told in his hundred and first year to Maybel Sherman, first appeared in the February 10, 1923, issue of *Collier's Weekly*, and Mr. Gitt's memories of the Gettysburg Address, put on paper in his eighty-sixth year, were originally published in the November, 1933, issue of *Liberty*, a New York periodical. All five have pertinent and instructive things to tell about Mr. Lincoln.)

1. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. JULIAN

My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, when I visited him at his home in Springfield. I had a curiosity to see the famous railsplitter, as he was then familiarly called, and as a member-elect of the Thirty-seventh Congress I desired to form some acquaintance with the man who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the impending crisis. Although I had zealously supported him in the canvass and was strongly impressed by the grasp of thought and aptness of expression which marked his great debates with Douglas, yet as a thorough going Free Soiler and a member of the radical wing of Republicanism, my prepossessions were against him. He was a Kentuckian, and a conservative Whig, who had supported Taylor in 1848 and

Scott four years later, when the Whig party finally sacrificed both its character and its life on the altar of slavery. His nomination, moreover, had been secured through the diplomacy of conservative Republicans, whose morbid dread of abolitionism unfitted them, as I believed, for leadership in the battle with slavery which had now become inevitable, while the defeat of Mr. Seward had been to me a severe disappointment and a real personal grief. Still, I did not wish to do Mr. Lincoln the slightest injustice, while I hoped and believed his courage and firmness would prove equal to the emergency.

On meeting him, I found him better looking than the campaign pictures had represented. These, as a general rule, were wretched caricatures. His face, when lighted up in conversation, was not un-handsome, and the kindly and winning tones of his voice pleaded for him, as did the smile which played about his rugged features. He was full of anecdote and humor, and readily found his way to the hearts of those who enjoyed a welcome to his fireside. His face, however, was sometimes marked by that touching expression of sadness which became so generally noticeable in the following years. I was much pleased with our first Republican executive, and returned home more fully inspired than ever with the purpose to sustain him to the utmost in facing the duties of his great office.

The chief purpose of this visit, however, related to another matter. The rumor was then current and generally credited, that Simon Cameron and Caleb B. Smith were to be made cabinet ministers, and I desired to enter my protest against such a movement. Mr. Lincoln heard me patiently, but made no committal; and the subsequent selection of these representatives of Pennsylvania and Indiana Republicanism, along with Seward and Chase, illustrated the natural tendency of his mind to mediate between opposing forces. This was further illustrated a little later when some of his old Whig friends pressed the appointment of an incompetent and unfit man for an important position. When I remonstrated against it, Mr. Lincoln replied: "There is much force in what you say, but, in the balancing of matters, I guess I shall have to appoint him." This balancing of matters was a source of infinite vexation during his administration, as it has been to his successors; but it was then easier to criticize this policy than to point the way to any practicable method of avoiding it.

His character had been grossly misrepresented and maligned in both sections of the Union; and the critical condition naturally whetted the appetite of all parties to see and hear the man who was now the central figure of the republic. The tone of moderation, tender-

ness, and good will which breathed through his inaugural speech made a profound impression in his favor; while his voice rang out over the acres of people before him with surprising distinctness and, I think, was heard in the remotest part of his audience.

2. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GOULD

Secretary of the Treasury (Chase) on his accession found, among other things, a depleted treasury. (He) was at his wits' end to keep the government moving, and so acting under authority of the Loan Act of the 17th of July, 1861, an appeal was made directly to the patriotism of the people of the land to subscribe to a popular loan which was to bear interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent per annum to assist the government in meeting its pressing obligations. These bonds were issued in denominations of from \$50 to \$10,000 each, so that all might have an opportunity to help. They were made payable to the order of the subscriber, and his or her name was written as the final act, after the money was received, and before it was mailed to the owner.

It was my duty to perform this clerical act, and so it happened that every dollar of this loan passed through my hands. As soon as this appeal was made, it was wonderful how people of all classes, from the humble mechanic . . . to those of wealth and refinement, rose with a mighty response, and by this act alone, the government was saved from impending financial disaster, and furnished with those sinews of war which ever after flowed into the treasury as needs demanded. Individuals and societies of limited means pooled their surplus, and subscribed sufficiently to purchase the bonds of small denominations, and even little children came forward with their savings to help the government. (One) little girl wrote a letter which ran something like this:

“Dear Mr. Lincoln:

“I am a little girl twelve years old. Papa and Jimmy are gone to the war and only mamma and myself are left at home. Mamma heard there was no money to pay the soldiers, so we have scraped together fifty dollars, all we can spare and send it to you, dear Mr. Lincoln, to help you out. Won't you let Jimmy come home?”

At this period I became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. The room in which I worked overlooked the White House grounds. My desk was close beside the window, and every time I looked out those grounds and the house itself were in full view. In fact it was but a step away

from the Treasury building, and so the President in leisure moments quite often sauntered into the (private) office of the Secretary. After the seven-thirty bonds were offered for subscription, he came over, I should think, about once a month, sat down beside me, counted out what money he was able to spare from his salary, and invested the same in these bonds, while they lasted, or in a second issue of similar character. He waited until they were duly issued to his order, and then took them away.

These formalities occupied quite a while, during which he sat with his legs crossed in the most democratic way. He was of swarthy complexion, about six feet four inches tall, gaunt, ungainly to my mind, and almost untidy, never being quite certain as to what he ought to do with either his arms or legs, which were stretched out in almost any uncertain fashion. An ordinary observer might have set him down as a typical product of the malarial districts of the Ohio and Mississippi, toned down by his surroundings, for he certainly looked it. Not that he was ugly in appearance, as the word goes, or coarse in manner, for he was gentle and gracious in speech and of an exceedingly generous and kindly disposition, as his many acts of mercy amply attest.

In some of his visits he appeared to be laboring under an indescribable air of sadness and dejection, and on such occasions he seemed to be entirely wrapped in thought, and was oblivious to all surroundings until the depression had passed away, when he was the same genial, kind-hearted soul as ever. While his investments may not have amounted to a large sum (they were) evidence of the truth, confidence and sincerity of the leader of his people.

3. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. RANTOUL

I was visiting Washington in January, 1863, and saw Mr. Lincoln for the first time at a public reception in the East Room of the White House. When he got my card from the officer in attendance, he repeated the name to himself several times and then said: "I wonder if you are connected with a lawyer of that name who came to Illinois, about 1850, to secure from our legislature the charter of the Illinois Central Railroad?" I told him that was my father. Upon which he burst forth with a great roar of laughter, and much gesticulation, and said that he did all he could to stop it, but was not successful. He said he was retained by local capitalists who, although they could not then build the road as they had been intending, were very unwilling that eastern capitalists should step in and secure a grant which would make

it forever impossible for them to build a road. But they were defeated. He favored me with some minutes of interesting conversation on this theme, and spoke with such amused good-humor of the incident that my reception whetted rather than allayed my curiosity to see more of this extraordinary man. I had done what I could to help secure his election in 1860, and had, five years before that date, been active in the organization of the Republican Party of Massachusetts. I may add that I saw Mr. Lincoln a number of times after that day.

Our Essex Congressman at that time was John B. Alley, one of a little group of business men in Congress upon whose knowledge of financial matters Mr. Lincoln was much inclined to lean. The Boston Congressman, Samuel Hooper, was another of them. Mr. Alley asked me and Mr. Endicott, our associate member, who was in Washington at the time, if we would like to see Mr. Lincoln in the privacy of his own office and in absolute freedom from constraint. If so, he could readily secure an appointment with him at some early hour, before he put on his harness for the duties of the day. Of course we assented, and an interview was arranged. We met the President, only the three other persons named being present, in the little office where he had his war maps and writing materials, but almost no furniture. A three-quarters-length portrait of President Jackson hung over the fireplace. Here Mr. Lincoln, in absolute disregard of all conventionalisms whether of speech or bearing, allowed his conversation to ramble on from topic to topic in a way that gave more insight into the workings of his mind than an hour passed in his presence under any other circumstances could have afforded.

I omit all reference to his very extraordinary personality, so often described and now familiar, except to note that he had a habit, constantly practised by Rufus Choate, of passing his right hand slowly around his head and through his unkempt hair, when actively engaged in thought. His clothing was in hopeless disorder, and I thought him then, and I think him now, the most ungainly man I have ever seen. His features, not so familiar then as they are now, were strong, expressive and sympathetic, and lighted up with intelligence and enthusiasm the moment his mind found itself in touch with another.

Much of the time of the interview was consumed in questioning me as to public men in Massachusetts. After renewing his inquiries about my father, who had died in 1852, he passed to Rufus Choate, who had died in 1859, and in whom he seemed greatly interested. He then took up, in turn, Garrison and Wendell Phillips—then living leaders of

thought—and I think I am right in adding, Theodore Parker, who had died two years before. Upon all these he asked questions and made comments which showed so great an insight into the personal politics of our section as to be truly astonishing. After learning all I was able to tell of the attitude of these and some other Massachusetts men, and of the estimation in which they were held at home, he took up Robert C. Winthrop, and began to speak of him with an interest which amounted to enthusiasm. This surprised me, for the two men seemed to be antipodes of one another. He told us that he had been travelling in New England on a professional or political errand, when he learned from the newspapers that by stopping over a day or two he would be able to attend a Whig state convention in Massachusetts. The temptation was too great to be resisted. He had long been curious to see how these matters were conducted in Massachusetts, because, while he was sure our methods must be different from those in use in the West, he had formed little idea what our methods were. Accordingly he indulged himself in a little delay, and was rewarded by listening to a speech of Mr. Winthrop in the convention, which he pronounced without qualification to have been the best occasional address of the kind he had ever listened to before or since. It should be said that he had known Mr. Winthrop in Washington. They were members of the same Congress, and Mr. Winthrop had been the speaker of it. In fact Lincoln might claim to have elected Winthrop to the speakership, for he voted for Winthrop, and the choice was decided by a single vote.

I think that the recital of these facts tends to throw a sidelight on the political methods of Mr. Lincoln. If Mr. Lincoln knew as much of the personnel of local politics all over this broad domain as he knew of the personnel of local politics in Massachusetts, he had a genius for detail worthy of the first Napoleon. It lets us into the nature of the political training in which he was schooled and which stood him in such good stead after he had reached a height where he could, to a degree, forego personal politics and deal more largely with guiding principles and with men in the mass. It seems to show that, like an athlete, he had made himself strong by carefully taking the measure of his antagonists in all the stages of his progress—first the lesser and then the greater—and that he was keenly interested to know every seam and joint in the armor of any public man with whom he might possibly be called upon to break a lance.

4. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. COLE

I first saw Abraham Lincoln in March, 1863, when I made a trip to the East from California via the Isthmus of Panama. It was at the President's levee and, of course, I wrote to my family in the West, telling them my impressions. This letter proves that I, like many others of the time, misjudged the man and surely underrated his abilities:

"Last night I was at the President's levee and saw many of the dignitaries. A few moments ago I saw Burnside and at first view was satisfied of his incompetency to command the army. It is strange that our President and others have so little perception of character. Lincoln is a good-natured Westerner."

Later at one of the White House receptions Mrs. Cole and I waited in the long line to be received. She somehow dropped one of her white gloves and was not conscious of it until we had moved up and it was our turn to greet the President and Mrs. Lincoln. She stood looking about her in dismay for the missing glove, and the President, seeing what had happened, watched her with an amused smile. In a moment he said: "Never mind, Mrs. Cole, I shall have a search made for it tomorrow, and shall preserve it as a souvenir."

This remark, coming from a man to whom book etiquette was a thing unknown, proved him to be an inborn gentleman. His deportment never missed, because it was the expression of his friendly feeling for all. He did not offend because in his heart he felt no animosity for anyone. Always in consultation he was argumentative, but not dictatorial. He was one of the best of listeners and was always open to conviction, yet if his own reasons were well founded, and no one had a better reason to offer, he could not be moved. But he was never offensively opinionated.

His profuse use of anecdotes is, of course, a matter of history. I remember one day that Mr. Shannon and I went to see Mr. Lincoln regarding some legislation that concerned California. He could not comply with our wishes in the matter, and in order to let us know that conversation on the subject had terminated, he told us this story:

In the early times in Springfield, there were three churches, all orthodox, a Methodist, a Baptist, and a Presbyterian. A young fellow came there very unexpectedly to preach the Universalist doctrine and to establish a church of that faith. That particular creed was very unpopular at the time, and these three orthodox preachers determined to get together and preach him down. They consolidated their con-

gregations and determined to take turns addressing them. When it came to the turn of the Methodist preacher he began by telling them how happily situated they were, both in temporal and spiritual things, and then remarked that "there now comes among us a stranger to preach a new doctrine, to establish a new church in which the doctrine will be taught that *all men* will be saved. But, my brethren," he concluded fervently, "let us all hope for better things." . . .

During the last two years of the war I went in and out of the White House at will. I usually found Lincoln in his own room on the second floor in the southeast corner of the building. In warm weather the door stood open and anyone could go in unannounced. I was accustomed to doing so. Seated at his desk in the farther end of the room, but not facing the door, more with his back to it, I generally found him. He always arose and gave me a cordial welcome.

On one of those days when I went in unannounced I saw a look of distress on his face such as I had never seen on any human countenance. I stood still, not wishing to disturb him. Suddenly he saw me and swiftly the look of pain passed as he greeted me with his usual smile. I stayed with him a long time that day and we went over the war maps. It was then that I took occasion to mention my fears for him. I had gained access to his room so easily and anyone else might have done the same.

He listened silently, as he always did, but did not seem to be impressed with my plea. When I had finished he said: "When I first came here, I made up my mind that I would not be dying all the while." He was thoughtful for a moment, then continued: "I have observed that one man's life is as dear to him as another's, and he could not expect to take my life without losing his own." Then, as an afterthought: "Besides, if anyone wanted to, he could shoot me from some window as I ride by daily to the Soldiers' Home. But I do not believe it is my fate to die in this way."

This conversation took place just about a year before he was assassinated.

I was one of the last to see President Lincoln alive. It was in the afternoon of the fatal April 14th that Schuyler Colfax and I went together from Willard's Hotel to see him to protest against an order issued by a general the day before. Mr. Colfax had hardly launched into the subject when Mr. Lincoln interrupted him with: "I have already changed the order."

We departed, and that night I went to New York. While I was on the train I was awakened and learned that the beloved President had been shot.

5. RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GITT

As every one knows, the simplicity, the quiet kindness which were so much a part of the great Lincoln, became more than ever manifest when he spoke those few classic words that make up the Gettysburg Address. But the writhings of soul of the magnanimous Lincoln, as revealed at that moment when private anxieties as well as the grave national crisis wrung his heart almost to the breaking point, lie recorded only in the memories of those few of us still living who saw and heard him on that Day of the Dedication, as November 19, 1863, is still familiarly called in and around Gettysburg.

Threescore and ten years have passed away since that address fell upon the ears of an assemblage that stood, as I well remember, motionless and silent. Many bowed their heads and, almost without exception, men doffed their hats. They mistook the speech for a prayer. A group of Negroes moaned forth an "Amen" in each pause.

I, a boy of fifteen, intent upon being as close to Lincoln as was physically possible without being on top of the platform, had concealed myself earlier in the day among the huge store boxes that formed the foundations of the structure; and during the delivery of the address I stood with my heart in my mouth, literally at the feet of my hero. Early in the evening of the previous day I had heard the shrill whistling of a locomotive at an hour when no train ever entered our village of Hanover, which lies about fourteen miles east of Gettysburg and a mile or two farther north of the Mason-Dixon line. Immediately I hastened toward the station, but not alone, for others had heard the whistling and were equally curious.

To my vast surprise I discovered that the special train on which Lincoln was journeying to Gettysburg had developed a hot box, and was therefore being shunted from the main line into the Hanover siding. Of course some had assumed that there would be no stop after a junction point ten miles to the east, and consequently, earlier in the day had gone there, hoping to get a glimpse of the President. But enough townsmen had remained at home so that within a few minutes after the first whistle blasts a crowd surrounded the coach in which Lincoln sat writing the latter part of his address, the top of his high hat serving as a makeshift desk.

There was no cheering. The babble of the crowd was subdued. The locomotive, with the forward car of which the offending axle was a part, rolled off to the repair shop. Then a voice was raised. "Father Abraham! Father Abraham! Come forth! Your children want to see

you." The crowd gave way, and the minister of the village Lutheran church, one Rev. Alleman, continuing his appeal, stepped close to the coach. A moment later Lincoln's tall figure appeared in the doorway. Stooping so that the crown of his head would clear the lintel, he strode out on the platform, smiled sadly, and slowly descended to the lower step.

I was close by. In order that I might touch the skirts of Lincoln's coat, I squirmed beneath the coach and wriggled between its wheels, and as I emerged my shoulder brushed the President's knee. The great, kindly face looked down at me and again smiled wistfully, and the great, friendly hand patted my proud, happy head. Thrilled and strangely moved, I forthwith made up my mind to go to Gettysburg the next day, even though I should have to walk. With his eyes still fixed on me Lincoln began to speak; and while he spoke his thoughts seemed to be far away and unrelated to the words he uttered, for that day his mountainous troubles were peaked by a distressing anxiety due to the critical condition of his little son Tad.

After thanking the townspeople for being good enough to greet him, he referred to the fight which had taken place at Hanover on the day before the opening of the Battle of Gettysburg as the "prelude to one of the world's most momentous battles." He said it was his opinion that had not General Jeb Stuart been engaged by General Kilpatrick at Hanover and as a result been turned east, General Lee would have had the support, from the very beginning of the conflict at Gettysburg, of his best-trained and most effective cavalry forces under the command of his ablest general.

Scarcely had the train departed when two of my brothers and I sought out our father and succeeded in arranging for the use of our old family mare next day. Early the following morning we were on our way. When we reached Gettysburg there was a parade in progress. Astride a large sorrel horse, Lincoln rode well forward in the procession, preceded by Colonel Graham and his Fifth New York Regiment of Artillery, and followed by an escort made up of Chief Marshal Ward H. Lamon, General Wright, General Doubleday, General Mason, and their staffs. In the van of the parade was a brass band; scattered through its length of less than a quarter mile were lodge delegations, regiments of cavalry and artillery, and other brass bands, while a host of folk from the surrounding countryside brought up the rear.

Becoming separated from my brothers, I hastened to the spot about to be dedicated as a national cemetery. There I hid under the speak-

ers' stand. Finally, when the parade had reached the cemetery and had disbanded and the platform was heavy with personages, official and unofficial, and Christ Church choir, which was ranged along the one side, began to chant, I discovered the whereabouts of Lincoln and stationed myself at the feet of my hero. Through a crack between the planks I could look directly into Lincoln's face. Its deep lines, the wrinkled brow, the deep-set brooding eyes burned indelible images into my memory. Now, although a man of eighty-five, I still feel keenly those tuggings at the heartstrings which seized me that autumn day when I gazed into the face of the President who knew more trials and tribulations than any other of our Chief Executives.

The pause that had followed the prayer by Dr. Stockton, chaplain of the House of Representatives, now gave way to stirrings-about above. I shifted my position to another crack close to the front of the platform. Edward Everett was unfolding the manuscript of his oration; but I was not interested. I returned to my former position. Until Edward Everett began to speak the President gazed into space; and then, as the first period of that ornate oration, which was to consume an hour and twenty minutes, was uttered, he leaned from one side to the other and crossed his legs, turning his eyes full upon the speaker. Somewhat later he again shifted his position and rested his chin in the palm of his right hand. His eyes now wandered over the audience. Frequently he swallowed hard and tears welled as he spied the black weeds of some bereft mother or widow.

When Edward Everett finished speaking, Lincoln slowly took his hand from his chin, bent slightly forward, and very deliberately drew from an inner pocket of his coat a few flimsy pieces of paper. These he shuffled from hand to hand until the particular sheet he was seeking appeared. Leaning back in the chair again, but without recrossing his legs, he intently studied what he had written on that sheet. The posture was characteristic, and some sculptor has long since given it permanency in bronze. Tucking away the papers, he arose, and very slowly stepped to the front of the platform. The flutter and motion of the crowd ceased the moment the President was on his feet. Such was the quiet that his footfalls, I remember very distinctly, woke echoes, and with the creaking of the boards, it was as if some one were walking through the hallways of an empty house.

The crack through which for a moment or two I had glanced at Edward Everett I now found to be of no use, for Lincoln had stationed himself just a little in front of it, and only his coat tails were visible. An instant later, to my great relief, he stepped back a pace or

two and again I could look up into that sad face with its furrowed brow. The brooding eyes now glowed with a strange light such as is sometimes provoked by a fever. Then Lincoln began to speak. Word followed word so slowly that the value of each syllable was unduly magnified. "Fourscore and seven years ago our forefathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation"—here there was a decided pause; this pause I well remember because I held my breath, wondering what had happened to cause it—"conceived in liberty"—another pause and more high emphasis, this time on the word "liberty"—"and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Beginning with the next sentence he spoke more rapidly, but somewhere near the middle of the address he slowed again to the tempo of the opening words.

Now the group of Negroes off to one side, that had been wailing "Amens" in an undertone, lifted their voices higher and higher as the simple eloquence of Lincoln moved them. A number of them were weeping; others with closed eyes repeated phrases of the address. The deep resonant voice continued: ". . . whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure." These words were spoken very slowly indeed. With the next sentence he quickened his delivery, and when he came to "gave the last full measure of devotion," tears trickled down his cheeks, and I could not help some welling up in my own eyes.

Then he cleared his throat. With a large white handkerchief, which he drew from the inner pocket of his coat and allowed to dangle for a moment from his right hand, he brushed away the tears and mopped his brow, and for the first time, as I remember, shifted his feet. During the final phrases of the address I was thrilled as I had not been by all the previous sentences. It was certainly not what he said that made me feel so, but the way and manner of his saying it.

With the address finished, the assemblage stood motionless and silent. The heads of many were bowed as were those of the Negroes, who now, with a long and solemn "Amen," were the only ones to disturb the stillness. The extreme brevity of the address together with its abrupt close had so astonished the hearers that they stood transfixed. Had not Lincoln turned and moved toward his chair, the audience would very likely have remained voiceless for several moments more. Finally there came applause and a calling, "Yes! Yes! Government for the people!" It was as if the Blue Ridge Mountains to the west were echoing Lincoln's concluding and keynote thought.

Edward Everett was one of the first to approach the President and

shake hands with him. He said with feeling that Lincoln's few eloquent words had been written upon the memory of man and would endure, while his own were only for the moment. The others of importance who had been seated well forward on the platform, now surrounded the President. Noticing that some of the Christ Church choir members were trying to approach him, he waved aside the notables and began to shake hands with the singers.

Among them was a girl of fifteen, several years younger than any of the others, Louisa Vandersloot. He had heard her high, clear soprano voice; he motioned her toward him. Leaning over two of the older choristers, he extended his long arm and, as she puts it, "his great, warm, all-enveloping hand took hold of my little one and almost crushed it." That evening, during a reception, the President again singled out this girl and once more crushed her tender fingers with his great hand. She is now a woman of almost my age—Mrs. M. O. Smith; and frequently we exchange reminiscences of the Day of the Dedication. She, just as I, fairly felt his kindness and greatness of soul and "tingled all over" when he held her close to him.

Meanwhile I and my brothers, whom I found at the back of the platform, made our way to the edge of the crowd, and among the huge rocks with which that part of the battlefield was still covered in spots we scrambled until we reached the highway leading to town. Over its dusty course we hurried to the home of Judge Wills, which stood on a corner of the village green. It was there that Lincoln was being entertained; and I felt sure that the judge, a friend of my father, would see to it that we got to shake hands with Lincoln.

We entered the Wills home by way of the kitchen. The judge and the President had just driven up to the front door and were having trouble to explain to a crowd that there would be no reception before evening. When we ventured into the front hall, the judge had closed the door and was asking Lincoln whether he cared to lunch then or an hour later. The President said he was not hungry and wanted to rest. Just as he was about to go upstairs we boys stepped out of a dusky corner. The judge immediately recognized us and smiled.

"Well, how did you fellows get in here?" he inquired. "I think I know what you want. I'm sure the President will shake hands with you. Here, Mr. President, are the sons of an old friend of mine. They have come over from Hanover to see you."

Without hesitation the President turned and shook hands with each of us, remarking that he was greatly pleased that we had thought it worthwhile to journey to Gettysburg and help with our presence in

the dedication of the battlefield. Then, putting an arm around me and a hand on my younger brother's shoulder, he added: "The fight in your town must have furnished you fellows considerable excitement. Maybe more than you cared for." These words I remember as vividly as if they had been spoken only yesterday.

He then said something about hoping the war would soon end so that no more young men would have to be called to the front. With great emotion and with tears in his eyes he spoke of all the heart-aches and the pangs that all the horror of the war caused him. "May the whole terrible thing soon end," he murmured as he turned away from us. As he started to ascend the stairs he sighed deeply and cleared his throat. A moment later he disappeared into the shadows that enveloped the upper reaches of the stairway.

CHAPTER XLVII

STROKES THAT GIVE LIFE TO A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

(There are here assembled some revealing glimpses of Mr. Lincoln, gathered from various quarters and viewing him from sharply different angles, which seem to the editor to eminently deserve a place in the present collection, for each of them in its own way bears witness to the fact that, despite his caution, shrewdness and innate secretiveness, Mr. Lincoln at all times and in all places was moved by the impulses and ambitions of the average man.

1. **WHY PRESIDENT LINCOLN SENT FOR MARSHAL JONES** constitutes the conclusion of an article on General Grant contributed by Major General James Harrison Wilson to the September, 1892, issue of *The Century Magazine*. Born in Illinois in 1837, General Wilson was one of the younger captains who achieved enduring fame in the Civil War, organizing and leading the great cavalry raid which ended that conflict, and resulted in the capture of Jefferson Davis. He knew at first hand General Grant's modesty and loyalty to his friends, and he also could appraise with a keen yet tolerant understanding of human nature the motives which caused President Lincoln when his first term drew to a close to covet a second term as President.

2. **A BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF MR. LINCOLN** by Thomas S. Hopkins was first published in the May, 1922, issue of *St. Nicholas*. In here reprinting it, the editor, with what he feels is pardonable license, has changed the narrative from the third to the first person. Mr. Hopkins was descended from a family whose American history goes back to the early colonial period, and after the Civil War he had a long, varied and useful career in his native state. One has good reasons to prize his youthful memories of Mr. Lincoln, especially his glimpse of the President eating an apple held in both hands.

3. **TWICE EACH WEEK MR. LINCOLN MET THE PUBLIC** is the title given to the reprinting of pertinent parts of an article by Thomas B. Bancroft originally published in the February, 1909, issue of *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Bancroft was a Philadelphia business man of standing and substance, who in old age could recall many piquant experiences, but none, perhaps, that afforded him such lively satisfaction as did

the memories of his meeting with Mr. Lincoln in the troubled summer of 1862 when the future of the Union hung in the balance.

4. "MY FAITH IS GREATER THAN YOURS," SAID MR. LINCOLN titles an account by James F. Wilson of Iowa of an unusual interview with the President first published in the December, 1896, issue of The North American Review. Mr. Wilson, a man of sturdy character and hard commonsense, was a Republican leader in the lower branch of Congress during the Civil War period and enjoyed in generous measure the confidence of Mr. Lincoln. He was born at Newark, Ohio in 1828. There he completed an academic education and while serving an apprenticeship to the harness-maker's trade studied law in his leisure hours. He was admitted to the bar in 1851, and two years later moved to Fairfield, Iowa, where he soon won success in his profession, and, first as a Free Soil Democrat and then as a Republican, became a leader in local and state politics. In 1856 Mr. Wilson was a member of the convention which framed a constitution for Iowa, and after that served three terms in the state legislature. In 1861 he succeeded Samuel R. Curtis as the representative of his district in the Federal House of Representatives, and for eight years was a member of that body. For twelve years following 1883 he served in the Federal Senate. He died at Fairfield in April, 1895. During Mr. Wilson's latter years of service in the House he was chairman of its judiciary committee and played an influential part in the framing and adoption by Congress of the amendment to the Constitution which gave full force and effect to Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

5. A SON WHO DID NOT KNOW HIS FATHER, titles a letter Robert Todd Lincoln, a few weeks after his father's death wrote to Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, then one of the editors of The Republican at Springfield, Massachusetts.)

1. WHY PRESIDENT LINCOLN SENT FOR MARSHAL JONES

When Vicksburg and the army defending it fell before his well-directed blows, no name in all the land brought so much pleasure to the minds of the loyal and patriotic people as did that of Ulysses S. Grant. President Lincoln hastened to write him a cordial and magnanimous letter, saying in regard to the forecast of the campaign: "I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I wrong." It is worthy of remark that whatever were Lincoln's opinions during the campaign he kept them to himself, and, so far as General Grant knew then, did not in any way try to influence him or his movements. It is also worthy of remark that notwithstanding the

heartiness and magnanimity of the letter just referred to, a new source of anxiety had arisen in Lincoln's mind in regard to General Grant, and the nature and extent of this anxiety will best appear from the following anecdote:

Amongst the most sagacious and prudent of General Grant's friends was J. Russell Jones, formerly of Galena, at that time United States marshal for the northern district of Illinois, and also a warm and trusted friend of the President. Mr. Jones, feeling a deep interest in General Grant, and having friends and neighbors under his command, had joined the army at Vicksburg and was there on the day of its final triumph. Lincoln hearing this, and knowing his intimacy with Grant, sent for him shortly after to come to Washington. Mr. Jones started immediately, but stopped at his office and got his mail on the way to the train. After the train started he opened his mail to find a letter from Grant answering one Jones had written him urging him to pay no attention to the newspapers trying to run him for President. Grant said that he had as big a job as one man could ask, that he was out to defeat the rebels, and that everything that reached him trying to push him into politics went into the wastebasket. On his arrival at the railway station in Washington Mr. Jones was met by the President's servant and carriage, taken directly to the White House, and at once shown into the President's room. After a hurried but cordial greeting the President led the way to the library, closed the doors, and when he was sure they were entirely alone, addressed him as follows:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

Mr. Jones, although somewhat astonished at the question and the circumstances under which it was asked, replied at once:

"No, Mr. President."

"Are you sure?" queried the latter.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently and talked fully and freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you reelected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the country." (Whereupon Jones handed Grant's letter to the President. Mr. Lincoln read it with evident interest. When he came to the part where Grant said it would be impossible for him to think of the Presidency as long as there was a possibility of retaining Mr. Lincoln in the

office, he read no further, but arose, and approached Jones, put his hand on his guest's shoulder and said:)

"Ah, Mr. Jones, you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

2. A BOY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LINCOLN

I was a country boy of sixteen when the Civil War broke out in 1861. I wanted to enlist, but my parents would not consent. I was persistent in my appeals to them. This continued for a year, and the war went on. Great battles were fought, and some of my older schoolmates were wounded and some were killed. I was nearly beside myself, and finally in June, 1862, my mother, giving way to the thought that perhaps duty was calling, yielded, and I was soon drilling with a new regiment under the shadow of the State House.

Perhaps one may gain some idea as to the character of my mother from the following incident: I had been given two days' leave to say a final good-by to her. The moment had come, and we stood together on the front steps of the old home. I was dressed in my new blue uniform, a rather youthful looking soldier. Her face was white, but there were no tears in her eyes and no faltering in her speech. She controlled her emotions for my sake. Down through the branches of the elm that for more than a century had cast its shade over the lawn filtered the sunlight of a June morning and seemed to form a halo about her head. Gently kissing me, she looked into my eyes, and her last words were: "My son, never let me hear that you turned your back to the enemy!" Before the year had closed I was in a hospital with a gunshot wound.

My first view of Mr. Lincoln was soon after the battle of Antietam, in the fall of 1862. Mr. Lincoln had come to review the Army of the Potomac. Our regiment had marched a long distance in the early morning to reach the reviewing field and then came a long, long wait. I was tired, hungry, and thirsty. But finally there came the sound of bugles and loud cries of "Attention!" from officers. A cloud of dust swept toward us from far down the line, and out of it gradually emerged a great number of field and staff-officers, their horses galloping rapidly. At the head rode Major General George B. McClellan, and at his side a civilian, dressed in black and wearing a high silk hat. The contrast between the latter and those who were attired in all the glittering panoply of war was striking. In the passing glimpse that I obtained, about all that could be observed was that Mr. Lincoln was

very tall and rode his horse with wonderful ease. But in the fraction of the moment that my eyes rested on Mr. Lincoln, somehow my heart warmed toward the great man, and I whispered softly to myself: "I'm glad I enlisted!"

After fourteen months at the front, I was sent to a hospital in Washington. The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was on the steps of the White House, one evening late in 1863. Mr. Lincoln came out of the front entrance and entered a carriage to be driven to his summer cottage at the Soldiers' Home outside of the city. This was a close-range view.

My father, in eating an apple, had the rather unusual habit of holding it in both hands. Mr. Lincoln, as he stepped out on the portico of the White House, was eating an apple which *he was holding in both hands!* He had on the inevitable high hat, which he wore summer and winter. Still eating the apple, he passed down the steps, bowing and smiling, and entered the closed carriage. He had to bend his tall body very much before he could enter.

The thing that I remember best and care most to remember was the smile that flitted across Mr. Lincoln's plain and rugged face. It was not forced. It was as spontaneous as the smile of a mother looking down into the face of the child in her arms. Only the smile of Him who was meek and lowly could have been sweeter and more inspiring. But there was nothing about him that was imposing or awesome; no exhibition of the pride or arrogance, or even the reserve, that sometimes characterizes the attitudes of rulers of great nations. The world now knows that he loved not himself, but his fellow man. My boy's heart warmed toward him, and I longed to hear him speak.

Having become unfit for service at the front, I was detailed for duty in the War Department. From that time on, I saw Mr. Lincoln almost daily. Many times I saw him driving to or from his summer home, and usually he was followed by a body-guard of cavalry, with long lances at the ends of which fluttered tiny red flags. Frequently, after dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln drove for pleasure through the streets and parks. Sometimes the President walked, but not often. I heard him address regiments returning from the front, attended receptions at the White House and took the great man's hand. Later in the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln would come into the spacious East Room for a few moments. It was a brilliant spectacle for a country boy to witness. The great men of the nation—those high in official life, diplomats from foreign countries in court dress and bedecked with brilliant decorations, generals of the army in full uniform—and ladies young and old, wearing such beautiful costumes and adorned with

such glittering diamonds as I had never dreamed of, were there, and excited my wonder. The crush was so great that the system of checking wraps, etc., frequently got out of hand; and on one of these occasions, I lost my hat and was forced much to my chagrin, to escort a very sweet girl home with no covering for my head. The girl forgave me, and later, to emphasize the fact, married me; but she still teases me about it.

I will never forget the last time I saw this greatest of men. It was on Friday evening of April 14th, 1865. That evening, just before sunset, a companion and I were walking near the Navy Yard entrance, when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln passed in the White House carriage, evidently intending to drive through the Navy Yard grounds. The usual mounted body-guard was not in attendance. It was because of the absence of any guard, perhaps, that my companion and I stopped and watched them pass. The lines in the President's face had deepened and lengthened. Otherwise it was little changed. It had not hardened. Rather it had softened and mellowed as does the face of one who has come through great tribulation with faith undimmed. I turned to my companion and said: "There is no other country in the civilized world where one may see the ruler of a great people riding on the streets with no guard or escort."

Four hours later Mr. Lincoln was mortally wounded. It was a wild night in Washington. From Winder's Building, signal-lights were constantly flashing; from the circle of great forts that surrounded and protected the capital city could be heard the drums beating the long roll; squadrons of cavalry dashed through the streets, scabbards clanged against stirrups, and horses' steel shoes pounded the pavements; the streets downtown were crowded with excited, gesticulating men, some of whom were swearing who never swore before; and some, to whom tears hitherto had been unknown, were crying, while a mob filled Tenth Street and the house across the way into which Mr. Lincoln had been carried. I was on the streets all night, going from point to point, gathering such news as I could, while my heart was heavy, for I now became aware of the fact that I really loved Mr. Lincoln.

In the early morning, the soul of that greatest and noblest of men took its flight, leaving behind a heart-broken nation. Even the heavens wept, for all day long steadily the rain fell. I next saw Mr. Lincoln in his casket as he lay in the White House. A guard of honor, immovable as statues, surrounded him. Tears clouded my vision as I looked for the last time upon that face which in death seemed, if possible, nobler than in life. Four days afterward, Mr. Lincoln's body was

borne down Pennsylvania Avenue to the railroad station. All Washington was there, silent and grief-stricken. I have seen all the great historic processions for which that avenue is noted, since Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration—the Grand Review of 1865; the return of the Spanish War and World War veterans, the inauguration of all the Presidents—but in solemnity, in the depth of feeling stirred up in the hearts of the people, in historic significance, nothing that compared with this. The heavens wept when Lincoln died, but on this day Nature smiled her sweetest. The sun shone brightly, the air was balmy; the birds sang, and it seemed as if Nature were trying to comfort a stricken people.

More than half a century has passed and I am now an old man. I have seen mighty events occur in the world's history, and in a very humble way have participated in some of them. I look back on a life of great activity, but there is nothing I recall in all the years since childhood, except the memory of my mother, that brings such satisfaction as the fact that I saw Mr. Lincoln many times and actually took his hand and spoke to him. Somehow, when as a boy I saw and heard the great man whom so many writers described as uncouth, I did not think him awkward or ungraceful. Instead, such a kindly light shone forth from those deep-set eyes, there was such friendliness in that gentle smile, and there was such a spirit of frankness and sincerity in every feature, almost any discerning man or boy might have seen that here was a man who loved his fellow man, and that in him dwelt the spirit of the Divine Master.

3. TWICE EACH WEEK MR. LINCOLN MET THE PUBLIC

It was at the time when the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, was lying at Yorktown, that my friend John conceived the idea of visiting his son, who was a private in the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry and in camp on the Peninsula. John was a modest man and felt timid about the difficulties that he might encounter in getting permission to visit McClellan's camp; and in his perplexity he asked me to go with him. To this I finally consented, and by consenting I was brought for the space of an hour face to face with President Lincoln.

At that time almost every county in the North had its provost marshal and his guard. They looked up deserters and attended to bounty jumpers, enlistments, etc., and, thinking it might be a good thing to have, I got from our marshal a certificate, stating that John and I were good, loyal citizens and entitled to all the rights and privileges of such. Armed with this document, we set out for Washington, where

we arrived on the evening of the same day. The following morning we called at the War Department, were allowed to state our case briefly, and were very expeditiously thrust out again, with an overwhelming conviction that nothing short of our own enlistment would enable us to see the boy, or get anywhere near the Army of the Potomac.

As we left the War Department and walked down the street, we were very near deciding to take the next train for home, when it occurred to us to go to the White House and lay the case before the President. This was a common custom, and, although we were not aware of it at the time, Mr. Lincoln had set apart an hour or two twice each week for meeting the public, and this day happened to be one of those selected by him. Sometimes people spent weeks in Washington before they were able to put their cases before him, but, as will be seen, we were more fortunate.

To the White House we went, passed the single sentry on guard at the front entrance, and going in, proceeded to the Blue Room, where we sat down among some fifty others, all bent on similar missions. After about half an hour, a colored servant came down the stairs and announced that the President was ready to receive, whereupon the whole crowd rushed tumultuously upstairs and crowded into the little office, filling every available seat. The crowd behind pushed John and myself forward and forced us up against the railing protecting the desk, behind which and within three feet of us, sat Abraham Lincoln. For more than an hour I stood there and studied his face and listened to the conversations between him and the petitioners who came to offer their cases for his patient hearing and final decision. The railing at which I stood ran almost across the room, with a gate at one end, through which the applicants were admitted, one at a time. Mr. Lincoln sat at the back end of the enclosure, and his secretary at the end nearest the gate. Between them stood a chair in which the applicant sat while his case was under consideration. Except for the guard at the front door, I had seen no evidence of any special care being taken for the President's protection, and it seemed to me that it would be easy for any one to get in with the throng, assassinate him while presenting papers to him, and escape in the confusion.

The President had just come from a cabinet meeting and looked worn and wearied. His hair stood up all over his head as though he had been running his hands through it, and in this respect he looked not unlike the pictures of Andrew Jackson that we often see—homely of face, large-boned, angular, and loosely put together. His appearance almost justified the gibes and jeers with which his enemies were

accustomed to describe him—all but his eyes; here his soul looked forth—clear, calm, and honest, yet piercing and searching; not to be deceived, yet practising no guile.

Cover the lower part of his face, and the expression of the upper part was one of pathetic sadness—then you saw the burden and the care that were laid upon him; reverse the process and look upon the lower half of his face, and the expression was humorous and kindly. He sat in his chair loungingly, giving no evidence of his unusual height; a pair of short-shanked gold spectacles sat low down upon his nose, the shanks catching his temples, and he could easily look over them if he so desired. As I came up to the railing in front of him, he was reading a paper that had just been presented to him by a man who sat in the chair opposite and who seemed, by his restlessness and his unsteady eyes, to be of a nervous disposition, or under great excitement.

Mr. Lincoln, still holding the paper up and without movement of any kind, paused, and, raising his eyes, looked for a long time at this man's face and seemed to be looking down into his very soul. Then, resuming his reading for a few moments, he again paused and cast the same piercing look upon his visitor. Suddenly, without warning, he dropped the paper and stretching out his long arm he pointed his finger directly in the face of his vis-a-vis and said: "What is the matter with you?"

The man stammered and finally replied: "Nothing."

"Yes, there is. You can't look me in the face. You have not looked me in the face since you sat there! Even now you are looking out of that window and cannot look me in the eye!"

Then, flinging the paper in the man's lap, he cried: "Take it back! There is something wrong about this! I will have nothing to do with it!" And the discomfited individual retired. I have often regretted that I was unable to discover the nature of this case.

Next came before him a young man whose brother had been in the army and had been taken prisoner, but had managed to escape. Instead of going to the first proper officer he met and reporting himself for duty, he went to his home in the North, and there was arrested by the provost guard and sent back to his regiment, where he was tried for desertion, found guilty and sentenced to death. His brother, seeking his pardon, had been to the War Department without effect, and came to the President as a last resource. Mr. Lincoln took his papers, read the whole mass over slowly, then taking up the last one and reading from the endorsements on the back, said: "'Approved and respect-

fully forwarded with the suggestion that if the said J. L. will re-enlist for three years or during the war, a pardon will be granted.—Signed, General A——, John Doe, Adjutant.' I agree with General A——, and if the young man will re-enlist for three years or during the war, I will pardon him."

To this the brother promptly agreed, whereupon Mr. Lincoln, who had been sunk down in his big chair up to this time, began to rise, and as I looked, he went up and up and up until I began to think he would reach the ceiling; but presently he bent over and reached to a pigeonhole in the desk before him, took out a card, wrote upon it, and signing it "A. Lincoln," gave it to the brother, saying: "Take that to the War Department, and I guess it will be all right," and, with his brother's pardon assured him, the young man, smiling all over, left the room.

And now a boy in army blue takes the vacant chair and handing his papers to Mr. Lincoln sits silently waiting their perusal. Having read the packet, the President turns to him and says: "And you want to be a captain?"

BOY—"Yes, sir."

LINCOLN—"And what do you want to be captain of? Have you got a company?"

BOY—"No, sir, but my officers told me that I could get a captain's commission if I were to present my case to you."

LINCOLN—"My boy—excuse my calling you a boy—how old are you?"

BOY—"Sixteen."

LINCOLN—"Yes, you are a boy, and from what your officers say of you, a worthy boy and a good soldier, but commissions as captains are generally given by the governors of the States."

BOY—"My officers said *you* could give me a commission."

LINCOLN—"And so I could, but to be a captain you should have a company or something to be a captain of. You know a man is not a husband until he gets a wife—neither is a woman a wife until she gets a husband. I might give you a commission as captain and send you back to the Army of the Potomac, where you would have nothing to be captain of, and you would be like a loose horse down there with nothing to do and no one having any use for you."

At this point the boy who had come to Washington full of hope, finding his castle toppling about his head, broke down, and his eyes filled with tears. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand affectionately upon his shoulder and patting him while he spoke, said: "My

son, go back to the army, continue to do your duty as you find it to do, and, with the zeal you have hitherto shown, you will not have to ask for promotion, it will seek *you*. Had we more like you in the army, my hopes of the successful outcome of this war would be far stronger than they are at present. Shake hands with me, and go back the little man and brave soldier that you came."

And now the writer's turn. I pulled out my provost marshal's certificate and presented it as an introduction. Mr. Lincoln read it and handing it back to me said: "And what can I do for you?"

I told him of our desire to go through to the Army of the Potomac and he asked, "Have you applied to the War Department?" and being answered affirmatively, he replied, "Well, I must refuse you for the same reason that the War Department did. If we were to allow all to go through that wish to do so, we would not have boats enough to carry them. They would get down there and be in our way, and (looking me over) I judge by your appearance you know what it means to have people in the way." At this somewhat equivocal dismissal, I shook his hand and went out.

Ruminating on the annoyance that came to him from people, who like myself, took up his time mainly for the opportunity of seeing him, and reflecting that his kindly heart prompted him, in addition to his other burdens, to devote two hours twice a week to listening to the common people, who could thus reach him without influence, I marveled at the simple greatness of the man, and the kindly, gentle patience with which he listened to each one, always smoothing over a refusal that his duty imposed upon him, or, by advice or counsel, mitigating the blow that he had to deal. I passed the sentinel at the door, and when next I saw Lincoln, it was as he lay dead in his coffin under the dome of the Cradle of Liberty, Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

4. "MY FAITH IS GREATER THAN YOURS," SAID MR. LINCOLN

The raid made by the Confederate General, J. E. B. Stuart, in June, 1862, around the Union Army commanded by General McClellan, caused great anxiety in Washington. One of its results was the interruption of communications between the capital and the Army of the Potomac. What this portended no one could affirm. That it suggested the gravest possibilities was felt by all. President Lincoln was profoundly disturbed and greatly depressed, as were all about him. Every person was anxious for news from the army, though each feared its coming; for it was expected to herald disaster.

While this feeling was dominating all circles several gentlemen, myself among them, called on President Lincoln in order to be definitely advised about the conditions of affairs as understood by him. We were admitted to his presence at once. Upon entering the room where he received us, we discerned that he regarded the situation as of the gravest import. Intense anxiety was written in every line of his troubled face.

To our question: "Mr. President, have you any news from the army?" he sadly replied: "Not one word: we can get no communication with it. I do not know that we have an army; it may have been destroyed or captured, though I cannot so believe, for it was a splendid army. But the most I can do now is to hope that serious disaster has not befallen it."

This led to a somewhat protracted conversation relative to the general condition of our affairs. It was useless to talk about the Army of the Potomac; for we knew nothing concerning its condition or position at that moment. The conversation therefore took a wide range and touched upon the subject of slavery, about which much was said. The proposition was advanced that the nation should take immediate and resolute ground for its utter extinction from the limits of the republic. The Emancipation Proclamation of the President was heartily commended; but it was insisted that the proclamation did not meet the full requirements of the case, and could not be made to answer the demands of the aroused moral sense of the nation, and that, therefore, the President, Congress, and the loyal States should act together for the extermination of slavery.

The President did not participate in this conversation. He was an attentive listener, but gave no sign of approval or disapproval of the views which were expressed. At length one of the active participants remarked:

"Slavery must be stricken down wherever it exists in this country. It is right that it should be. It is a crime against justice and humanity. We have tolerated it too long. It brought this war upon us. I believe Providence is not unmindful of the struggle in which this nation is engaged. If we do not do right I believe God will let us go our own way to our ruin. But, if we do right, I believe He will lead us safely out of this wilderness, crown our arms with victory, and restore our now dis-severed Union."

I observed President Lincoln closely while this earnest opinion and expression of religious faith was being uttered. I saw that it affected him deeply, and anticipated, from the play of his features and the

sparkle of his eyes, that he would not let the occasion pass without making some definite response to it. I was not mistaken. Mr. Lincoln had been sitting in his chair, in a kind of weary and despondent attitude while the conversation progressed. At the conclusion of the remarks I have quoted, he at once arose and stood at his extreme height. Pausing a moment, his right arm outstretched toward the gentleman who had just ceased speaking, his face aglow like the face of a prophet, Mr. Lincoln gave deliberate and emphatic utterance to the religious faith which sustained him in the great trial to which he and the country were subjected. He said:

“My faith is greater than yours. I not only believe that Providence is not unmindful of the struggle in which this nation is engaged; that if we do not do right God will let us go our own way to our ruin; and that if we do right He will lead us safely out of this wilderness, crown our arms with victory, and restore our dissevered Union, as you have expressed your belief; but I also believe that He will compel us to do right in order that He may do these things, not so much because we desire them as that they accord with His plans of dealing with this nation, in the midst of which He means to establish Justice. I think He means that we shall do more than we have yet done in furtherance of His plans, and He will open the way for our doing it. I have felt His hand upon me in great trials and submitted to His guidance, and I trust that as He shall further open the way I will be ready to walk therein, relying on His help and trusting in His goodness and wisdom.”

The manner of this delivery was most impressive, and as Mr. Lincoln resumed his seat he seemed to have recovered from the dejection so apparent when we entered the room. With a reassured tone and manner, he remarked:

“The Army of the Potomac is necessary to our success; and though the case at this moment looks dark, I can but hope and believe that we will soon have news from it relieving our present anxiety. Sometimes it seems necessary that we should be confronted with perils which threaten us with disaster in order that we may not get puffed up and forget Him who has much work for us yet to do. I hope our present case is no more than this, and that a bright morning will follow the dark hour that now fills us with alarm. Indeed, my faith tells me it will be so.”

During the day advices were received from the army and soon thereafter the aspect of our military affairs gave renewed hope that the portent of disaster would be dispelled by substantial success. This was

realized in the battle of Malvern Hill. And on the first day of the next session of Congress a movement was started which culminated in the amendment of the Constitution whereby slavery was abolished. . . .

President Lincoln's solicitude for the welfare of the private soldiers of the Union Army was always active. He did not lack appreciation of the necessity of discipline; but he recognized the difficulty attending the application of the rigid rules and regulations that had been formulated for the government of the regular army to the masses of men suddenly called from the freedom of civil life into the military service. Hence the many instances in which he interposed his power to save private soldiers from penalties imposed by military tribunals.

Once I had occasion to apply for the removal of a charge of desertion which stood against a private soldier on the rolls of his company and regiment. The soldier had left his command, and visited his home in the State of Iowa, on sick furlough. He did not return to his company for several weeks after his furlough had expired. The cause of the delay was continued sickness. Knowing the consequences that would follow the absence after such expiration without proper explanation, the soldier had endeavored to keep his officers informed of his condition and of his inability to return. This he did by forwarding each week a surgeon's certificate of his continuing disability. As soon as he became able to travel he left his home, and, without further delay, rejoined his company and reported for duty. He was surprised to find that he was borne on the rolls as a deserter. The surgeon's certificates which he had obtained and forwarded had failed to reach the proper officer, and he technically was a deserter; nevertheless, he was allowed to go on duty. He at once prepared in writing a statement of his case, which he sent to his father, with a request that it be placed in my hands for presentation to the Secretary of War with a view to the removal of the charge of desertion. The soldier's father and myself lived in the same town, and our residences were but a few steps apart. Hence, inasmuch as I was at home during the time covered by the soldier's furlough, his detention by sickness after its expiration, and his return to his company, and as I frequently visited in his father's family during that period, I had personal knowledge of the facts of his case.

Soon after the papers had been placed in my possession, I proceeded to Washington, to be present at the opening of Congress, then near at hand. One of the first duties to which I gave attention after my arrival at the capital was the presentation of the case of the son of my neighbor to the Secretary of War. I called on Secretary Stanton at

the War Department. I found him very busy and in one of his bad moods. His office was full of senators, representatives, and other persons having business to transact with him. His manner was brusque to some, and not very courteous to any on that occasion. I had often seen him in such moods, and considering the character of his duties, the multiplied cares that crowded upon him, and the condition of our military affairs I rather wondered that he ever appeared other than he seemed that morning.

After disposing of the visitors who had precedence of me, he addressed me, and in response I briefly stated the cause of my visit, and reached the papers in the case to him. With an abrupt motion of his hand he declined to receive them; and with nervous irritability said:

“Ah, this is the case of a deserter, is it? I want nothing to do with it. We are having too many of them now. We had better make a few examples by shooting a deserter now and then. That might put a stop to the business.”

To this outburst of feeling, I answered: “Mr. Secretary, this is not the case of a deserter, except in the narrowest and most technical sense.”

“That is what they all say,” he replied. “Every man of them, when caught, or in hiding and asking for relief, has some plausible excuse. I have no time to spare for the consideration of the cases of men who run away from their duty.”

My response was: “Mr. Secretary, I have personal knowledge of the facts presented in this case, and I tell you that it is a proper one for you to heed and remedy. Doubtless, some bad cases come to you for relief; but this is not one of that kind. I know its character and present it to you on the basis of my personal knowledge.”

The statement made no impression on him, and turning from me, he was about to give his attention to others in waiting, when I remarked:

“Mr. Secretary, you are hasty and unjust. This case cannot be brushed aside in that way; I know its merits, and will carry it to the President, who is deliberate and just, and I will get his order directing you to amend the record and place this soldier right on the rolls.”

With more than usual emphasis, and with apparent irritation, he said:

“Go to the President, if you please; I will not consider the case, nor will I execute such an order.”

In the act of turning away from the vexed Secretary, I remarked: “Yes, I will go to the President, state the case to him, and request him

to read these papers. There can be no doubt as to the result. He will make the proper order and deal justly by the soldier. But he shall not do it without first having been told all that has passed between us; for he shall not be misled, nor act without knowledge of each and every feature of the case."

Proceeding at once to the Executive Mansion, I placed the papers in the hands of the President. He read them, and said:

"If the statements herein made are true, this soldier ought to be relieved, for he is in no proper sense a deserter. He seems to have done all that he could do to comply with the regulations governing such cases, and to discharge his duty. Are you sure that the facts are correctly stated?"

To this question my answer was: "I have personal knowledge that all of the material facts are true as stated in the papers you have read"; and I explained the sources of my knowledge.

The President handed me the papers, requesting me to endorse on them the statement I had made, which I did; and, after signing my name to it, I handed the papers back to him. He was proceeding to endorse the proper order on them, when I requested him to stay his hand for a moment that he might be placed in possession of some further facts connected with the case. He complied with the request, and I gave him a circumstantial statement of my interview with the Secretary of War. It seemed to interest him. At its conclusion he made no remark, but endorsed and signed the order as requested. He then returned the papers to me, quaintly remarking:

"Your persistence in this case is right. There is the order, and I guess it will be obeyed."

I thanked the President, and was about to depart, when it occurred to me that another question and answer might be of some service. I asked him what I should do in case the Secretary of War should decline to execute the order. He promptly replied:

"Report the fact to me, but I guess he will obey that order. I know it is a small thing, as some would look at it, as it only relates to a private soldier, and we have hundreds of thousands of them. But the way to have good soldiers is to treat them rightly. At all events that is my order in this case. Let me know what comes of it."

The result of this interview was promptly reported to the Secretary of War. The papers were placed before him and his attention directed to the endorsement of the President. He read it and evidently was vexed, for with a noticeable degree of feeling he repeated the declaration that he would not execute the order. A circumstantial

statement was then made to him of the interview with the President, nothing being omitted. This did not seem to affect the Secretary nor move him to compliance. After waiting a moment, and seeing no indication of action on his part, I picked up the papers, remarking as I did so:

“Mr. Secretary, as you decline to obey the President’s order to you, I will obey the one he gave to me, and report the result of this interview to him at once.”

Leaving the Secretary’s room I proceeded down the stairway leading to the first floor of the Department, intending to go directly to the Executive Mansion with my report of the foregoing interview and ascertain the further purpose of the President. Before I reached the outer door of the Department a messenger overtook me and said the Secretary desired to see me. Returning to his room I found him apparently in better mood and his manner greatly changed. He pleasantly requested me to give him the papers in the case, and I passed them to him. Without further remark he endorsed on them directions to the Adjutant General to execute the President’s order. This done he turned to me and said:

“It seems to me that the President would rather have a fuss with anybody than miss a chance to do a kindness to a private soldier. But I suppose this case is all right. At all events I like your dogged persistence in it, and we will be good friends.”

And so we ever after were.

Other matters caused me to call on the President some days after this occurrence. At the conclusion of our conversation relative to the object of my visit, he said:

“How did you get on with the Secretary of War in that soldier’s case you had here the other day?”

I reported the interview and stated the result.

“Well,” he replied, “I am glad you stuck to it, and that it ended as it did; for I meant it should so end if I had to give it personal attention. A private soldier has as much right to justice as a major general.”

5. A SON WHO DID NOT KNOW HIS FATHER

Chicago, June 6th, '65

My dear Sir:

Your letter was received some days ago, and I have unfortunately mislaid it, so that I have to answer it from memory.

As I understand your purpose it is to write a biography which is to be rather personal than political. With regard to sources of information I may be able to guide you a little. One of my Father's old-time friends is Dr. A. G. Henry of Washington Territory, who is now at Washington City, D. C. and who may be addressed in Care of Senator Williams at Washington, D. C. He was very intimate with him after some time in 1830-35 and will be glad to help you all he can. Another of his friends of the same period is Joshua F. Speed, of Louisville, Kentucky, a gentleman for whose willing assistance I can also vouch. Both of these gentlemen will be able to direct you further, better than I can. My Father's life was of a kind which gave me but little opportunity to learn the details of his early career. During my childhood and early youth he was almost constantly away from home, attending courts or making political speeches. In 1859 when I was sixteen and when he was beginning to devote himself more to practice in his own neighborhood, and when I would have had both the inclination and the means of gratifying my desire to become better acquainted with the history of his struggles, I went to New Hampshire to school and afterward to Harvard College, and he became President. Henceforth any great intimacy between us became impossible. I scarcely even had ten minutes quiet talk with him during his Presidency, on account of his constant devotion to business.

All of his private papers are in my possession but are in such a confused state that they cannot now be got at, even were they of such a nature as to warrant *present* publication. I refer of course to the papers relating to the Administration.

I omitted to mention the name of William H. Herndon of Springfield, Ill., among those to whom you might apply. I understand that Mr. H. is intending to write a biography himself, and you will judge for yourself as to whether to write to him.

I have explained at some length the reasons of the meagerness of my knowledge, and I beg you will attribute the little value of this letter to that cause.

With great respect, I am
Very Sincerely Yours,
ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Dr. J. G. Holland

CHAPTER XLVIII

ADROIT HANDLING OF A CRITICAL SITUATION

(In 1864 and 1865 Chauncey Mitchell Depew, then shaping the early chapters of an unusual career, served as secretary of state of New York, having been chosen for that office by the Republicans in a closely contested election. His duties brought him into friendly contact with President Lincoln, and gave him a part in more than one event of major importance. Some of these events Mr. Depew recalled in old age in the intimate and revealing article here reprinted which first appeared in the November, 1921, issue of *Scribners' Magazine*.)

Early in 1864, in view of the approaching presidential election the legislature of New York passed a law which was signed by the governor, providing machinery for the soldiers' vote. New York had at that time between three and four hundred thousand soldiers in the field, who were scattered in companies, regiments, brigades, and divisions all over the South. This law made it the duty of the secretary of state to provide ballots, to see that they reached every unit of a company, to gather the votes and transmit them to the home of each soldier. The State government had no machinery by which this work could be done. I applied to the express companies, but all refused on the ground that they were not equipped. I then sent for old John Butterfield, who was the founder of the express business but had retired and was living on his farm near Utica. He was intensely patriotic and ashamed of the lack of enterprise shown by the express companies. He said to me: "If they cannot do this work they ought to retire." He at once organized what was practically an express company, taking in all those in existence and adding many new features for the sole purpose of distributing the ballots and gathering the soldiers' votes. It was a gigantic task and successfully executed by this patriotic old gentleman.

Of course, the first thing was to find out where the New York troops were, and for that purpose I went to Washington, remaining there for several weeks before the War Department would give me the information. The secretary of war was Edwin M. Stanton. It was

perhaps fortunate that the secretary of war should not only possess extraordinary executive ability, but be also practically devoid of human weakness; that he should be a rigid disciplinarian and administer justice without mercy. It was thought at the time that these qualities were necessary to counteract, as far as possible, the tender-heartedness of President Lincoln. If the boy condemned to be shot, or his mother or father, could reach the President in time, he was never executed. The military authorities thought that this was a mistaken charity and weakened discipline. I was at a dinner after the war with a number of generals who had been in command of armies. The question was asked one of the most famous of these generals: "How did you carry out the sentences of your court martials and escape Lincoln's pardons?" The grim old warrior answered: "I shot them first."

I took my weary way every day to the War Department, but could get no results. The interviews were brief and disagreeable and the secretary of war very brusque. The time was getting short. I said to the secretary: "If the ballots are to be distributed in time, I must have information at once." He very angrily refused and said: "New York troops are in every army, all over the enemy's territory. To state their location would be to give invaluable information to the enemy. How do I know if that information would be safeguarded so as not to get out?"

As I was walking down the long corridor, which was full of hurrying officers and soldiers returning from the field or departing for it, I met Elihu B. Washburne, who was a congressman from Illinois. He stopped me and said:

"Hello, Mr. Secretary; you seem very much troubled. Can I help you?" I told him my story.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. I answered: "To protect myself I must report to the people of New York that the provision for the soldiers' voting cannot be carried out because the administration refuses to give information where the New York soldiers are located."

"Why," said Mr. Washburne, "that would beat Mr. Lincoln. You don't know him. While he is a great statesman, he is also the keenest of politicians alive. If it could be done in no other way, the President would take a carpetbag and go around and collect those votes himself. You remain here until you hear from me. I will go at once and see the President."

In about an hour a staff officer stepped up to me and asked: "Are you the secretary of state of New York?" I answered "Yes." "The

secretary of war wishes to see you at once," he said. I found the secretary most cordial and charming.

"Mr. Secretary, what do you desire?" he asked. I stated the case as I had many times before, and he gave a peremptory order to one of his staff that I should receive the documents in time for me to leave Washington on the midnight train.

The magical transformation was the result of a personal visit of President Lincoln to the secretary of war. Mr. Lincoln carried the State of New York by a majority of only 6,749, and it was a soldiers' vote that gave him the Empire State.

The compensations of my long delay in Washington trying to move the War Department were the opportunity it gave me to see Mr. Lincoln, to meet the members of the Cabinet, to become intimate with the New York delegation in Congress, and to hear the wonderful adventures and stories so numerous in Washington.

The White House at that time had no executive offices as now, and the machinery for executive business was very primitive. The east half of the second story had one large reception-room, in which the President could always be found, and a few rooms adjoining for his secretaries and clerks. The President had very little protection or seclusion. In the reception-room, which was always crowded at certain hours, could be found members of Congress, office-seekers, and an anxious company of fathers and mothers seeking pardons for their sons condemned for military offenses, or asking permission to go to the front, where a soldier boy was wounded or sick. Every one wanted something and wanted it very bad. The patient President, wearied as he was with cares of state, with the situation on several hostile fronts, with the exigencies in Congress and jealousies in his Cabinet, patiently and sympathetically listened to these tales of want and woe. My position was unique. I was the only one in Washington who personally did not want anything, my mission being purely in the public interest.

I was a devoted follower of Mr. Seward, the secretary of state, and through intimacies with officers in his department I learned from day to day the troubles in the Cabinet, so graphically described in the diary of Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles.

The antagonism between Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase, the secretary of the treasury, though rarely breaking out in the open, was nevertheless acute. Mr. Seward was devoted to the President and made every possible effort to secure his renomination and election. Mr. Chase was doing his best to prevent Mr. Lincoln's renomination and secure it for himself.

No President ever had a Cabinet of which the members were so independent, had so large individual followings, and were so inharmonious. The President's sole ambition was to secure the ablest men in the country for the departments which he assigned to them without regard to their loyalty to himself. One of Mr. Seward's secretaries would frequently report to me the acts of disloyalty or personal hostility on the part of Mr. Chase with the lament: "The old man"—meaning Lincoln—"knows all about it and will not do a thing."

I had a long and memorable interview with the President. As I stepped from the crowd in his reception-room, he said to me, "What do you want?" I answered: "Nothing, Mr. President, I only came to pay my respects and bid you good-by as I am leaving Washington." "It is such a luxury," he then remarked, "to find a man who does not want anything. I wish you would wait until I get rid of this crowd."

When we were alone he threw himself wearily on a lounge and was evidently greatly exhausted. Then he indulged, rocking backward and forward, in a reminiscent review of different crises in his administration, and how he had met them. In nearly every instance he had carried his point, and either captured or beaten his adversaries by a story so apt, so on all fours, and with such complete answers that the controversy was over. I remember eleven of these stories, each of which was a victory.

In regard to this story-telling, he said: "I am accused of telling a great many stories. They say that it lowers the dignity of the presidential office, but I have found that plain people (repeating with emphasis plain people), take them as you find them, are more easily influenced by a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way, and what the hypercritical few may think, I don't care."

In speaking Mr. Lincoln had a peculiar cadence in his voice, caused by laying emphasis upon the key word of the sentence. In answer to the question how he knew so many anecdotes, he answered: "I never invented a story, but I have a good memory and, I think, tell one tolerably well. My early life was passed among pioneers who had the courage and enterprise to break away from civilization and settle in the wilderness. The things which happened to these original people and among themselves in their primitive conditions were far more dramatic than anything invented by the professional story-tellers. For many years I travelled the circuit as a lawyer, and usually there was only one hotel in the county towns where court was held. The judge, the grand and petit juries, the lawyers, the clients, and witnesses would pass the night telling exciting or amusing occurrences, and these were

of infinite variety and interest." He was always eager for a new story to add to his magazine of ammunition and weapons.

One night when there was a reception at the Executive Mansion Rufus C. Andrews, surveyor of the port of New York, and I went there together. Andrews was a good lawyer and had been a correspondent in New York of Mr. Lincoln, while he was active at the bar in Illinois. He was a confidential adviser of the President on New York matters and frequently at the Executive Mansion. As the procession moved past the President he stopped Andrews and, leaning over, spoke very confidentially to him. The conversation delayed the procession for some time. When Andrews and I returned to the hotel, our rooms were crowded with newspaper men and politicians wanting to know what the confidential conversation was about. Andrews made a great mystery of it and so did the press. He explained to me when we were alone that during his visit to the President the night before he told the President a new story. The President delayed him at the reception, saying: "Andrews, I forgot the point of that story you told me last night; repeat it now."

The first national convention I ever attended was held in Baltimore in 1864, when Mr. Lincoln was renominated. Judge W. H. Robertson, of Westchester County, and I went to the convention together. We thought we would go by sea, but our ship had a collision and we were rescued by a pilot-boat. Returning to New York, we decided to accept the security of the railroad. Judge Robertson was one of the shrewdest and ablest of the Republican politicians in the State of New York. He had been repeatedly elected county judge, State senator, and member of Congress, and always overcoming a hostile Democratic majority.

We went to Washington, to see Mr. Seward first, had an interview with him at his office, and dined with him in the evening. To dine with Secretary Seward was an event which no one, and especially a young politician, ever forgot. He was the most charming of hosts and his conversation a liberal education.

There was no division, as to the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, but it was generally conceded that the vice-president should be a war Democrat. The candidacy of Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, had been so ably managed that he was far and away the favorite. He had been all his life, up to the breaking out of the Civil War, one of the most pronounced extreme and radical Democrats in the State of New York. Mr. Seward took Judge Robertson and me into his confidence. He was hostile to the nomination of Mr. Dickinson, and said that the

situation demanded the nomination for vice-president of a representative from the Border States, whose loyalty had been demonstrated during the war. He eulogized Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, and gave a glowing description of the courage and patriotism with which Johnson, at the risk of his life, had advocated the cause of the Union and kept his State partially loyal. He said to us: "You can quote me to the delegates, and they will believe I express the opinion of the President. While the President wishes to take no part in the nomination for vice-president, yet he favors Mr. Johnson."

When we arrived at the convention this interview with Mr. Seward made us a centre of absorbing interest and at once changed the current of opinion, which before that had been almost unanimously for Mr. Dickinson. It was finally left to the New York delegation.

The meeting of the delegates from New York was a stormy one and lasted until nearly morning. Mr. Dickinson had many warm friends, especially among those of previous Democratic affiliation, and the State pride to have a vice-president was in his favor. Upon the final vote Andrew Johnson had one majority. The decision of New York was accepted by the convention and he was nominated for vice-president.

This is an instance of which I have met many in my life, where the course of history was changed by a very narrow margin. Political histories and the newspaper discussions of the time assigned the success of Mr. Johnson to the efforts of several well-known delegates, but really it was largely, if not wholly, due to the message of Mr. Seward which was carried by Judge Robertson and myself to the delegates.

The delays in the prosecution of the war had created a sentiment early in 1864 that the re-election of Mr. Lincoln was impossible. The leaders of both the conservative and the radical elements in the Republican Party, Mr. Weed on the one hand, and Mr. Greeley on the other, frankly told the President that he could not be re-elected, and his intimate friend, Congressman Elihu B. Washburne, after a canvass of the country, gave him the same information.

Then came the spectacular victory of Farragut at Mobile and the triumphant march of Sherman through Georgia, and the sentiment of the country entirely changed. There was an active movement on foot in the interest of the secretary of the treasury, Chase, and fostered by him, to hold an independent convention before the regular Republican convention as a protest against the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. It was supported by some of the most eminent and powerful members of the party who threw into the effort their means and influence.

After these victories the effort was abandoned and Mr. Lincoln was nominated by acclamation. I recall as one of the excitements and pleasures of a lifetime the enthusiastic confidence of that convention when they acclaimed Lincoln their nominee.

Governor Seymour, who was the idol of his party, headed the New York delegation to the national Democratic convention to nominate the President, and his journey to that convention was a triumphal march. There is no doubt that at the time he had with him not only the enthusiastic support of his own party but the confidence of the advocates of peace. His own nomination and election seemed inevitable. However, in deference to the war sentiment, General McClellan was nominated instead, and here occurred one of those little things which so often in our country have turned the tide.

The platform committee, and the convention afterwards, permitted to go into the platform a phrase proposed by Clement C. Vallandigham, of Ohio, the phrase being, "The war is a failure." Soon after the adjournment of the convention, to the victories of Farragut and Sherman was added the spectacular campaign and victory of Sheridan in the valley of Shenandoah. The campaign at once took on a new phase. It was the opportunity for the orator.

It is difficult now to recreate the scenes of that campaign. The people had been greatly disheartened. Every family was in bereavement, with a son lost and others still in the service. Taxes were onerous, and economic and business conditions were bad. Then came this reaction, which seemed to promise an early victory for the Union. The orator naturally picked up the phrase, "The war is a failure"; then he pictured Farragut tied to the shrouds of his flag-ship; then he portrayed Sherman marching through Georgia, and the glee-club sang the well-known song "Marching Through Georgia"; then he pictured Sheridan leaving the War Department hearing of the battle in the Shenandoah Valley, riding down and rallying his defeated troops, reforming and leading them to one of the most important victories of the war; then would be recited the famous poem "Sheridan Twenty Miles Away." Every occasion was the opportunity of the descriptive and imaginative orator.

Mr. Lincoln's election under the conditions and circumstances was probably more due to that unfortunate phrase in the Democratic platform than to any other cause.

CHAPTER XLIX

MR. LINCOLN DISCUSSES MILITARY STRATEGY AND A SECOND TERM

(Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in the opening months of 1864 hoped, as the choice of the radical element in the Republican Party opposed to the policies of Mr. Lincoln, to become its nominee for President. One of the ardent supporters of Mr. Chase's ambitions was John M. Winchell, during the Civil War period and later an able member of the Washington staff of *The New York Times*. Indeed, Chase's biographer, Schuckers, credits Winchell with the authorship of what was known as the Pomeroy Letter, a document given to the press in January, 1864, by one of the Senators from Kansas, which set forth at length and in trenchant paragraphs what a group of Republican leaders in and out of Congress regarded as the firm, yet merciful Mr. Lincoln's sins both of omission and commission.

The Pomeroy Letter, however, to the surprise of its sponsors proved a boomerang, being greeted as an unworthy performance by the great majority of Republicans. Secretary Chase, to avoid censure, shortly had to proclaim that it had been issued without his knowledge or approval, and when in March, 1864 the Republicans of Ohio, Mr. Chase's own State, in convention assembled formally endorsed the re-nomination of Mr. Lincoln, the lieutenant's hopes of succeeding his chief vanished into thin air. Moreover, as the war drew to a close, Winchell, who prior to January, 1863, had had no personal contacts with Mr. Lincoln became convinced, as he phrased it, of the President's ability "as a military strategist, as a diplomatist and as a politician" and a profound believer in his selfless and far-seeing capacity for exalted service.

He gladly voted for the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and a few years later gave striking proof that, with the passage of time, he had come to regard him as one of the great ones of earth. In 1872 there appeared a biography of Mr. Lincoln of which Ward Hill Lamon was the reputed author but which as a matter-of-fact was written by Chauncey Forward Black, a Democrat of the states rights school, mainly from material assembled by William H. Herndon. Many who had known its sub-

ject and revered his memory were disturbed and angered by the book's often grudging and ill-natured estimates of him. One of these was Winchell who in behalf of truth and fair play wrote an arresting account of his meetings with Mr. Lincoln and the impressions he had brought away from them. This account was published in the July, 1873, issue of *The Galaxy* of New York and is here reprinted as a carefully considered and keenly appreciative weighing of Mr. Lincoln which has all the ear-marks of truth.)

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln was early in January, 1863. It was a season of deep depression in loyal Washington circles, owing to recent reverses of the Union arms. We had well-nigh forgotten the splendors of Grant's early campaigns, in our impatience with the slowness of his later operations; we had lost faith in McClellan, finally, after the escape of Lee back into Virginia, out of our very clutches at Antietam; and the dismal December that brought us the cruel disaster at Fredericksburg had closed feverishly with the beginning of a great battle in Tennessee, the details of which the public found it impossible to obtain. The new year opened with a feeling of wild anxiety in regard to the fate of Rosecrans and his army in the encounter we knew he had forced with Bragg on the banks of the Stone River. Since it had gallantly marched forth from Nashville to meet the advancing enemy, the Army of the Cumberland had been the immediate subject of our hopes and fears; and though the Government had permitted us to know that the hostile hosts had sustained the first shock of an encounter, it had, beyond this pregnant announcement, maintained an impenetrable and ominous silence. Sunday, January 4, was a day of intense solicitude to the public, as it was mortally certain that the great battle had then been fought to the end; and on the evening of that day, moved by special motives, and using influences not necessary to be named, I obtained an interview with the President for the purpose of ascertaining as much as possible of the truth.

I was accompanied by one of his personal friends; and when we entered the well-known reception-room a very tall, lanky man came quickly forward to meet us. His manner seemed to me the perfection of courtesy. I was struck with the simplicity, kindness, and dignity of his deportment, so different from the clownish manners with which it was then customary to invest him. His face was a pleasant surprise, formed as my expectations had been from the poor photographs then in vogue, and the general belief in his ugliness. I remember thinking

how much better-looking he was than I had anticipated, and wondering that any one should consider him ugly.

His expression was grave and careworn, but still enlivened with cheerfulness that gave me instant hope. After a brief interchange of commonplaces, I stated my precise errand, and could scarcely credit my senses when he told me that the Government was no better informed than the public in regard to the result at Stone River. I was prepared for any answer but this; for good news or bad news, or a refusal to give any answer at all; for anything but ignorance. It did not seem possible that a contest of the magnitude of this could have raged for days in a region of railways and telegraphs, and the Government be uninformed as to the issue.

Mr. Lincoln, however, proceeded at once to express his belief that our forces had won a decisive victory. His mere assertion seemed to me of but slight importance—so shaken had my confidence been in Federal success, and so accustomed had I become to sanguine auguries of officials generally contradicted by the event. I suppose he noticed this incredulity, for he at once undertook to give the reasons for his faith. With surprising readiness, he entered on a description of the situation, giving the numbers of the contending armies, their movements previous to the beginning of the battle, and the general strategical purposes which should govern them both. Taking from the wall a large map of the United States, and laying it on the table, he pointed out with his long finger the geographical features of the vicinity, clearly describing the various movements so far as known, reasoning rigidly from step to step, and creating a chain of probabilities too strong for serious dispute. His apparent knowledge of military science, and his familiarity with the special features of the present campaign, were surprising in a man who had been all his life a civilian, engrossed with politics and the practice of the law, and whose attention must necessarily be so much occupied with the perplexing detail of duties incident to his position. The fact once comprehended that he had profoundly studied the war in its military aspect, the less astonishing though not less admirable was the logic in which he involved his facts, arguing steadily on to the hopeful conclusion which he had announced at the outset.

It is beyond my power of recollection to recall any part of his argument. I only know that he made a demonstration that justified his hopes, and which filled me with a confidence equal to his own, and excited admiration of an intellectual power so different from any which I had supposed him to possess. It was clear that he made the

various campaigns of the war a subject of profound and intelligent study, forming opinions thereon as positive and clear as those he held in regard to civil affairs. When I left him it was with a cheerfulness quite in contrast with the anxiety I had felt before. The news of the next day fully verified the correctness of his judgment by giving us the most decisive announcement of the brilliant and complete success of the Army of the Cumberland, in spite of the many and almost fatal misfortunes which had attended the early stages of the battle.

My next interview was several weeks later, (the closing days of March, 1863) and with a very different purpose. General Sherman, then commanding a division in the West, under General Grant, had taken extreme measures against a newspaper correspondent at his headquarters (Thomas W. Know), had procured his arrest and trial by a court-martial, and his banishment beyond the army lines. It was generally felt that the proceeding was harsh and unjust; and a memorial asking the President to set aside the sentence was prepared and generally signed by the journalists in Washington. A Sunday evening was selected for the presentation of this memorial, and I was invited by the gentleman having it in charge to accompany him to the Executive Mansion for that purpose. We were three persons in all, the third being a member of the House of Representatives, and we had the good fortune to find the President alone and quite well disposed toward the request which we preferred.

After presenting the memorial, its bearer entered into a detailed history of the case, showing its injustice and inexpediency. Mr. Lincoln evidently considered it a delicate question, and was disposed to give it a careful investigation. He was resolved, I think, to conciliate the press, and equally resolved not to absolutely annul the action of the military authorities. The precise thing which he was willing to do did not appear till after a prolonged discussion, in which he participated with patient interest. My friend asked that he positively restore to the injured correspondent his lost privileges; while the President, not absolutely refusing at first, endeavored to satisfy us with a recommendation to General Grant to himself remit the sentence. But my friend believed that General Grant would stand stubbornly by the action of General Sherman, unless the President gave his wishes the force of an actual order. The discussion was long and animated. My friend was a master of argument and persuasion, and inspired by a warm personal regard for the banished correspondent; and Mr. Lincoln seemed bent on some expedient that would measurably satisfy both parties. At times I thought our point substantially gained; but on

defining the exact terms of any proposed arrangement, there was always in the end a reference of the case to the judgment of General Grant. Seeming to concede much, we finally found that he conceded nothing at all. Many ingenious expedients were proposed and rejected; and I was quite entertained by the display of diplomatic skill of which I had unexpectedly become a witness; for I had very little part in the conversation, but listened with great interest to the discussion going on. Mr. Lincoln's manner was all consideration and kindness and sympathy; but these concealed a firmness that seemed immovable. At length; while walking about the room, which he did a good deal, he exclaimed:

"Well, you want me to make an order setting aside the action of the court. I wish to do what is right, and what you ask; for it seems to me, from all the evidence, that our newspaper friend has been a little too severely dealt with. Still, I am not on the spot to judge of all the circumstances, and General Grant is; and I do not see how I can properly grant your request without being sustained by his consent. But let us see what we can do; I will write something to put our ideas into shape"; and with a pleasant laugh he began at once to search for paper and pen. He was aided in this effort by little Tad, who was present—and, I must say, somewhat troublesome—and toward whom his father frequently manifested the most anxious and considerate affection. He found a piece of paper with some difficulty on the table (littered with documents lying in complete disorder), and a poor pen, with which he at once set to work. The draft which he made was quite satisfactory. It was brief, clear, and precise; it stated the case truly, revoked the sentence of the court, and gave the correspondent the privilege of returning to General Grant's headquarters. We were delighted with the document.

"But," said the President, "I had better make this conditional on the approval of General Grant. You see it would not seem right for me to send back a correspondent to the General's headquarters in case he knew of any reason why the man should not be there. I will just add a few words"; and so he did, making the order close as follows: "And to remain if General Grant shall give his express assent; and to again leave the department if General Grant shall refuse said assent."

"There," he remarked, "I think that will be about right, and I have no doubt General Grant will assent." And so he did.

The affair concluded, the President seemed disposed to prolong the interview. Our conversation took a military direction, and embraced the various movements being made or known to be in contemplation.

Mr. Lincoln seemed pleased to discuss the war; in fact the informal nature of our conversation was a relief to his mind, overworked and jaded as he was by all the cares, official and political, to which he was daily subjected. Presently he startled us by declaring that he saw no hope of success for any of the campaigns now being opened.

Having gone thus far, and seeing our surprise and perplexity, he seemed animated by a desire to justify his statement. Going to the wall, and again taking down the large map which he had pressed into service on the previous occasion, he proceeded to inform us, which we did not positively know before, that there were now three important movements being attempted by our forces toward points against which our efforts had previously proved unsuccessful. One of these, he said, was against Richmond, on the same general plan substantially attempted by Burnside; one against Charleston, from the sea, by the combined land and naval forces; and one against Vicksburg, by way of the Yazoo Pass and the networks of bayous and small streams by which the Mississippi is flanked, and through some of which it was hoped to transfer General Grant's forces to a point from which a successful assault might be made on that great stronghold, which had thus far defied our most determined attacks.

"And I cannot see how either of these plans can succeed," said he; and, forthwith throwing aside all reserve, and speaking with as much apparent frankness as though conversing with his confidential advisers, he freely criticised the conduct of the campaigns in question, going into all the details of a military argument, and logically demonstrated in advance that Grant would again be foiled in his strategy against Vicksburg, that Hooker would fail to reach Richmond, and that Du Pont and Hunter would be compelled to retire baffled from before Charleston. I do not now remember the reasons he gave for his judgment in regard to the narrow and winding water-courses through which Grant was endeavoring to conduct his gunboats, generally impassable for large craft, either through too high or too low water, and capable of fatal obstruction in the forests which they penetrate, by an enemy intimately acquainted with every feature of the country, and who had proved himself only too well informed of all our movements, and equally active and successful in opposing our progress into his own country.

It was known that Mr. Lincoln entertained military opinions quite independent of and often at variance with those of his advisers; and I had before had a striking proof of the correctness of his judgment. I confess, however, that I was as much astonished as disheartened by

this unreserved condemnation of the conduct of the war on the part of the Government of which he was the head; and I scarcely knew whether I was most astonished by his remarkable frankness or annoyed at his convincing argument. I said:

"If you feel so confident of disaster in all these movements, Mr. President, why do you permit them to be made?"

"Because I cannot prevent it," he replied.

"But you are Commander-in-Chief," I rejoined.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I am as powerless as any private citizen to shape the military plans of the Government. I have my generals and my War Department, and my subordinates are supposed to be more capable than I am to decide what movements shall or shall not be undertaken. I have once or twice attempted to act on my own convictions, and found that it was impracticable to do so. I see campaigns undertaken in which I have not faith, and have no power to prevent them; and I tell you that sometimes, when I reflect on the management of our forces, I am tempted to despair; my heart goes clear down into my boots!"

With this characteristic climax he practically closed the discussion. Rising from his chair he moved uneasily about the room, as though to shake off some feeling that oppressed him. Suddenly he seemed to realize that he had been speaking too freely.

"Of course, gentlemen," said he, "we are talking in confidence, and as friends. None of this must get into print, or be repeated."

We took our leave soon after, but I was long haunted with the recollection of what I had heard. My admiration for the man and his high moral and intellectual qualities was increased, and my confidence in our military chieftains, never very high previously, was proportionately diminished. As before, the events justified his prediction. Our attacking forces were beaten off from Charleston, the Army of the Potomac was hurled back upon the north at Chancellorsville, and Grant and Porter were completely baffled in their ill-judged experiment in the hostile swamps of the Mississippi, which they attempted to penetrate through streams too narrow to turn a gunboat in, and surrounded by a restless foe ever ready to exhaust all the means of impediment and destruction. And though Mr. Lincoln's opinions *may* have owed their correctness to accident, yet I could not resist a feeling that he had a strength of brain and soundness of judgment which measurably supplied the want of military training, and which fitted him better to plan campaigns than any of the professional soldiers to whose views he felt himself compelled to yield.

My last interview (with Mr. Lincoln) was of a political nature, and occurred during the spring of 1864. The great political question of the day was the approaching Presidential election. The friends of the various aspirants were at work ascertaining and shaping public sentiment, but no candidate had yet been actually put forward for the Republican nomination. The movement in favor of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, had culminated in disaster; that gentleman's chief supporters, including his Senatorial son-in-law, having manifested a plentiful lack of nerve or zeal, when the critical question became public of arraying him against his official chief, and made haste to take him at his word of declination, diplomatically spoken in order to arouse their flagging spirits. And yet Mr. Lincoln was not known as a candidate. It was believed that he would not decline a renomination, and his enemies affirmed that he was intriguing to procure one; but there was no jot of evidence before the public that he had given the subject a moment's thought. Yet so strong was his prestige with the people, so greatly was his power of patronage feared by the politicians, and such was the awe of his personal ability which weighed on those trimming patriots who regard it as a point of conscience never to be committed to the losing side, that by a sort of consent the wire-pullers were all waiting to discover his purposes and wishes before committing themselves strongly to any competitor.

It chanced at this time that a member of the Senate who claimed me as a constituent was anxiously looking forward to his own re-election, which was somewhat in peril. The legislature which was to determine his destiny was to be elected at the same time with the President; and as he was a warm friend of Mr. Lincoln, with whom he had great influence, he had resolved to be one of the foremost champions for the renomination and re-election of the latter, and to make common cause with him in his State, and thereby increase, as he thought, his own popularity and chances of success. The Senator had always flattered me with assurances that I had some influence in our State politics, and had used many and, thus far, unsuccessful means to attach me to his political fortunes. Hence, I was not greatly surprised when he came to me one day and invited a confidential conversation on national and State politics. I had no reason for refusing, and he proceeded to unfold a plan which had for its object the promotion of the interests of President Lincoln, of himself and — flattering conjunction—of the humble and unofficial individual who writes this chronicle. As both the other parties involved are dead, their ambitions cut short and their schemings of no more account now than a

last year's almanac, I violate no confidence in the vague sketch I am attempting.

The preliminary conditions of secrecy and good faith being settled, the Senator proceeded to develop his plans. Mr. Lincoln, he assured me, was and would continue to be a candidate for renomination, and on grounds of private friendship and of patriotism he, the Senator, was most anxious for his success. Of this he entertained very little doubt, believing that the President had a growing strength that would carry him over all obstacles both before the convention and at the polls in November. Having made up his mind to this effect, he was most anxious to carry for Mr. Lincoln our State, both to increase his own power as a Lincoln man therein, and to still further strengthen himself with the President during the second term. In fact, if the State could be thus carried, in convention and at the polls, the Senator assured me that a most influential position (naming it) awaited his acceptance in the new Cabinet; and, coming bluntly to the point, he promised me then and there if I would enter the canvass in our State for both candidates, to give me the choice of a high diplomatic position in Europe or an office in Washington, "in which (I quote his exact words) the present incumbent *says* he has made a million of dollars and has wronged nobody."

Notwithstanding my general humility of spirit, and an absence of strong aspiration for offices which either require more money than the salary to support them, as our foreign diplomatic ones do, or depend on a system of stealing to compensate the incumbent for the very arduous and responsible duties required, I was not quite overcome by the brilliancy of this proffer. Not to claim extraordinary philosophy or virtue, I will say that I had no very intense faith in political promises, and especially in those made by the gentleman with whom I was conversing. Neither did I desire to become his political supporter; and neither, for that matter, had I concluded that President Lincoln ought to be renominated. I had been a Chase man and had shared with a great many Republicans a profound dissatisfaction with the mode in which Mr. Lincoln had allowed the war to be conducted. Hence, when I saw the point towards which the purpose of the Senator tended, I began to seek some easy means of escape from the dilemma in which I was becoming involved. Therefore, not believing his statement in regard to his understanding with the President, I introduced, cunningly as I thought, a diplomatic hint that the service he proposed to me was such as required me to learn from Mr. Lin-

coln himself that it would be acceptable, and to satisfy myself of the reality of the close relations existing between the two.

Much to my surprise, the Senator after a little reflection, assented to my suggestion as being reasonable and proper. He promised me a private interview with Mr. Lincoln in a day or two, and to my amazement, kept his promise. Of course I had no alternative but to keep on my part the appointment he had made for me, though with the distinct understanding that it should in no way commit me to any further action.

At the time appointed, therefore, the Senator took me to the White House, and ushered me formally into the executive presence. This done and with a phrase or two of compliment, and without even seating himself, he retired with great dignity and in good order, leaving me to my fate, and content apparently with having stamped on my visit the seal of his Senatorial sanction.

Mr. Lincoln received me, as ever, kindly and courteously, but his manner was quite changed. It was not now the country about which his anxiety prevailed, but himself. There was an embarrassment about him which he could not quite conceal. I thought it proper to state at the outset (not knowing what the Senator might have said) that I wished simply to know whatever he was free to tell me in regard to his own willingness or unwillingness to accept a renomination, and also as to the extent to which the Senator was authorized to speak for him. The reply was a monologue of an hour's duration, and one that wholly absorbed me, as it seemed to absorb himself. There was very little for me to say, and I was only too willing to listen.

He remained seated nearly all the time. He was restless, often changing position and occasionally in some intense moment, wheeling his body around in his chair and throwing a leg over the arm. This was the only grotesque thing I recollect about him; his voice and manner were very earnest and he uttered no jokes and told no anecdotes.

He began by saying that, as yet, he was not a candidate for renomination. He distinctly denied that he was a party to any effort to that end, notwithstanding I knew that there were movements in his favor in all parts of the Northern States. These movements were, of course, without his prompting, as he positively assured me that with one or two exceptions he had scarcely conversed on the subject with his most intimate friends. He was not quite sure whether he desired a renomination. Such had been the responsibility of the office—so oppressive had he found its cares, so terrible its perplexities—that he felt as though the moment when he could relinquish the burden and retire

to private life would be the sweetest he could possibly experience. But, he said, he would not deny that a reelection would also have its gratification to his feelings. He did not seek it, nor would he do so; he did not desire it for any ambitious or selfish purpose; but, after the crisis the country was passing through under his Presidency, and the efforts he had made conscientiously to discharge the duties imposed upon him, it would be a very sweet satisfaction to him to know that he had secured the approval of his fellow citizens and earned the highest testimonial of confidence they could bestow.

This was the gist of the hour's monologue; and I believe he spoke sincerely. His voice, his manner, armed his modest and sensible words with a power of conviction. He seldom looked me in the face while he was talking; he seemed almost to be gazing into the future. I am sure it was not a pleasant thing for him to seem to be speaking in his own interest.

He furthermore assured me that the Senator had his full confidence, and that he should respect any proper promises the latter might make. For himself, he affirmed (gratuitously, for I had not said anything to lead in that direction) that he should make no promises of office to any one, as an inducement for support. If nominated and elected, he should be grateful to his friends, and consider that they had claims on him; but the interest of his country must always be first considered. Meantime, he supposed he should be a candidate; things seemed to be working in that direction; and if I could assist him and his friend the Senator in my State, he should not fail to remember the service with gratitude.

I think I may be justified in remembering my interview with this remarkable man as one of the most memorable of many impressive recollections. I voted for him with greater satisfaction for it, though I could not see my way clear to adopt the programme made by the Senator. I could not identify the two interests according to his wish, without a violation of conscience and consistency, which I valued more than I did the prospective rewards with which he sought to dazzle my feeble eyes. To him I excused myself as delicately as I was able, thanking him in my heart only for the glimpse he had enabled me to get of a loftier nature and greater intellect than often rises into view in our muddy politics.

CHAPTER L

WARM WELCOME FOR A BRINGER OF GOOD NEWS

(Born and reared in New Jersey and the namesake of an early member of Congress from that State, James Matlock Scovel was one of the representatives of the press who in Civil War days enjoyed in generous measure the confidence and goodwill of Mr. Lincoln. Rearranged with due regard for the sequence of events, there are here reprinted parts of three articles contributed by him to the issues of Lippincott's Monthly Magazine for August, 1889; February, 1893, and February, 1899. The State election in Pennsylvania in October, 1863, of which Scovel brought word to Mr. Lincoln and which continued Andrew Gregg Curtin in the office of governor, was one of the decisive events of the second year of the war.

In the opening months of 1863 it was feared by the discerning that Governor Curtin, then in broken health, would if renominated face defeat at the polls. The Army of the Potomac had been outfought in battle after battle; Grant had been twice repulsed at Vicksburg, and Lee with a large army was on the border threatening the invasion of the North and the indefinite prolongation of the stress and horror of a conflict between brothers. A gloomy prospect, but within a week it was changed in a complete and heartening way. On the Fourth of July, 1863, Meade announced Lee's defeat and retreat from Gettysburg and Grant the surrender of Pemberton at Vicksburg. Thereafter the tide ran steadily in favor of the Union cause, and despite the handicap of 75,000 Pennsylvania soldiers in the field, a majority of them eager but unable to support at the polls the Republican candidate for governor, Curtin was re-elected in October by a majority of over 15,000 votes.

Another of Scovel's recollections demands a word. He wrote in old age and now and again his memory played him tricks. There is no proof that Mr. Lincoln ever had direct correspondence with Queen Victoria regarding the Trent affair. What he did do was to carefully and drastically revise Secretary Seward's letters to the British Foreign Office dealing with that delicate and perplexing problem, and these revised letters were read and pondered by the Prince Consort,

who with a rare sense of the right course to take when in doubt, intervened in a fateful hour to stay the hand and pen of the self-willed Palmerston, and to prevent war between the United States and Great Britain. It was one of the gracious acts of a useful and blameless life.)

Never were men more unlike than Lincoln and Seward, but the love of David and Jonathan were not more close and constant than the personal and political affection of the President and his minister. Lincoln's many-sided mind, his wisdom and breadth of vision were shown in the selection of his cabinet. Bates, Cameron, Chase and Seward had all been more or less prominent as presidential candidates before the convention which had the good sense to select Abraham Lincoln as the Republican standard-bearer.

The Presidential bee once developed in a politician's bonnet suffers change into a chrysalis that soon becomes a butterfly big with ambition. There was dissension in the Cabinet when the war began. Chase, a conscious and cultivated intellect, who had been in the field as an anti-slavery leader long before Seward took an aggressive position on the questions that divided the sections, never concealed his jealousy of both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. He became a red-hot candidate for President. But when dissension was rife, the wily Seward, in one of his remarkable and oracular speeches delivered at Auburn and flashed by the midnight wires from Vermont to Oregon poured oil on the troubled political waters. This sweet-tempered optimist spoke of the grim-visaged Danton of the War Department as the "divine Stanton," and complimented, in graceful phrase, the great but jealous Chase upon his marvellous financial banking system, which gave unlimited wealth to a nation struggling for its life.

But while wearing a velvet glove, the gentle-mannered head of the State Department wore beneath that glove an iron hand. That the Secretary of State who had foiled the reactionary powers of Europe was justly proud of his achievements no one can deny. But he never claimed as his own the honor which the historian of the future will accord jointly to Lincoln and Seward—the honor of the delicate and difficult task which gave back to liberty the rebel emissaries Mason and Slidell, captured by one of our own steamers in mid-ocean.

Charles Francis Adams, whose appointment abroad was due to more the influence of Seward than to the personal wish of Lincoln, did not hesitate to regard Seward as the master and Lincoln as the man. Adams was in London, far from the horrid front of war, and he never understood the rough, uncouth, and (to the cold and cultured mind

of the Massachusetts statesman) seemingly unstatesmanlike habits of thought and expression in which Mr. Lincoln delighted to indulge.

And yet while he was watching blockade-runners, the plain, many-sided President was corresponding with the Queen of Great Britain and trampling out the little side-bar rebellion of Napoleon and Maximilian in Mexico.

To see Lincoln and Seward together was enough to decide who possessed the master-mind. It was the habit of the Secretary of State, during the progress of the Rebellion, to spend the morning hours, after a nine-o'clock Sunday breakfast, with Mr. Lincoln at the White House. The President's favorite apartment was the large East Room. Here he was wont to receive the general public and indulge in what, in his quaint phraseology, he called his "baths of public opinion." No matter what the claimant's cause was, he generally got a hearing, though he might be laughingly bowed out at the end with a story that pointed a moral if it did not adorn a tale.

But Sunday morning from ten to twelve o'clock was usually accorded to the Secretary of State and the presidential barber. Mr. Lincoln knew whom to trust, and many a solemn conclave was held in this historical room between two men who held in their hand the fate of a nation. It was as good as a liberal education to hear them, with the simplicity of children, discuss the events of the day, when half a million men stood fronting each other on the battle-field. Mr. Seward in conversation was slow and methodical till warmed up, when he was one of the most eloquent of talkers. No statesman in the country had a vaster range of reading or wider experience in the management of public affairs. The impression following an hour with Seward and Lincoln was surprise that two men seemingly so unlike in habit of thought and manner of speech could act in such absolute and perfect accord. I doubt if they ever seriously disagreed.

When the cabal of Chase, Hamlin, Ben Wade and Henry Winter Davis, and a Republican block in the Senate, threatened to defeat Mr. Lincoln's renomination in 1864, Seward's hand was seen in certain changes in the Cabinet. Both Chase and Montgomery Blair of Maryland were told that their time had come, and the wisdom of Seward's advice was seen in the sudden collapse of the Chase boom for the Presidency. The latter was snuffed out instantly, and the Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, though made Chief Justice, fed and fattened his presidential bee till even his decisions during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson were colored by the desire he still cherished to wear the presidential purple.

In the summer of 1863 I had gone through the State of Pennsylvania from Indiana County to Delaware, preaching the gospel according to Abraham Lincoln, while the fate of the government trembled in the balance. The night before the day of the election which was to decide whether Andrew G. Curtin was to be elected governor, and whether Pennsylvania was still for the war, I walked up to the White House. The door opened, and I was ushered into the East Room where Mr. Lincoln grasped me by both hands.

"Boy," said he, eagerly, "what news from your pilgrimage beyond the Alleghanies?"

Never had I seen that face light up with such a burst of gladness as when I answered: "Have no fear of Pennsylvania. The Methodist preachers are all on the stump for Lincoln and Curtin, and the young women are wearing rosettes with the names entwined. The old Keystone is good for twenty thousand majority, and that means your renomination as President." This was answered with a laugh which could have been heard over at the War Department. Lincoln for a moment was a boy again. He said: "Now we will go over and see Secretary Seward."

As was his wont, he entered the Seward mansion unannounced. The Secretary, with slow step, advanced to meet the President. Their greeting was warm, even affectionate, and Seward, smoking a strong Havana, soon had his guests seated before a blazing fire in his open parlor grate. I spent here the happiest hour of my life. Both men were keen and eager to know the prospects of the next day's election, big with their own fate. They enjoyed my running account of the scenes and incidents of the hottest political campaign ever waged in the Keystone State. "We've won the fight," said Mr. Lincoln, joy beaming in every lineament of his face.

The Secretary of State had a habit, when things ran his way, of softly rubbing the palms of his hands together. This he did, smiling blandly, as he touched his little bell, the counterpart (a small silver bell) of the one he had in the State Department, whose light touch had sent many a man to Fort Lafayette. His servant brought in brandy and cigars. Lincoln smiled, but touched nothing. He neither smoked or drank.

Soon after this I went abroad as bearer of despatches to Minister William L. Dayton at Paris and to Charles Francis Adams in London, carrying also letters of introduction from Mr. Lincoln to Richard Cobden and John Bright. I spent ten days at Rochdale at Bright's home, and three days at the country house of Cobden at Hazelmere, an

hour's ride from London. Both men heartily sympathised with the Union cause, and sent words of cheer to Mr. Lincoln. No man in England felt a keener interest in the American question than did Cobden. He had been in constant correspondence with Mr. Lincoln, and felt for the many-sided American patriot the deepest affection. Both were engaged in a national and far-reaching struggle, and defeat in America meant another century of Tory domination in Great Britain.

By a sea-coal fire, late in a November night, Mr. Cobden gave me his opinion of Abraham Lincoln: "This century has produced no man like Lincoln. Here is a man who has risen from manual labor to the presidency of a great people. To me he seems to be the man God has raised up to give courage and enthusiasm to a people unused to war, fighting what seems to me to be a doubtful battle in the greatest conflict of modern times. I like Mr. Lincoln's intense veneration for what is true and good. His conscience and his heart are ruled by his reason. I speak of your struggle as doubtful, because Mr. Lincoln will have more to contend against in the hostility of foreign powers than in the shattered and scattered resources of the Confederacy."

Mr. Cobden told me that he owned much valuable property in Illinois, and at one time had expected to move there and take an interest in the management of the Illinois Central Railroad. He predicted the triumph of our arms, but he died before he had a Pisgah view of the promised land; nor did he live to see John Bright, his fellow-soldier in the fight for the liberation of humanity, take a place in the British cabinet.

A delegation called at the White House with written charges against Edward D. Baker (senator from Oregon, soon after killed at Ball's Bluff) and protesting against his influence with the President regarding official patronage on the Pacific Slope. Together, in Sangamon County, had Baker and Lincoln toiled through the sparsely-settled country, through doubt and danger and hunger and cold, until both became eminent lawyers in the early history of Illinois. The President, with unusual sternness in his face, read the protest against the senator. There were a dozen prominent men from the West who felt sure they had spiked Baker's guns. Mr. Lincoln rose to his full height, tore the protest to shreds, cast the fragments in the fire, and bowed the visitors out. He said: "Gentlemen, I know Senator Baker. We were boys together in Illinois, and I believe in him. You have taken the wrong course to make yourselves influential with this administration at Senator Baker's expense."

The story of Lincoln's stubborn devotion to an old friend spread

over Washington like wildfire; and neither before nor after that day did anybody ever try to climb into high place with Mr. Lincoln by pulling somebody else down. In four years' close acquaintance I never heard him speak ill of man or woman.

Two weeks before Chase left the cabinet, he asked Lincoln to sign the commission of a candidate for collector of the port at Buffalo. Mr. Lincoln did so without a word. I remonstrated with him for putting his rival's friend into power in a place where he would injure him in the approaching Baltimore convention. With a twinkle in his eye and a smile that had no taint of malice in it, he looked down on me and said: "I reckon we are strong enough to stand it."

Twenty United States Senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining of Stanton's conduct of the war. The President's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told a story about Blondin crossing Niagara.

"Would you," said he, "when certain death waited on a single false step, would you cry out, 'Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up—Lean more to the north! Lean a little more to the south! No; you would keep your mouths shut.

"Now, we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the rebels. We have as big a job on hand as was ever entrusted to mortal hands to manage. The government is carrying an immense weight; so, don't badger it. Keep silent, and we will get you safe across."

No more touching incident in Lincoln's life has ever appeared than that contained in a story told by General William T. Sherman. It came directly from Secretary Seward. As I have already recorded, it was the habit of that gracious optimist, to spend his Sunday mornings with the President. After the President had been shaved in his own room, he accompanied his Secretary of State across Pennsylvania Avenue and over to the Seward mansion, afterward occupied by Secretary Blaine.

On one of these Sundays a tall, military figure was pacing up and down in front of Secretary Seward's house. He saluted the President in military fashion as the two statesmen passed him. There was something in the officer's expression that arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention. The soldier was a lieutenant colonel in a Pennsylvania regiment. Emotional himself, the President was swift to detect unusual emotion in others. He said: "You seem to be in a peck of trouble."

"Yes," said the lieutenant colonel, "I am in deep trouble. My wife is dying at our home in Pennsylvania, and my application for a furlough for two weeks was peremptorily refused yesterday by my colonel.

My God! What can I do? If I go home my colonel will brand me as a deserter, and I will be arrested on my return."

Mr. Lincoln was visibly affected. "Never mind, young man," said he. "We'll try and fix this matter."

He pulled a card from his vest pocket, and, leaning against the broad oaken doors of the Seward mansion, he wrote on its back,—

"EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War: It is my desire that Lieutenant Colonel ——— be granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

A. LINCOLN."

Mr. Lincoln was naturally a doubter, but he felt keenly and intensely for the woes of others. During the spring following Curtin's re-election as governor of Pennsylvania, I found the President, fresh as the May morning, looking out of an east window of the White House, on the fragrant opening bloom of the lilac bushes below. Only that day he had received assurance that the spirit of nationality had proved stronger than the power of faction; that both Chase and Fremont were out of the presidential race, and that his renomination by the convention to be held at Baltimore would be practically unanimous. As I entered the room, he rose and pushed a chair to his own. "God bless you, young man," he exclaimed. "How glad I am you came! This is the happiest day of my life, for I no longer doubt that the people are willing that I should have a chance to finish the job I began nearly four years ago."

Changing the subject, the President said; "I have done something this morning which has roused the ire of Secretary Stanton." I expressed my desire to know what it was. He continued:

"Congressman Dennison, of Pennsylvania, came to me this morning with the mother of John Russell, a soldier who was to be shot in forty-eight hours for insubordination, and I gave an order pardoning the soldier and restoring him to his regiment. At a recent battle, in the face of the enemy, Russell's captain ran away. When the battle was over, in which half of the company were lost, this soldier met his captain, and, walking up to him, rifle in hand, he said, 'Captain ———, you are a damned coward, and ought to be shot for cowardice.' The captain pulled out his revolver and attempted to kill Russell, who aimed his rifle at the captain's head. They were separated. The captain preferred charges of insubordination against the soldier, and a subservient court-martial promptly sentenced Russell to be shot, and did not even censure the cowardly officer. Congressman Dennison has just given me the facts in the case, and I have made the

poor mother happy by saving her boy." And with compressed lips he went on, "And I did more: I dismissed that captain from the army."

John Russell re-enlisted at the end of his term of service, and fought to the end of the war.

The infrequent quarrels Mr. Lincoln had with Secretary Stanton grew out of his tenderness in yielding to the quality of mercy. Lincoln would only smile at the wrath of Stanton when he charged the President with utterly demoralizing the army by his lenity to deserters and men sentenced to be shot for sleeping at their post or for some minor act of neglect or insubordination. And Lincoln could boast, with Pericles, that by no act of his own he ever caused a citizen of his country to put on mourning.

To President Lincoln poetry was the fairest side of truth. He was, withal, a philosopher, and one of his favorite passages, which he often repeated, was from Gibbon's Philosophical Reflections: "A being of the nature of man, endowed with the same faculties, but with a larger measure of existence, would cast down a smile of pity and contempt on the crimes and follies of human ambition, so eager in a narrow space to grasp at a precarious and short-lived enjoyment. It is thus that the experience of history exalts and enlarges the horizon of our intellectual view. In a composition of some days, in a perusal of some hours, six hundred years have rolled away, and the duration of a life or reign is contracted to a fleeting moment. *The grave is ever beside the throne;* the success of a criminal is almost instantly followed by the loss of his prize, and our immortal reason survives and disdains the sixty phantoms of kings who have passed before our eyes and faintly dwell upon our remembrance."

I went to Europe in November, 1863, and returned in February, 1864. Again I met the President and Secretary Seward in the East Room of the White House, and gave an account of my experiences in Paris and London. Both were in deep perplexity at the efforts of the senatorial cabal to defeat the President's renomination. During the conversation which ensued, the President rallied Mr. Seward on the particularly bitter attack made by a segment of the New York City press against the Secretary, presumably inspired by the senatorial cabal, who believed that if they could bounce Seward they could control Lincoln or defeat his re-election.

"Ah," Seward replied to this badinage, his face passionless, "I am sure if it pleases the newspapers it does not hurt me. These assaults on you and me remind me of what the Prince de Conde said to the Car-

dinal de Retz in Paris when the latter expressed his surprise at a pile of abusive pamphlets lying on the French statesman's table. 'Don't these bitter and unjust assaults on your fair fame disturb your slumbers Conde?' 'Not in the least, cardinal,' said the prince. 'The wretches who write these diatribes know that if they were in our places they would be doing themselves just the base things they falsely endeavor to fasten on us.' "

Lincoln paused a moment, smiling, and said, in his lawyer-like fashion: "Yes, Mr. Secretary, the prince's point was well taken."

Our talk ended, the good President followed me to the head of the stairs, grasping both my hands with a parting "God bless you, my boy!" which lingers in my memory like a benison even to this day.

CHAPTER LI

“GET DOWN YOU FOOL” WAS A WORRIED CAPTAIN’S ORDER

(The author of a volume published in 1935 and dealing with one phase of Mr. Lincoln’s life gave it this fitting dedication: “To Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes who in his youth fought to preserve the Union.” And there is small doubt that there was no chapter in the long, useful and distinguished career of Justice Holmes which he regarded with a fuller measure of satisfaction than he accorded to the one recounting his services as a captain in the Union Army. But one memorable and wholly unconventional incident of those services thus far has escaped his formal biographers. Justice Holmes once told it to Harold J. Laski, formerly a professor at Harvard and now a member of the faculty of the London School of Economics. Professor Laski passed it on to the late Alexander Woollcott who made it the subject of a characteristic article first published in the February, 1935, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* and here reprinted, very properly without apology for its inclusion in these pages.)

Not a few, I think, would be of the opinion that the strongly contrasted figures of Abraham Lincoln and the second Oliver Wendell Holmes were the two most creditable and encouraging embodiments which it has been the portion of the human spirit to experience in this country. Those holding that opinion would learn with the greater interest that once, in a unique and fateful moment of American history, those two met—the one a handsome towering lad in his early twenties, the other with less than a year of his course still to run—met and had salty and characteristic words with each other.

In vain you will search the Library of Congress for any record of that colloquy, and the only life of Justice Holmes as yet written—an extremely unauthorized biography by Silas Bent published in 1932—was the work of a man who appears not to have known that the meeting ever took place. I have reasons, however, for believing that it did and submit those reasons here as a memorandum for the convenience of the designated chroniclers now at work on that definitive biography of the great judge for which, with such patience as we can muster, the world is waiting.

The story came to me from Professor Harold J. Laski of the London School of Economics and Political Science. Of his exceptional qualifications as a witness in any matter relating to Justice Holmes, I need say no more than that, among the letters which have been turned over to the aforesaid biographers, there are close to six hundred which Professor Laski had received from the Judge during the eighteen years of their friendship. Wherefore at a luncheon given for Laski a few months ago in New York (and in spite of Hendrik Van Loon, who was bursting with other topics) some of us guilefully led the talk to the subject of Justice Holmes and were rewarded by many stories about him. At least three of these belong, to my notion, in the schoolbooks.

Well, one of those stories concerns an annual pilgrimage which the Judge used to make to Arlington—that bivouac across the Potomac where (having shyly entrusted Justice Van Devanter with the task of wangling the privilege for him) Holmes himself now lies buried. On September 13, in each year of the years he spent in Washington, he used to take flowers to Arlington because that was the birthday of General Sedgwick—Major General John Sedgwick, who, until he was killed in action at Spottsylvania, commanded the division in which Holmes's own Twentieth Massachusetts fought some of its bloodiest battles. No private of the Civil War could have published his memoirs under the morose title *Generals Die in Bed*.

Now on several of these memorial occasions Laski played escort, and once, by way of prodding a little war reminiscence out of the old veteran, he asked a few such primary questions as must have reminded his companion that here was an Englishman with only the most languid and meagre interest in American military history. Had the rebels ever come dangerously close to Washington? They had? Well, well. How close? Where were they? From the heights of Arlington the Justice was able to gesture with his stick towards the point of the attack on Fort Stevens.

Then he laughed. "Where were they?" he repeated reminiscently. "You know, the last person who asked me that question was Mr. Lincoln." And he told of a day long past when, Lincoln having come out from the White House to inspect the defenses, the task of piloting him had fallen to Holmes. Lincoln too wanted to know just where the enemy were, and Holmes pointed them out. The President stood up to look. Now, when standing up and supplemented by his high plug hat, Mr. Lincoln was a target of exceptional visibility. From the rebel marksmen came a snarl of musketry fire. Grabbing the President by the arm the young officer dragged him under cover, and afterwards, in

wave upon wave of hot misgiving, was unable to forget that in doing so he had said, "Get down, you fool!"

Admittedly this was not the approved style for an officer to employ in addressing the Commander in Chief of the armed forces of his country. The youthful aide was the more relieved when, just as Lincoln was quitting the fort, he took the trouble to walk back. "Good-bye, Colonel Holmes," he said. "I'm glad to see you know how to talk to a civilian."

Well, there was the story. I heard it with something like stupefaction. Hard to believe? Very. But—and this is a rarer experience—not so easy to disbelieve either. I soon dismissed as untenable the convenient idea that Laski had invented it. Anyone who, as a reporter, as a lawyer, or even as a juror, has had any considerable practice in estimating the veracity of testimony would recognize Laski as a witness of almost photographic fidelity.

The Justice himself, then. Had he been yarning? Or even stretching the truth a bit? Would he have been one—even as you and I—to report as his own an experience of someone else? *You* know, just to make it sound more authentic. No, not Mr. Justice Holmes. No one could for a moment accept that explanation—no one, that is, at all familiar with the workings of his mind, as that mind was opened to us in his legal opinions, in his chary and fastidious speeches, and above all in his letters to young Mr. Wu, which, having recently come to unsanctioned light in Shanghai, are only a whetting appetizer for the great feast that will nourish us when all of the Holmes correspondence is published.

No, I found it unbelievable that either Laski or Holmes had fabricated the story. Then how, in the name of all that's probable, could we be hearing it for the first time after more than seventy years? True, the only Holmes biography in print was written with less than the decent minimum of cooperation from its subject. But one would think that even an ill-equipped and hurried biographer could hardly have overlooked so salient an episode—if it were true.

If it were true! The startled Laski, subjected at once to a stern and skeptical cross-examination, could yield no corroborative detail. He had told all he knew. Suspended in time and space—like a lighted pumpkin on Hallowe'en—his testimony had all the innocence of a child's. He didn't know in what chapter of the Civil War it was supposed to fit, didn't even know the story had not long been a part of American folklore. The task of setting it must fall to others.

Now such a meeting as Laski described could have occurred, if at

all, only during the sweltering hours of Early's raid. That swift and desperate lunge at the capital was made in July '64, at a time when Lee was besieged in Richmond and Sherman was on his way to Atlanta. Present and unaccounted for, however, were 12,000 rebel troops held in leash in the Shenandoah Valley under the erratic command of Lee's 'bad old man'—Jubal Early. What better could they do than try to catch Washington off guard?

Only a feint? Perhaps. But there was always the wild chance that they could achieve demoralization by actually taking the city. Certainly they were encouraged by the not unreasonable hope of finding its defenses manned only by civilians or, at best, by convalescent soldiers from the Washington hospitals. But in the nick of time Grant (in addition to hurrying the Nineteenth Corps, then coming by transport from Louisiana) detached the Sixth Corps from the siege of Richmond and sent it to the rescue by water. The old-timers of that corps swarmed down the gangplanks even as Early's men, who had been helpfully delayed by Lew Wallace at the Monocacy, were swinging along through the choking dust of the Seventh Street Pike.

Thus it befell that, when Early was in position to open fire, the reply came from parapets manned not by clerks and cripples but by veterans in fine fettle. So that was that. He departed with all convenient speed. True, he was only half-heartedly pursued. But a few weeks down the road, Cedar Creek was waiting for him—and a man on horseback named Phil Sheridan.

Of course Lincoln would have been up to his neck in the Early raid—and was. As the reenforcements came up the Potomac he was down on the wharves to welcome them—such reassuringly seasoned soldiers—as they piled off the steamboats. You can picture them milling around him in the midsummer sunshine as clearly as if you were seeing it all in a woodcut in an old Harper's Weekly. Then of course he visited the defenses, and equally of course it was promptly reported (and later sanctified by Nicolay and Hay) that he had to be warned not to expose himself to the enemy fire. This is always said when distinguished noncombatants come within earshot of guns fired in anger. I have even known a war correspondent to report it of himself. By cable. Collect. My story, then, is in the great tradition—and plausible enough so long as you leave Holmes out of it.

That indeed was the oppressive burden of the reports I got back from the two specialists to whom I first took it for proper confirmation. One of these was Lieutenant Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr., U.S. M.C., a marine who not only can read and write but, as if that were

not disquieting enough, can draw as well. My second expert was Lloyd Lewis, biographer of Sherman, who for years has spent so much of his spare time poring over unedited documents of the secession that his wife has been known to lament that she lost her husband in the Civil War.

Both of these consultants verified my layman's assumption that the episode must have happened, if it did, on the second day of Early's raid. Both of them were so affable as to agree that it was a good story. They regretted only that, even to oblige me, they could see no way, offhand, of working Holmes into it. What would he have been doing in that show? Who had ever heard him so much as mentioned in the chronicles and yarns of the Early raid? At Ball's Bluff, Antietam, Chancellorsville—yes. But these had been mileposts in the rough road of the Twentieth Massachusetts, a regiment here not even remotely involved.

Curiously enough the verification was supplied all unconsciously by Mr. Bent. In his life of the Justice it is recorded that after Chancellorsville,—the Captain had been shot in the heel, and during his recuperation in Charles Street, Boston, his father found it a saving of time to keep track only of the visitors who did *not* address the hero as Achilles,—after that convalescence he did not rejoin the Twentieth, but, marked for light duty and breveted a Lieutenant Colonel by way of consolation, was assigned instead as A.D.C. to General Horatio Wright. That was in January, '64. In May, Wright was put in command of the Sixth Corps.

So much Mr. Bent reports, and I speak of the verification as unconsciously supplied because one does gather from the context that he quite failed to identify the Sixth as the corps which came to the rescue when Jubal Early advanced on Washington. So Holmes was A.D.C. to the General commanding that defense. True, he was mustered out on July 17. But the Early raid was over and done with four days before that. Wherefore it seems to me we have an *a priori* probability that Holmes *was* on the parapets when Lincoln visited them, and that as the General's aide it would have been his job, rather than another's, to attend the President on his rounds.

I wish we might have ever word of what was said between them. I think it reasonable, for example, to guess that Lincoln recognized the young officer as the son of a more illustrious father. Did he tell him there was one poem by the elder Holmes which he knew by heart? That was 'The Last Leaf.' Do you suppose he made good his boast by quoting a stanza or two?

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

Did he recite it all? He could have.

But surely it is now no mere guess-work that once, under great provocation, Holmes did call Mr. Lincoln a fool and that, far from being offended, Mr. Lincoln felt it was the *mot juste*.

That, of course, leaves still in the realm of guesswork the real perplexity—the question as to why we have not all known the story all our lives. To anyone disposed to speculate on that point I can only offer the perhaps helpful reminder that the Justice's memories of the Civil War have never found their way into print, and that when on great occasions he spoke in honor of the Twentieth Massachusetts, his pride was not only in its valor and its wounds but in its reticence. It is my own surmise that in after years he heard so many high-ranking warriors having rescued Lincoln from Early's snipers that it took him a long time to recover from his distaste. More than half a century had to pass before he could bring himself to say in effect—and then only in rare confidences—"You know, it was to me that really happened. It was this way."

Having re-enforced the story to my own satisfaction, I promptly invited contradiction by dropping it into a broadcast and also, in table talk, tried it out on sundry listeners who, until I brought up my batteries of evidence, received it with varying degrees of incredulity. At only one dinner table was it heard without any amazement. That was at the home in Cambridge of Felix Frankfurter, the teacher in the Harvard Law School to whom Justice Holmes bequeathed, if it had to be done by anyone, the task of writing a history of his life on the bench. Professor Frankfurter admitted that he had heard the story before—a

reception always disconcerting to a raconteur. Oh! From whom had he heard it? "Why," the professor said mildly, "I heard it from Justice Holmes."

If it has been an unconscionable time in finding its way into print, at least it can be said that the evidence has been filed at last in a court long since recognized as having jurisdiction. For an earlier and somewhat more rapidly reported episode in the life of Wendell Holmes as a soldier was first printed in *The Atlantic*. You will find it—if you keep your back numbers handy—in the issue of December 1862. Of course I refer to the article called "My Hunt after 'The Captain,'" wherein, while they were still a vividly fresh experience, the elder Holmes described his own adventures after the telegraph brought the news to Charles Street that his first-born had been shot through the neck at Antietam.

The article recounts his woeful search in the hospitals and through all the shambles of the roads radiating from the battlefield. That search was unduly prolonged because, in Hagerstown, the slightly casualty had been picked up by a household of pretty Maryland girls and by them had been so hovered over and fed and played to that it was quite five days before he felt equal to being evacuated. It was on a train bound thence to Philadelphia that the anxious father caught up with him at last. Dr. Holmes reported that meeting thus:—

"How are you, Boy?" "How are you, Dad?" Such are the proprieties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the prime minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard—nay, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture."

Thus the Autocrat long ago. John Palfrey, the Boston lawyer who is at work on the life of Holmes *off* the bench, will, I assume, include that famous report and probably needs no reminder that the subject of it did not regard it highly. Everywhere the article was read with admiration, Holmes, Jr. dissenting. We may guess he felt his father had rather prettified the facts. That colloquy at the end, for instance. In response to the "How are you, Boy?" the son had not, as it hap-

pens, said, "How are you, Dad?" After all, he was already a scarred veteran of several battles. What he had really answered—or so I've heard—was, "Boy nothing."

Then there is a sequel. Are we to have that, too? More than half a century later, one of the girls called him up. Yes, one of the Hagerstown girls. And, in a great flutter, the old judge—

But that is another story. After all, it's not my job to write the biography. That's up to a couple of other fellows.

CHAPTER LII

WHY LINCOLN OPPOSED A SECOND TERM FOR HAMLIN

(There is here reprinted an interview granted by Colonel Alexander K. McClure to the editor in April, 1890. Colonel McClure, at that time editor of the Philadelphia Times, was for four decades a potent influence in the state and national councils of the Republican Party. The editor, then a very young man, had called upon him for an account of the influences which in 1860 prompted the nomination of Hannibal Hamlin for vice-president on the ticket with Lincoln.)

"I clearly recall the circumstances," said Colonel McClure. "It had been generally understood that Seward was to be nominated for President, with Lincoln, or some other western man, for vice-president, but Lincoln's nomination knocked this plan in the head. The majority of the convention then naturally turned their attention to Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland. He was by all odds the most prominent of the young and progressive element of the Border States. His early death cut short what certainly would have been a distinguished career, for at that time, though still a young man, he had already done weighty and effective service in the lower branch of Congress. But in the discussion of his availability, the fact developed that he had voted against the Homestead Act as introduced by Grow, and this was at once recognized as a fatal objection. Lincoln was a western man and an old Whig. The only man, with Davis eliminated from the race, who could be selected for vice-president was an eastern man and a former Democrat. Hamlin met all the requirements, and as a consequence was nominated."

"Colonel, did Hamlin enjoy the confidence of Lincoln?"

"Only in a limited measure. The relations between Lincoln and Hamlin were about the same as have been those of other presidents and vice-presidents from the time of Washington and Adams down. When forming his cabinet, Lincoln asked Hamlin whom he wanted appointed from New England, and Hamlin nominated Gideon Welles for secretary of the navy. Here Hamlin's connection with the formation of the cabinet ended. Lincoln fully appreciated his worth, but if

the truth must be told, Hamlin was often one of the President's severest and most unsparing critics, and; as I have stated, their relations from the first were neither cordial nor confidential. I was a delegate to the Baltimore convention which renominated Mr. Lincoln. In the last interview which I had with him, before the assembling of the convention, he requested me to vote for Johnson instead of Hamlin for vice-president. I was reluctant to do so because I knew and esteemed Hamlin and had never met Johnson. The President replied that he based his preference for Johnson not on personal grounds, but on the fact that the nomination of a southern man like Johnson, would tend to desectionalize the South, and I told him I would do as he requested. In the convention I noticed that the delegates, whose relations with Lincoln were close and confidential, voted as I did for Johnson, and though I asked no questions, I naturally inferred that they had had interviews with the President similar to my own. In passing, let me tell you of an amusing incident which happened in the caucus of the Pennsylvania delegation on the selection of the vice-presidential candidate. Thaddeus Stevens, who sat next to me, noticed that I voted for Johnson, whereupon he remarked: 'Damn it, McClure, why are you going into the southern provinces to select a candidate for vice-president; why don't you find some man inside the boundaries of the United States?'"

"Colonel, you were familiar were you not with the reason that prompted Mr. Lincoln's secret journey from Harrisburg to Washington in February, 1861?"

"I remember the circumstances well," was the reply.

"I was at that time a member of the state senate at Harrisburg and one of the committee appointed to receive the President-elect upon his arrival at Harrisburg. He came in the afternoon, and after a public reception at the capitol was tendered a banquet at the old Jones House. While the banquet was in progress Governor Curtin, who sat at the head of the table was suddenly called from the room. When he returned we could see by his face that some great danger or calamity was impending. He said that a messenger had just arrived from Washington bringing letters from Senator Seward, who it was understood was to be secretary of state, and from General Winfield Scott, commander of the army, which stated that a plot to assassinate the President during his journey to Baltimore had been unearthed and that for him to carry out his original plans would be fool-hardy in the extreme. All present joined in the discussion of this startling information, and various plans to insure the President's safety were suggested.

During the discussion I closely watched the bearing of President Lincoln. For a long time, though the one most interested, he sat silent; never a tremor stole across his sad and rugged face. Finally Governor Curtin turned to him and asked what were his wishes in the matter. The answer which he gave, I shall remember as long as I live, for like a flash of lightning at night it showed me the real greatness of the man. He knew that for him to pass through Baltimore might mean certain death, but his resolution never wavered. He said: 'What will the American people think of a President who stole into the capital like a thief in the night?' The language of the President showed what he would do if left to determine for himself, but at this juncture some one suggested that in so grave a matter Mr. Lincoln should place himself in the hands of his friends. The others present coincided with this view, and the President-elect also finally acquiesced. It having been decided that he should not pass through Baltimore all turned instinctively to Colonel Thomas A. Scott, who was present as the man best fitted to devise plans to meet the emergency. In quickness of perception I never knew a man who was Scott's equal. In an instant he had decided what to do. 'All can be easily arranged.' he said, and then turning to Governor Curtin he went on: 'Governor, take Mr. Lincoln with you, go outside and call a cab. Tell the cabman so that those about will hear you (there were several thousands standing around the hotel waiting to catch a glimpse of the President) to drive you to the executive mansion. Drive out along the river past the mansion; turn and come to the station; I will be ready for you.' Then turning to me, Colonel Scott requested me to accompany him. We went at once to the Pennsylvania station and Colonel Scott gave orders to have a track cleared through to Philadelphia. He also ordered out a locomotive and coach. Then he telegraphed to President Felton, of the Philadelphia and Wilmington railroad, to have a train ready for the presidential party upon its arrival in Philadelphia. Finally with his own hands he cut the wires connecting Harrisburg with Philadelphia. When the President-elect and Governor Curtin arrived at the station all was in readiness and with Allen Pinkerton, the detective, and Colonel Ward Lamon, who had stolen away from the hotel unobserved, as his only companions, Mr. Lincoln began his secret journey to Washington. President Felton, of the Philadelphia and Wilmington, at that time had a large secret service in his employ, who had also gained information of plots against the President. This information had been imparted to Mr. Lincoln during his stay in Philadelphia before he went to Harrisburg, and a possible change in his plans discussed. But

the matter went no further, although it has since given rise to a great deal of misunderstanding and misinformation on the subject. The plans of Mr. Lincoln's safety were devised on the spur of the moment in Harrisburg, and the credit belongs alone to Colonel Scott and Governor Curtin."

"Colonel, you knew Mr. Lincoln well, did you not?"

"I did, indeed. The manner in which I became acquainted with him led him to value me more highly perhaps, than I deserved. I had played some part in securing his nomination. I was chairman of the Republican state committee the year of his election. Pennsylvania being considered the pivotal state, my services brought me into considerable notice. After his election I had no favors to ask or axes to grind and this, no doubt, helped me to win his favor. I saw Mr. Lincoln almost weekly during his term as President, and I saw him under the most widely varying circumstances and conditions. I flatter myself that I grew to know the man well. With those whom he trusted he was as open and artless as a child, but with those he had reason to suspect he was, to use a quaint expression of his, like a 'closed knife.' Still in the discharge of his public duties he never allowed personal resentment to figure in the least. In the management of political affairs he was a veritable tyro. When he was a candidate for President the second time, although his re-election was from the first assured, he would often become insanely fearful of the result. On one occasion when he had communicated to me his fears of a formidable movement for Chase and I had laughingly told him that only divine omnipotence could bring about his defeat, he said: 'Yes, McClure, you are probably right, but I cannot forget that the convention which nominated me for President, until near its close, was considered to be safe for another man.' Personal fear was something of which Mr. Lincoln knew nothing. Many a time I have met him at night in the streets of Washington, alone and unguarded, and when I would ask if he was not afraid of violence, he would reply with child-like confidence: 'Who would want to kill me? Nicolay and Hay, in their Life of Lincoln, are writing of a man of whose inner and true life, they were almost entirely ignorant. Lincoln always treated them both as was his custom, with the most considerate kindness, but Hay was only a boy at the time, and Nicolay as the President's private secretary, was notoriously incompetent. That their positions gave them a splendid opportunity to know the inside history of the great events of the war goes without saying, but the idea that they ever knew the real Lincoln, or were ever taken into his confidence is preposterous."

"Colonel, you were familiar, were you not, with the circumstances attending Simon Cameron's withdrawal from President Lincoln's cabinet?"

"Perfectly. The true story has never been told, and Cameron has done what he could to crystallize the false impression that he withdrew from the cabinet of his own volition. Colonel Scott, you remember, was assistant secretary of war. I had gone to Washington one afternoon, and in the evening, as I always did when at the capital, called on Colonel Scott at his room. While we were talking, Cameron came in, greatly flustered. 'McClure,' said he, 'you and I have never pulled together politically, but I do not think that you would want to see me ruined. Secretary Chase this afternoon handed me a letter from the President which means my political, financial and social destruction.' He then exhibited the letter which simply stated that the President had appointed Edwin M. Stanton secretary of war and named him, Cameron, minister to Russia. After he had shown us the letter Cameron broke down and cried like a child. He bitterly assailed the President, and implored Scott and I to do something to save him from the disgrace which threatened him. Scott, as usual equal to the occasion, finally said: 'Cameron, I think this matter can be arranged. Mr. Lincoln is a kind-hearted man, and would not necessarily wound any one. McClure and I will see him, and get him to withdraw this letter, on condition that you write a letter of resignation, antedating it. We will get the President to accept it and let the matter go on record in that way.' General Cameron was exceedingly relieved by the plan suggested by Colonel Scott and brightened up at once. The next day Scott and I called on the President, and asked him to withdraw the letter he had written to Cameron, and to permit the latter to tender his resignation. This is the truth of the matter, but during Colonel Scott's life I had to keep silent as to the part he played in the affair, because of his delicate relations with the Camerons, father and son."

CHAPTER LIII

MR. LINCOLN GIVES HEED TO A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY

(Frances Jacob Nickels never saw or talked with Mr. Lincoln, but her mother, Hannah Slater Jacobs, did, in an hour charged with grave concern for the well-being of a soldier father, and the story the mother told the daughter was by the latter set forth in a moving way in the article here reprinted, but first published in the February, 1932, issue of the magazine, *Good Housekeeping*. Thomas Ogden Slater, according to the official records, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, came early to America, and in the opening days of the Civil War enlisted in Company H, Twelfth New Jersey Volunteers, being later promoted to the rank of captain and transferred to Company K of the same regiment. Captain Slater was wounded both at Fredericksburg and at the Battle of the Wilderness, and on June 4, 1865, was honorably discharged from service. He passed his last years in Warren, Pennsylvania, engaged in the occupation of lumberman, and there he died on September 28, 1917, at the age of ninety.)

The White House door closed behind me, and for a moment I stood as in a dream. I had seen Abraham Lincoln, and so great an adventure had it been for me it seemed it could not be real. A strange country girl had gone to the President for help in time of trouble, and he had been so kind, so gentle and sympathetic, that my heart was full of gratitude. This is how it happened:

Our nation was in peril, and though Father was past draft age he felt he must enlist. For a number of years he had been a commander of militia in Frenchtown, New Jersey, where we lived. After the firing on Fort Sumter, when President Lincoln called for troops, Father began to rally all the men he could, and though it took him a whole year, he did make up a company out of the regiment of which he had been colonel. A frail wife and seven children, the youngest of whom were twins only a few months old, and an aged, dependent mother gave reasons enough for his remaining home.

For all such reasons he had but one answer: "I think it is my duty

to go. After all these years of playing soldier I should feel like a shirker not to go."

I shall never forget how proud I was of my father as, dressed in his fine new uniform, looking every inch the brave soldier that he was, he marched away at the head of his company.

Only a few months afterward the dreadful battle of Fredericksburg with its horrible toll of death, was fought. In it Father was wounded. A ball, passing through his kneecap, shattered the bone nearly to his hip. For seven hours he lay on the battlefield under cross-fire. Finally comrades picked him up, and, putting him into a wagon, drove for miles across the cornfields, while he suffered untold agony. He was taken to the Mansion House Hospital where his leg was immediately amputated.

When the news reached Mother, she went at once to the hospital, leaving the children in care of Grandmother. The place was already overcrowded, yet every day frightful numbers of wounded and dying were brought in. Doctors and nurses could not begin to care properly for the patients, and for lack of close attention they died by hundreds every day. There were no beds for visitors, who indeed were not welcome, so Mother had to sleep on the floor.

All about Mother saw younger soldiers, less seriously injured than Father, dying by day and night, but after many anxious weeks of tender nursing and watchful care the battle for his life was won. Little by little strength came, and finally he was discharged from the hospital. Broken in health, emaciated from the long strain of suffering, he hobbled out on his crutches. And so he came home.

His return was a great day for the village. All our small world turned out to do him honor. American flags were flying everywhere, bands were playing, and a carriage gaily decorated in red, white, and blue, drawn by four white horses, brought Father and Mother from the station, while all the church bells rang their welcome. I shall never forget the moment they came driving up to the house, my brave soldier father, white, wasted, and crippled, and my mother, weak and broken by the sufferings she had endured and witnessed.

Before he went to war Father had been a successful merchant, owning a large general department store. Unscrupulous clerks had necessitated Mother's disposing of the business at great sacrifice, so it seemed a desirable solution for Father to go to Washington, putting his business ability at the disposal of the Government Commissary Department. After two months' leave of absence he was put in charge of a commissary depot at Chain Bridge, a few miles outside of the capital.

Then came the excitement of the family's leaving home and going to Washington. I was in my teens, young for my years, a most unsophisticated country girl. For me, going to Washington was like an adventure into fairyland.

After a long and arduous search, a house to accommodate so large a family was found, our furniture shipped, and with much expense and labor we were finally established in the new home. What thrilling and martial music filled the air. We lived on Pennsylvania Avenue, and it was exciting beyond words to us country-bred children to watch the gay crowds go by. The very streetlamps held a fascination. How wonderful the public buildings were—especially the White House where the President lived! I loved it all.

Only one cloud shadowed my joyousness. I noticed that day after day Father came home from work looking pale and worried, and that Mother seemed unusually depressed. She always met him at the door, and one evening, happening to be in the hall as he returned, I heard her say,

“Well, Father, how have things gone today?”

“No better,” he wearily replied. “The Division Commander came in today, and was so discourteous that I asked my clerk if he knew why the General had been so rude. He explained that the captain who had formerly been in command of the depot and the General were very great friends. Without consulting the General, the authorities had transferred the captain and appointed me in his place. This annoyed the General greatly and the clerk said he told him today that I had come without his ‘knowledge or consent. But,’ said he, ‘he is under my control now, and I can do just as I want to with him. I can transfer him if I like, or I can dismiss him! ’ ”

It was the first I had heard of any unpleasantness, and I just couldn't believe it.

“Father,” I exclaimed, “do you mean to say that after all you have suffered for your country they aren’t good to you here?”

Since I had overheard so much, Father went on to explain the situation to me. The clerk of the former captain had been retained, and the General, utterly ignoring Father’s presence from the first, would come in, and, with intolerable rudeness, walk right by Father’s desk and transact all business with his clerk. The General had never met Father before, nor had he ever spoken to him; so it was nothing personal, just pique.

“And now,” said Father, “the clerk thinks he may either transfer or dismiss me.”

"Well," said I, "after all you have sacrificed, to be so insulted! I would never submit to it."

"And what would you do, my child?"

"I'd go to President Lincoln," I replied, "and tell him all about it. He is such a good, kind-hearted man, I'm sure he would fix things right for you."

"Oh, no!" he said, "I wouldn't do that for anything. The President is overburdened with all the problems of the country, and I wouldn't think of troubling him with my affairs."

"But what will you do, Father?"

"I guess there's nothing to do."

"Why, it might mean you'd lose your place," I said.

"Yes, it might."

"And yet you won't go to the President?"

"No, I will not," he answered positively, and I knew that argument would be of no avail.

I went to bed with a heavy heart. All night I lay awake thinking over and over again all that had happened; of all Father's and Mother's suffering and heartaches; of the sacrifice of our beautiful home and Father's fine business; of the cost and labor of our moving; and then of the delights of the new home. If that horrid old General should send Father away, we'd have to go and leave it all"

With courage born of despair, I determined I would go to see the President, myself.

Bright and early the next morning I was up and dressed in my best Sunday frock, my hair carefully braided, with my prettiest hair-ribbons and hat; and leaving word that I had gone out to do an errand, I started for the White House.

The streets seemed quiet, and I wondered why. It was late in May, and the sun was high, so it did not occur to me that it was still early. I had quite a walk to the White House and when I reached there, no one seemed to be around. I went up through the great portico to the front door and rang the bell. After what seemed to me a long wait, a tall doorkeeper opened the door, and, looking much surprised to see me standing there, said bruskly,

"What do you want?"

"If you please, sir, I should like to see the President."

He looked at me in amazement. "Well," he said, "you certainly are making an early call. Don't you know the doors aren't open until nine o'clock?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I am a stranger here, and I don't know any-

thing about your rules and regulations, and I haven't any idea what time it is."

"Well," he answered, "the President isn't even up yet, and anyway he's not receiving visitors these days. For two or three weeks he has not seen any one except on urgent business."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "my business is important! I *must* see him. My father is an Army officer and in trouble, and I must tell the President about it."

"Well," he replied, "if the President could see you, it would not be before eleven o'clock, and it's not seven yet. You would have a long wait, should he see you at all, which I think is doubtful. Do you live far from here?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"Well, which would you rather do, go home and come back, wait outdoors, or—would you like to come in?"

"If you please," I said, "I would like to come in."

"Very well," he decided, "you may go up to the second floor into the reception room; but remember, I don't believe you can see the President."

I went up as he directed and looked about the room, and out of the windows, enjoying especially the views out over the lovely grounds. By and by I began to hear stirrings above me and I decided the President must be getting up. After a long time I went across the hall and looked out of the front windows and saw crowds of people coming from every direction. At last the doors were opened, and by ten o'clock the rooms upstairs and down were packed. It was a distinguished-looking company; all the Army and Navy officers with gilt braid and buttons, and foreign diplomats in full regalia, and fashionably-dressed women. And how anxious they all were to see the President! I heard one lady say:

"I have been coming here every day for three weeks hoping to see Mr. Lincoln, and have not succeeded in having an interview with him yet."

Another replied: "I have been coming every day for weeks without being able to see him. I want my son transferred from one hospital to another, and the authorities won't do it. I know if I could see President Lincoln for five minutes he would grant my request."

So one after another I heard these people telling of their daily disappointment, and I began to feel pretty hopeless. I was only a little girl; this was my first visit, and I knew I could never get up sufficient courage to come again if I failed this time. I had just about decided I

had better go, when I saw the tall doorkeeper come in, looking all about for some one. There were Generals and Admirals, and all sorts of important-looking personages, and I supposed he was trying to find one of them. But suddenly I saw him beckoning to me. I looked at him questioningly, and he nodded. I went to him and he whispered,

“You may see the President now.”

How can I describe my feelings? It seemed too good to be true, and yet, in spite of my happiness, I was so frightened I could scarcely move. I mustered up courage, however, to follow him. He opened a door and pushed me in: and there I was—all alone with the President.

Mr. Lincoln was sitting in an armchair in the farthest corner of the room. Seeing my timidity, he rose, and beckoning in a friendly way said: “Come this way, Sis; come this way.”

His voice was so kind and gentle that all my fright left me immediately. He came in great strides to meet me, and taking me by the hand, welcomed me most cordially.

“And did you wish to see me?” he inquired.

“Yes, Mr. President,” I replied, “My father is in trouble and I have come to tell you about it.”

“Does your father know you have come?”

“Oh, no, Mr. President. He would not have allowed me to come if he had known anything about it. I wanted him to come, himself, to see you, but he said you were too burdened for him to trouble you, and he would not come. I stayed awake all last night thinking about his trouble and decided I would come myself. So before he was up, I slipped out of the house without his knowledge.”

A kindly smile lighted President Lincoln's face and he said: “Come sit down and tell me all about it.”

His sympathy made me feel at ease, and I told him all the story in detail. When I was telling him of Father's being wounded at the Battle of Fredericksburg and of the necessity of the amputation of his leg, and of his and Mother's sufferings, he interrupted me.

“So your father was wounded at Fredericksburg?” he said.

“Yes, Mr. President,” I answered.

He threw his head back on the chair, and as he clasped his hands before him and closed his eyes, a look of agony passed over his face. With a groan, he said: “Oh, what a terrible slaughter that was! Those dreadful days! Shall I ever forget them? No, never, never.” Then recovering himself, he said: “Go on, my child, go on.”

So I went on and told him all about out leaving our old home; of Father's appointment to Chain Bridge and of the indignity he had

suffered; of his anxiety concerning the welfare of his big family; and how, only the day before, the Division Commander had seemed to threaten his removal.

When I was all through, the President said:

“My child, every day I am obliged to listen to many stories such as ours. How am I to know what you have told me is true?”

“I’m sure I don’t know, Mr. President,” I replied, “unless you are willing to take my word for it.”

“That’s just what I’m going to do,” he said as he patted me on the shoulder. “I will thoroughly investigate this affair,” and taking a notebook from his pocket, he made a memorandum of what I had told him. Then closing the book, he said: “Now, my child, you go home and tell your father not to worry any more about this. I will look into the matter myself, and I will see to it personally that no further injustice is done him. He can rest assured that he will either be retained in his present position or have a better one. It will come out all right, I can promise you.”

Grasping his hand in both of mine, all I could say was: “Thank you so much, Mr. President.”

“That’s all right, my child, all right.” And then rising he bade me good-bye with all the graciousness he would have shown some notable woman, and bowed me out.

I stood for a moment fairly dazed. How unbelievably marvelous it all seemed, and what a wonderful man our President was!

I fairly walked on air all the way home, and I could hardly wait for Father’s return that evening. At last I saw him coming on his crutches, care-worn and worried. Mother met him at the door with the usual question,

“Well, Father, how have things gone today?”

“No better, Mother,” he answered sadly.

Then I could restrain myself no longer and cried out, “It’s all right, Father! Everything is going to be all right!”

“What’s all right, child? What do you mean?”

“Well,” I said, so happy that I could scarcely talk coherently, “I went to the White House today and saw the President and told him all about your trouble—”

“You went to see the President!” he interrupted, “What on earth did you do that for? I never dreamed of your doing such a thing! The President never heard of me. He doesn’t know a thing about me. Why should he be troubled with my affairs?”

“Well,” I replied, “you refused to go to him because you said you

would not bother him with your troubles; so I went to him, myself. I told him all about it, and I have a message for you from Mr. Lincoln. He told me to tell you not to worry one bit more, that he would investigate the matter personally and you should either keep your present position or have a better one."

The expression on my father's face was a study. Bewilderment, amazement, incredulity, and joy were all mingled.

"Did I ever!" he cried. "Bless your heart!"

Gathering me in his arms he held me close, struggling to keep back the tears that were threatening.

The President kept his word. He did just what he said he would. In a few days, when the General made his next visit to the station, he was as courteous as he could be to Father.

"Good morning, Captain," he said, and came to Father's desk to transact business with him for the first time.

And after that, in all their relations, there was never the slightest shadow of unpleasantness.

I never saw the President to speak to him again. Within two years he was dead, and our hearts grieved as if he had been one of our own. But down through the years I have had this memory of the big-hearted, sympathetic man, burdened by affairs of state, beset by hundreds of people, as he sat patiently, unhurriedly, listening to the story of a little girl.

CHAPTER LIV

“YOU ARE A BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN,” SAID MR. LINCOLN

(Alice Brown Albertson of New York City also never saw and talked with Abraham Lincoln, but her mother, India Frances Brown, of Alexandria, Virginia, did, and that under conditions charged with the threat of tragedy. The story of that meeting as Mrs. Brown told it to her children long afterward was passed on by Mrs. Albertson to Rose C. Feld, who made it the subject of an article originally published in the February, 1933, issue of *The Woman's Home Companion*. The official records confirm the accuracy of Mrs. Albertson's narrative as recorded by Miss Feld, and it is here reprinted as a moving example of Mr. Lincoln's wise exercise of clemency whenever there was satisfying excuse for it.)

Living in New York today is a woman not overladen with worldly goods but rich in a memory more precious than wealth. Mrs. Alice Albertson is her name and she is the daughter of India Frances Brown and Thomas Theophilus Brown, both dead. Except that they breathe a quaint fragrance of days that are gone, these names in themselves mean little; but add to them, as Mrs. Albertson can, the light of another, that of Abraham Lincoln, and at once these people assume the stature of more than ordinary individuals. They become characters in a page of the stirring drama of unwritten history.

In 1863, during the period between the Battle of Gettysburg and the Gettysburg Address when the gaunt sorrow-laden President was overwhelmed with the trying burdens of a nation in distress, he found the time—and that was not unusual—to see a young woman tortured by the fear of her husband's imprisonment and, as she had reason to believe, possible execution, and to stay the hand of military action. History is not made by documents but by human beings. This fragment of Lincoln story, lifted out of the past, owes its life not to the printed page but to the warmer realm of childhood memories. India Frances Brown, serene in the happiness of her home, told the story to her five children and those that grew up and bore children of their own passed on this glowing heritage. Yet memory which, often without intention,

passes beyond the boundaries of fact to wander more freely in the world of imagination is not all that forms the outlines of this story. In the War Department at Washington are records telling of the imprisonment and release of Thomas Theophilus Brown from the old Capitol Prison of Washington and in the Confederate archives of the Library of Virginia are notations of his enlistment.

To the daughter of India and Thomas Theophilus Brown born to them in the 1870's the tale carries with it deeply cherished memories of a large homely kitchen alive with the activities of a tiny bustling little woman who, as her daughter puts it "never came higher than Father's shoulder;" memories of a lamp-lit parlor warmed by a square base-burner beside which in an armchair sat the same mother telling her children, with little urging, the story of how Abraham Lincoln saved their father's life.

Thomas Theophilus Brown figures in these lamp-lit scenes, too, but he is a silent figure, tall and spare and straight, allowing himself only an occasional interpolation of restraint at some too vivid word-painting of his wife's; preferring as a rule to sit with one of the children and play an old-time melody on the strings of the guitar he loved to feel under his fingers.

"I like to think of my mother as she was in those days," says Mrs. Albertson. "She was in her own home, happy, lovely, surrounded by her husband and children. That was in Chicago, where my mother and father went after the Civil War. My father died there in 1894; my mother came to New York where she passed away fifteen years ago.

"I like to go back," this middle-aged woman continues, "to the time of my mother's wedding day. My mother always started at that point. She was sixteen years old at the time. My father was twenty-one. My mother came of an old Virginia family. Her people were bankers and sea-faring men. I suppose that accounts for her being called 'India.' Father always called her 'Indy.' She could, she used to tell us, handle a horse or a sailboat as well as any of her brothers. My father's people came from Maryland; good honest upright folk but not, according to the notions of my mother's family, a good connection. My father was a mechanic making a very comfortable living.

"It was at a party at her aunt's home in Baltimore that my mother met him. He was tall and slender, his hair was black and his eyes dark. He had a lovely forehead. Maybe it was the way men had their hair cut at that time but it always seemed to me whenever I looked at his picture that the upper part of his face resembled Lincoln's. Mother was his direct opposite. She was fair and blue-eyed, her hair was the

color of clear gold. They danced together that evening and between dances Father played the guitar and sang, the same guitar, I reckon, that he brought with him to Chicago.

"When she went back to Virginia, she told her brothers that she was going to marry this Thomas Theophilus Brown. My mother's parents had died when she was very young and her elder brothers were her guardians. When they found out that Father was only a mechanic they told her she was out of her head. They had, she used to tell us, already picked somebody for her, somebody with money and family and red hair; and she used to add—still indignant over it—if there was one thing she couldn't abide it was a man with red hair. All the argument in the world didn't change their opinion nor hers. The upshot was that Mother ran away and married Father. Her aunt in Baltimore who was her mother's sister knew that Father was a worthy young man and she came on to Washington to see them married.

"Because of what she had done my mother was estranged from her family. She and Father went to Alexandria to live where Father did very well at his trade. He couldn't give her the things she had been accustomed to but they had a good comfortable home and a couple of colored servants. Mother always said she knew the smile of happiness for the first time in her life after she married Father. They loved each other deeply. They knew they had made no mistake."

It was in 1860 that India Frances Borum and Thomas Theophilus Brown were married. In April, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired on and the Civil War which had long been threatening became a cruel reality. For these two young Southerners there was no question of loyalties. They were Southerners. Thomas Theophilus Brown left his young wife and enlisted. One notation of his enlistment is found in the 1861 Confederate records in the archives department of the Virginia State Library. A second shows a subsequent enlistment in 1863. According to the story told the Brown children by their mother, Thomas Theophilus saw almost continual active service during the first half of the Civil War, coming home once or twice to recover from wounds but going back to the front when he was well again. Meanwhile a child, Elinore Elizabeth had been born.

"Elinore Elizabeth, my eldest sister, had dark hair and dark eyes," says Mrs. Albertson. "She took after Father. Somehow that made Mother's waiting for him both easier and harder. She loved Nelly for herself as much as for her reminding her of Father and the danger he was in. Nelly was only a baby but Mother wanted her to remember Father in case anything happened to him. Father was home for a

while during the early summer of 1863 and it made the tears come to his eyes when the little dark-eyed baby, still nursing at her mother's breast, recognized him."

History tells us that on July first, second and third, 1863, the Battle of Gettysburg was bitterly fought on the slopes of the southern Pennsylvania hills. The Union Army of the Potomac was commanded by General George G. Meade; the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia by General Robert E. Lee. The toll of that three days' fighting was the heaviest either army had known up to that time; almost 6,000 killed, almost 30,000 wounded and about 10,000 missing.

During the night of the fourth, with torrential rain falling, with his men suffering from lack of shoes and food and raiment, tired, spent, beaten, General Lee led his defeated army back toward the fields of Virginia. The progress of the straggling ranks was exceedingly slow and difficult. Feet and limbs unprotected by shoes and clothing were pitilessly torn and men who could not keep up with the movement of their hardier comrades were left by the wayside.

Such a one Thomas Theophilus Brown must have been. His daughter says that he fought in the Battle of Gettysburg. It is quite possible that to those who participated in that conflict the Battle of Gettysburg meant more than the three days' encounter history records. It is also possible that dates and records of enlistment were not faithfully kept at that critical time. This may explain the fact that the second enlistment of Thomas Theophilus Brown bears the date of July 13, 1863, and that he is reported on the muster rolls of Company F of the First Battalion Maryland Cavalry. The cavalry unit of General Lee's army was commanded by General Stuart who, according to historical records, was fearfully pressed by the enemy on his retreat south.

But whether Thomas Theophilus Brown saw fighting at Gettysburg or whether he joined his company during the retreat and saw fighting in the skirmishes that continually took place between the fleeing Southerners and pursuing Northerners, the fact, supported by memory and record, is certain that he was captured at Brandy Station, Virginia by Union soldiers on August 1, 1863, and sent to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington. Taken with him were his brother, George Emory Brown, a lad of seventeen, and five other men, all in a state of physical and nervous collapse.

It was not long before the news came to India Brown in Alexandria that her husband had been captured, that he was imprisoned at the Old Capital Prison at Washington, and also the rumor that he was to be court-martialed and shot as a spy.

"The shock," relates Mrs. Albertson, picking up her mother's tale, "almost killed her. She had been prepared for the worst that might have happened to Father on the field of battle, but not this. That he was not a spy she knew. The fact that his younger brother was with him, she felt, must have had something to do with his having been caught hiding in a thicket. The fact that there were seven of them taken together was to her additional reason for doubting the justice of this. But over and above all was the fact that she loved him more than all else in the world and that if he was alive she must do everything to save him from the terrible thing that was threatening him.

"Alexandria lies on the Potomac River, something between ten and fifteen miles south of Washington. All Mother's distracted inquiries met with the reply that it was impossible to get to the capital, that no passes were being issued, and that the river was heavily blockaded by gunboats. To try to run that blockade meant discovery and possible death. My mother was a God-fearing woman, but waiting without doing anything was not her idea of trusting in the Lord. Her man was in prison and she was free, and her freedom to her meant only one thing, getting to him and interceding for him. What exactly she would do or whom she would see when she got to Washington she didn't know.

"She was alone in her house except for her child and two colored servants. The woman, she felt, was useless in this emergency but the man was not. She called him to her and told him that she was going to Washington by boat and that he was going with her. Thinking she had a pass, he agreed, but when she laid her scheme before him he shook with fear. They were to take a flat-bottom rowboat, she told him, and paddle up the Potomac to Washington between the walls of the gunboats in the darkness of the night.

"'We can't do it, Miss Indy, we can't,' he told her over and over again, but with tears and pleas and finally commands she made him agree to go with her. When he heard she was planning to take the baby with them his courage once more fled.

"'If that chile cries, we is finished,' he expostulated, but she told him the child wouldn't cry.

"Her preparations were swift and stealthy. Necessities for the baby and a few things for herself were packed in a calico bag, something that would make no sound. She prayed desperately that nothing would go wrong. Late one night in August, with the sleeping child at her breast she and the trembling Negro stepped into the boat. It was

agreed that no word should pass between them, that a touch of the hand or foot should be the signal for stopping or going.

"I can still see my mother's face as she used to tell us of this part of the trip. She said she never knew how it happened or how she lived through it. It had all the blackness and terror of a nightmare. To keep the child from making any outcry that would discover them to the men patrolling the gunboats, she kept her continually at her breast. All through the dark hours the muffled oars sank noiselessly and came up again with barely a ripple. Voices of men on watch on the ships looming up at their side frightened them but the silence was even more terrifying.

"Mother used to say," Mrs. Albertson continues in reminiscence, "that she had read how the Pilgrims gave praise when they landed at Plymouth Rock but, she would add, never was a human creature more grateful to her Maker for His kindness and mercy than she was when in the dead of night her boat scuffed up on a bank within a few miles of Washington. They hid the boat in some heavy brush and stayed there themselves until the first gray of dawn showed them, a short distance off, an old farmhouse. They watched it anxiously until a thin trickle of smoke came up from the chimney and then, still holding the child at her breast, my mother went around to the kitchen and asked for shelter. These people were Southerners and quickly she explained what she was doing there. They took her in, kept her hidden all day and at night put her into an old buggy which brought her to friends living nearer the capital.

"Arrived at last in the City of Washington Mother freshened herself up, put clean frills around her collar and cuffs, and set out to see Father. She thought it would be as easy as that. The crowds in the street soon confused and tired her. She passed the Treasury Building where Father had once weighed her in the silver scales and the memory made her eyes fill. They had been so happy then, so sure of life.

"Blinded with emotion she brushed against an old gentleman. She apologized and he lifted his hat to her. Seeing her in distress he asked whether he could help her. She wanted the Old Capitol Prison she told him. Her husband was lying there. He directed her to the place, his face saddened by her request. She finally got there and stood before the walls of that terrible building where so many young southern soldiers were wasting away in illness or counting the hours of their lives.

"A Union soldier on guard came up and spoke to her, asking her what she wanted. She explained she came to see her husband, Thomas

Theophilus Brown, Confederate soldier, captured after the Battle of Gettysburg. The man told her, with a sympathetic smile, that she could not see anyone in prison, not unless she had a pass letting her in. Passes, he told her, were issued by the War Department.

"Was it true, she asked him, that men who were court-martialed were shot? He could answer that, he replied. Some were and some were not. He made as if to go but she held his arm. Who was the man to see, to help her, to keep her husband safe? Secretary Stanton was head of the War Department, he told her. But his expression as he said those words gave her little hope or encouragement.

"The name rang in her ears. Secretary Stanton. She had heard of him. A hard man. A man difficult to get along with, people said. A Northerner." It was not an easy thing to get to him. Everybody she talked to told her that. She was advised to make certain that her facts were straight for the Secretary had small patience with anything beyond facts. All that India Frances Brown could find out, however, was that Confederate troops, retreating, were of the belief that her husband had deserted his company and that the Union Army, advancing and finding him and his comrades in ambush, had captured them.

Day after day she went to the war office seeking help and advice and each day she returned to her lodgings feeling she was no nearer the end of her desire. The child went with her all the time. She clung to it as though it were the last bond between herself and her husband.

At last came the hour when an attendant arrived and told her the Secretary would see her. The young slip of a woman, weary with fatigue and worry, came before the head of the War Department and at once he began questioning her. His gruff short interrogations frightened her but she told him all he wanted to know; her husband, Thomas Theophilus Brown, soldier in the Confederate Army, had been captured at Brandy Station and held as a spy. But it wasn't true. He and his comrades, including a younger brother of seventeen, had through weariness and exhaustion fallen behind their company and had been discovered seeking shelter in the woods. Her husband, she insisted, was no spy and could not with justice be tried as one.

To the man listening to her, burdened with duties and responsibilities, the insistence of a young woman that her husband was no spy, doubting the justice of a military tribunal whose business it was to deal with such matters, came as an added trial in a period heavy with grave cares. He had seen her against his better judgment, he had no time to give to one woman when the lives of thousands of men de-

pended upon his strength and his deliberations. In a manner peculiar to him, gruffly and rudely as she in her distress interpreted it, he told her he could do nothing and that if her husband was a spy he must take his punishment like others, face his court-martial and accept the consequences that lay upon his crime. He made a motion to the door. Time was so extremely precious.

Infuriated by his coldness and impersonality in a matter so near her heart, India Frances Brown, the story goes, lost her head and drawing herself up to the last fraction of her tiny stature told the astonished Secretary of War what she thought of him. Her words, it is recorded in her family, were, "General Stanton, you are no gentleman! I shall go to authority higher than you to free my husband."

"Mother," says Mrs. Albertson, "was desperate when she came out into the streets of Washington. The anger that had made her speak so violently to General Stanton left her and she felt suddenly very weak and young and helpless. She hadn't done anything yet. Father was still in prison and here she was alive but powerless to do anything for him. She relived the scene she had just left and the words she had so hotly uttered to the Secretary of War came back to her. She would go to authority higher than his. Authority higher than the Secretary's. That meant just one person. Abraham Lincoln."

Exactly how long it took India Frances Brown to get an interview with Abraham Lincoln, her daughter does not recall. Those were the days when the grief-laden President was called upon to lend his mind and heart to a thousand urgent matters. On September seventh, however the waiting girl with the child in her arms was ushered into the presence of Abraham Lincoln. They were left alone and she saw the lean gaunt slightly stooping figure of the President towering over her. She stood speechless for a moment, not believing that she really was there, and then realizing how much depended on her visit her eyes filled with tears. Abraham Lincoln came over to her, smiled and gently put her into a chair.

"What can I do for you?" he asked her and the ordinary words laved her spirit like a breath of spring air.

"It took all fear from her," India Brown's daughter relates. "Mother had been terribly afraid of coming to him. She had heard hard things said about this man, Abraham Lincoln, who had for a 'notion' as she had heard people say, plunged the country into war. But there he was, homely as his pictures had shown him to be, but beautiful in a way that no picture showed. Giving her all the time she wanted he let Mother tell her story in her own way. Sometimes, Mother said, he smiled and sometimes he just rubbed his chin.

"Mother was crying when she finished. Nelly, who was sitting in Mother's lap, smiled at the President and half to hide his confusion and half to help Mother pull herself together he lifted the baby up in his arms and held her close to his cheeks. To Mother's great amazement she heard Nelly say, 'Papa.' Maybe it was the fact of Lincoln's being a man that made her do it or maybe it was some resemblance. Anyway, Abraham Lincoln laughed. He put the baby back into Mother's lap and walked back and forth a few times. Then he sat down at his desk and wrote something on a sheet of paper. When he finished he reread what he had written and then brought the paper to Mother, saying:

"Take this to Secretary Stanton, Mrs. Brown. If what you say is true, your husband will be returned to you."

"One thing more he said before he opened the door for her: 'Mrs. Brown, you are a brave little woman.'

"That was all. The door closed softly behind her before she could pull herself together to thank him."

On winged feet India Frances Brown returned to the office of the War Secretary and presented the communication from the President. This time there was no waiting. Secretary Stanton saw her at once, read the brief message and, as she later told her children, bit his lip and smiled. She felt, she said, "like a person glorified."

The note from President Lincoln, verified by records in the War Department, asked that the cases of Thomas Theophilus and George Emory Brown be investigated. Three days later, on September tenth, the superintendent of the Old Capitol Prison was directed to discharge Thomas Theophilus Brown and George Emory Brown on their taking the oath of allegiance. According to the prison records this was administered on September 19, 1863.

India Frances Brown, needless to say, was at the prison gates on that memorable day.

"When she saw Father, she didn't recognize him," her daughter tells us. "He was thin almost to emaciation, his face was shaggy with a beard, his body was barely covered with the rags he wore and he was trembling with fever and nerves. His feet were torn and scarred. All his life he carried the marks of his last war experience."

"As soon as she could Mother took him home with her to Alexandria where she nursed him back to health. It was not until he was partly himself again that she told him of the great debt of gratitude they owed to Abraham Lincoln. Father, Mother declared, said nothing but only hid his face in the pillows and cried."

CHAPTER LV

A WESTERN WOMAN'S PORTRAIT OF MR. LINCOLN

(Cordelia Perrine Harvey was the wife of Louis Powell Harvey, a native of New York who in 1862 became governor of Wisconsin. After the death of her husband by drowning at Savannah, Tennessee, in April, 1862, while on a mission of mercy to Wisconsin's soldiers wounded in the Battle of Shiloh, Mrs. Harvey resolved to carry forward his unfinished labors. In September, 1862 Edward Salomon, who had succeeded her husband as governor of Wisconsin, appointed her that State's sanitary agent at St. Louis and she served in that capacity until the end of the war.

Mrs. Harvey's methods and their effectiveness are set forth in the following narrative of how she secured the founding of the first of a chain of northern hospitals, for sick and wounded Union soldiers languishing in the South—a reprint of the manuscript of a lecture which she delivered many times in her latter years. What the soldiers thought of her is reflected in the title *The Angel of Wisconsin* which they bestowed upon her. After the war Mrs. Harvey married Arthur T. Chester, a clergyman of Buffalo, New York. She died in February, 1895, and is buried beside Governor Harvey at Madison, Wisconsin.)

In the fall of 1862 I found myself in Cape Girardeau, (Missouri) where hospitals were being improvised for the immediate use of the sick and dying then being brought in from the swamps by the returning regiments and up the rivers in closely crowded hospital boats. These hospitals were mere sheds filled with cots as thick as they could stand, with scarcely room for one person to pass between them. Pneumonia, typhoid, and camp fevers, and that fearful scourge of the southern swamps and rivers, chronic diarrhoea, occupied every bed. A surgeon once said to me: "There is nothing else there; here I see pneumonia, and there fever, and on that cot another disease, and I see nothing else! You had better stay away; the air is full of contagion, and contagion and sympathy do not go well together."

One day a woman passed through these uncomfortable, illy-ventilated, hot, unclean, infected, wretched rooms, and she saw something

else there. A hand reached out and clutched her dress. One caught her shawl and kissed it, another her hand, and pressed it to his fevered cheek; another in wild delirium, cried, "I want to go home! I want to go home! Lady! Lady! Take me in your chariot, take me away!" This was a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of the South, who had left family and friends forever; obeying his country's call, he enlisted under the stars and stripes because he could not be a traitor. He was therefore disowned, and was now dying among strangers with his mother and sisters not twenty miles away; and they knew that he was dying and would not come to him. Father, forgive them, they knew not what they did.

This woman failed to see on these cots aught but the human (beings) they were to her, the sons, brothers, husbands, and fathers of anxious weeping ones at home; and as such she cared for and thought of them. Arm in arm with health, she visited day by day every sufferer's cot, doing, it is true, very little, but always taking with her from the outside world fresh air, fresh flowers, and all the hope and comfort she could find in her heart to give them. Now and then one would totter forth into the open air, his good constitution having overcome disease, and the longings for life so strong within him that he grasped at straws, determined to live. If perchance he could get a furlough, in a few weeks a strong man would return and greet you with: "How do you do? I am on my way to my regiment!" Who this stranger might be, you could never imagine until reminded by him of the skeleton form and trembling steps you had so recently watched going to the landing, homeward bound. But if, as was too frequently the case, he was sent to convalescent camps, in a few weeks he was returned to hospital, and again to camp, and thus continued to vibrate between camp and hospital until hope and life were gone. This was the fate of thousands.

One could be snatched from suffering and death now and then, but Oh! the thousands that were beyond the reach of human aid, and the numbers that no private individual power could help—only the great military power! This conviction first led to the thought of providing, if possible, some place where invalids could be sent north, without the trouble of furloughs. The idea of northern military hospitals seemed practicable and so natural that we never once thought the authorities could oppose the movement. For nearly a year this question was agitated and urged with all the force that logic, position, and influence could bring to bear; but all in vain. Hope was well nigh dead within us.

By the advice of friends and with an intense feeling that something

must be done, I went to Washington. I entered the White House, not with fear and trembling, but strong and self-possessed, fully conscious of the righteousness of my mission. I was received without delay. I had never seen Mr. Lincoln before. He was alone, in a medium sized office-like room, no elegance about him, no elegance in him. He was plainly clad in a suit of black that illy fitted him. No fault of his tailor, however; such a figure could not be fitted. He was tall and lean, and as he sat in a folded up sort of way in a deep armchair, one would almost have thought him deformed. At his side stood a high writing desk and table combined; plain straw matting covered the floor; a few stuffed chairs and a sofa covered with green worsted completed the furniture of the presence chamber of the president of this great republic. When I first saw him his head was bent forward, his chin resting on his breast, and in his hand a letter which I had just sent in to him.

He raised his eyes, saying: "Mrs. Harvey?"

I hastened forward, and replied: "Yes, and I am glad to see you, Mr. Lincoln." So much for republican presentations and ceremony. The President took my hand, hoped I was well, but there was no smile of welcome on his face. It was rather the stern look of the judge who had decided against me. His face was peculiar; bone, nerve, vein, and muscle were all so plainly seen; deep lines of thought and care were around his mouth and eyes. He motioned me to a chair. I sat, and silently read his face while he was reading a paper written by one of our senators, introducing me and my mission. When he had finished reading this he looked up, ran his fingers through his hair, well silvered, though the brown then predominated; his beard was more whitened.

In a moment he looked at me with a good deal of sad severity and said: "Madam, this matter of northern hospitals has been talked of a great deal, and I thought it was settled, but it seems not. What have you got to say about it?"

"Only this, Mr. Lincoln, that many soldiers in our western army on the Mississippi River must have northern air or die. There are thousands of graves all along our southern rivers and in the swamps for which the government is responsible, ignorantly, undoubtedly but this ignorance must not continue. If you will permit these men to come north you will have ten men where you have one now."

The President could not see the force or logic in this last argument. He shrugged his shoulders and said: "If your reasoning were correct, it would be a good argument." I saw that I had misspoken. "I don't

see how," he continued, "sending one sick man north, is going to give us in a year ten well ones."

A quizzical smile played over his face at my slight embarrassment. "Mr. Lincoln, you understand me, I think. I intended to say, if you will let the sick come north, you will have ten well men in the army one year from today, where you have one well one now; whereas, if you do not let them come north, you will not have one from the ten, for they will all be dead."

"Yes, yes, I understand you; but if they are sent north, they will desert; where is the difference?"

"Dead men cannot fight," I answered, "and they may not desert."

Mr. Lincoln's eye flashed as he replied: "A fine way, a fine way to decimate the army; we should never get a man of them back, not one, not one."

"Indeed, but you must pardon me when I say you are mistaken; you do not understand our people. You do not trust them sufficiently. They are as true and loyal to the government as you say. The loyalty is among the common soldiers and they have ever been the chief sufferers."

"This is your opinion," he said with a sort of a sneer. "Mrs. Harvey, how many men do you suppose the government was paying in the Army of the Potomac at the Battle of Antietam, and how many men do you suppose could be got for active service at that time? I wish you would give a guess."

"I know nothing of the Army of the Potomac, only there were some noble sacrifices there. When I spoke of loyalty, I referred to our western army."

"Well, now give a guess. How many?"

"I cannot, Mr. President."

He threw himself around in the chair, one leg over the arm, and again spoke slowly: "This war might have been finished at that time if every man had been in his place that was able to be there, but they were scattered hither and thither over the North, some on furloughs, and in one way or another, gone; so that out of 170,000 men which the government was paying at that time, only 83,000 could be got for action. The consequences, you know, proved nearly disastrous."

"It was very sad, but the delinquents were certainly not in northern hospitals, neither were they deserters therefrom, for there are none. This is, therefore, no argument against them."

"Well, well, Mrs. Harvey, you go and see the Secretary of War and talk with him and hear what he has to say." This he said thoughtfully,

and took up the letter I had given him, and after writing something on the back of it gave it to me.

"May I return to you, Mr. Lincoln?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, and his voice was gentler than it had been before.

I left him for the War Department. I found written on the back of the letter these words; "Admit Mrs. Harvey at once; listen to what she says; she is a lady of intelligence and talks sense. A. Lincoln." Not, of course, displeased with the introduction, I went on my way to Mr. Stanton, our secretary of war, about whose severity I had heard so much that I must confess I dreaded the interview; but I was kindly received, listened to respectfully, and answered politely. After understanding the object for which I came, he told me he had sent the Surgeon General to New Orleans with directions to come up the river and examine all hospitals. In short I understood he had started on a tour of inspection, which meant nothing at all so far as the suffering was concerned. I told Mr. Stanton: "Our western hospitals have never received any benefit from these inspections, and we have very little confidence that any good would result from them. Any person with discernment, with a medium allowance of common sense and humanity, who is loyal, and has been through our southern river hospitals, knows and feels the necessity for what I ask, and yet you say you have never received a report to this effect. The truth is, the medical authorities the heads of departments do not wish hospitals established so far away from army lines, and report accordingly. I wish this could be overruled; can nothing be done?"

"Nothing, until the Surgeon General returns," Mr. Stanton replied.

"Good morning," I said and left him, not at all disappointed.

Returning to Mr. Lincoln, I found it was past the usual hour for receiving and no one was in the waiting-room. The messenger said I had better go directly into the President's room. It would be more comfortable there, and there was only one gentleman with him and he would soon be through. I found my way to the back part of the room, and seated myself on a sofa in such a position that the desk was between Mr. Lincoln and me. I do not think that he knew I was there. The gentleman with him had given him a paper. The President looked at it carefully and said: "Yes, this is sufficient endorsement for anybody; what do you want?"

I could not hear the reply distinctly, but the promotion of somebody in the army, either a son or brother, was strongly urged. I heard the

words: "I see there are no vacancies among brigadiers, from the fact that so many colonels are commanding brigades."

At this the President threw himself forward in his chair in such a manner as to show me the most curious, comical face in the world. He was looking the man straight in the eye, with the left hand raised to a horizontal position, and his right hand patting it coaxingly, and said: "My friend, let me tell you something; you are a farmer, I believe; if not, you will understand me. Suppose you had a large cattle yard, full of all sorts of cattle, cows, oxen, and bulls, and you kept selling your cows and oxen, taking good care of your bulls; bye and bye, you would find that you had nothing but a yard full of old bulls, good for nothing under heaven, and it will be just so with my army if I don't stop making brigadier generals." The man was answered; he could scarcely laugh, though he tried to do so, but you should have seen Mr. Lincoln laugh—he laughed all over, and fully enjoyed the point if no one else did. The story, if not elegant, was certainly apropos.

As I wish to tell you everything I remember of this singular man, this must fill its place. The gentleman soon departed, fully satisfied, I doubt not, for it was a saying at Washington when one met a petitioner: "Has Mr. Lincoln told you a story? If he has, it is all day with you. He never says 'yes' after a story."

I stepped forward as soon as the door closed. The President motioned to a chair near him. "Well, what did the Secretary of War say?"

I gave a full account of the interview, and then said: "I have nowhere else to go but to you."

He replied earnestly: "Mr. Stanton knows very well that there is an acting surgeon general here, and that Hammond will not be back these two months. I will see the Secretary of War myself, and you come in the morning."

I arose to take leave, when he bade me not to hasten, spoke kindly of my work, said he fully appreciated the spirit in which I came. He smiled pleasantly and bade me good evening.

As I left the White House I met Owen Lovejoy who greeted me cordially and asked: "How long are you going to stay here?"

"Until I get what I came after," I replied.

"That's right, that's right; go on, I believe in the final perseverance of the saints."

I have never forgotten these words, perhaps it is because they were the last I ever heard him utter.

I returned in the morning, full of hope, thinking of the pleasant

face I had left the evening before, but no smile greeted me. The President was evidently annoyed by something, and waited for me to speak, which I did not do. I afterward learned his annoyance was caused by a woman pleading for the life of a son who was sentenced to be shot for desertion under very aggravating circumstances.

After a moment he said, "Well," with a peculiar contortion of face I never saw in anybody else.

I replied, "Well," and he looked at me a little astonished, I fancied, and said, "Have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing, Mr. President, until I hear your decision. You bade me come this morning; have you decided?"

"No, but I believe this idea of northern hospitals is a great humbug, and I am tired of hearing about it." He spoke impatiently.

I replied: "I regret to add a feather's weight to your already overwhelming care and responsibility. I would rather have stayed at home."

With a kind of half smile, he said: "I wish you had."

I answered him as though he had not smiled. "Nothing would have given me greater pleasure; but a keen sense of duty to this government, justice and mercy to its most loyal supporters, and regard for your honor and position made me come. The people cannot understand why their friends are left to die when with proper care they might live and do good service for their country. Mr. Lincoln I believe you will be grateful for my coming." He looked at me intently; I could not tell if he were annoyed or not, and as he did not speak, I continued: "I do not come to plead for the lives of criminals, not for the lives of deserters, not for those who have been in the least disloyal. I come to plead for the lives of those who were the first to hasten to the support of this government, who helped to place you where you are, because they trusted you. Men who have done all they could, and now when flesh, and nerve, and muscle are gone, still pray for your life and the life of this republic. They scarcely ask for that which I plead—they expect to sacrifice their lives for their country. Many on their cots, faint, sick, and dying, say: 'We would gladly do more, but I suppose that is all right.' I know that a majority of them would live and be strong men again if they could be sent north. I say I know, because when I was sick among them last spring, surrounded by every comfort, with the best of care, and determined to get well, I grew weaker day by day, until, not being under military law, my friends brought me north. I recovered entirely, simply by breathing northern air."

While I was speaking the expression of Mr. Lincoln's face had

changed many times. He had never taken his eye from me. Now every muscle in his face seemed to contract, and then suddenly expand. As he opened his mouth you could almost hear them snap as he said; "You assume to know more than I do," and closed his mouth as though he never expected to open it again, sort of slammed it to.

I could scarcely reply. I was hurt, and thought the tears would come, but rallied in a moment and said: "You must pardon me, Mr. President, I intend no disrespect, but it is because of this knowledge, because I do know what you do not know, that I come to you. If you knew what I do and had not ordered what I ask for, I should know than an appeal would be vain; but I believe the people have not trusted you for naught. The question only is whether you believe me or not. If you believe me you will give me hospitals, if not, well——"

With the same snapping of muscle he again said: "You assume to know more than surgeons do."

"Oh, no! Mr. Lincoln, I could not perform an amputation nearly as well as some of them do; indeed, I do not think I could do it at all. But this is true—I do not come here for your favor, I am not an aspirant for military honor. While it would be the pride of my life to be able to win your respect and confidence, still, this I can waive for the time being. Now the medical authorities know as well as I do that you are opposed to establishing northern military hospitals, and they report to please you; they desire your favor. I come to you from no casual tour of inspection, passing rapidly through the general hospitals, in the principal cities on the river, with a cigar in my mouth and a rattan in my hand, talking to the surgeon in charge of the price of cotton and abusing the generals in our army for not knowing and performing their duty better, and finally coming into the open air, with a long-drawn breath as though just having escaped suffocation, and complacently saying: 'You have a very fine hospital here, the boys seem to be doing very well; a little more attention to ventilation is perhaps desirable.'

"It is not thus I have visited the hospitals, but from early morning until late at night sometimes. I have visited the regimental and general hospitals on the Mississippi River from Quincy to Vicksburg, and I come to you from the cots of men who had died, who might have lived had you permitted. This is hard to say, but it is none the less true."

During the time I had been speaking Mr. Lincoln's brow had become very much contracted, and a severe scowl had settled over his whole face. He sharply asked how many men Wisconsin had in the

field, that is, how many did she send? I replied, "About 50,000, I think, I do not know exactly."

"That means she has about 20,000 now." He looked at me, and said: "You need not look so sober, they are not all dead."

I did not reply. I had noticed the veins in his face filling full within a few moments, and one vein across his forehead was as large as my little finger, and it gave him a frightful look.

Soon, with a quick, impatient movement of his whole frame, he said: "I have a good mind to dismiss every man of them from the service and have no more trouble with them!"

I was surprised at his lack of self-control, and I knew he did not mean one word of what he said, but what would come next? As I looked at him, I was troubled, fearing I had said something wrong. He was very pale.

The silence was painful, and I said as quietly as I could: "They have been faithful to the government; they have been faithful to you; they will still be loyal to the government, do what you will with them; but if you will grant my petition you will be glad as long as you live. The prayer of grateful hearts will give you strength in the hour of trial, and strong and willing arms will return to fight your battles."

The President bowed his head, and with a look of sadness I can never forget, said: "I never shall be glad any more." All severity had passed from his face. He seemed looking backward and heartward, and for a moment to forget he was not alone; a more than mortal anguish rested on his face.

The spell must be broken, so I said: "Do not speak so, Mr. President. Who will have so much reason to rejoice when the government is restored, as it will be?"

"I know, I know," he said placing a hand on each side and bowing forward, "but the springs of life are wearing away."

I asked if he had felt his great cares were injuring his health.

"No," he replied, "not directly, perhaps."

I asked if he slept well, and he said he never was a good sleeper, and, of course, slept less now than ever before. He said the people did not yet appreciate the magnitude of this rebellion, and that it would be a long time before the end.

I began to feel I was occupying time valuable to him and belonging to him. As I arose to take leave, I said, "Have you decided upon your answer to the object of my visit?"

He replied: "No. Come tomorrow morning. No, it is (cabinet) meeting tomorrow—yes, come tomorrow at twelve o'clock; there is not

much for the cabinet to do tomorrow." He arose and bade me a cordial good morning.

The next morning I arose with a terribly depressed feeling that perhaps I was to fail in the object for which I came. I found myself constantly looking at my watch and wondering if twelve o'clock would ever come. At last I ascended the steps of the White House as all visitors were being dismissed, because the President would receive no one on that day. I asked the messenger if that meant me, and he said: "No. The President desires you to wait for the cabinet will soon adjourn." I waited, and waited, and waited, three long hours and more, during which time the President sent out twice, saying the cabinet would soon adjourn, and I was to wait. I was fully prepared for defeat, and every word of my reply was chosen and carefully placed. I walked the rooms and studied an immense map that covered one side of the reception room. I listened, and at last heard many footsteps—the cabinet had adjourned. Mr. Lincoln did not wait to send for me but came directly into the room where I was. It was the first time I had noticed him standing. He was very tall and moved with a shuffling, awkward motion.

He came forward, rubbing his hands, and saying: "My dear Madam, I am very sorry to have kept you waiting. We have but this moment adjourned."

I replied: "My waiting is no matter, but you must be very tired, and we will not talk tonight."

He said, "No. Sit down," and placed himself in a chair beside me, and said: "Mrs. Harvey, I only wish to tell you that an order equivalent to granting a hospital in your State has been issued nearly twenty-four hours."

I could not speak, I was so entirely unprepared for it. I wept for joy; I could not help it. When I could speak I said: "God bless you. I thank you in the name of thousands who will bless you for the act." Then, remembering how many orders had been issued and countermanded, I said: "Do you mean, really and truly, that we are going to have a hospital now?"

With a look full of humanity and benevolence, he said: "I do most certainly hope so." He spoke very emphatically, and no reference was made to any previous opposition. He said he wished me to come and see him in the morning and he would give me a copy of the order.

I was so agitated I could not talk with him. He noticed it and commenced talking upon other subjects. He asked me to look at the map before referred to, which, he said, gave a very correct idea of the local-

ity of the principal battle grounds of Europe. "It is a fine map," he said, pointing out Waterloo and the different battle fields of the Crimea, then, smiling, added: "I am afraid you will not like it as well when I tell you whose work it is."

I replied, "It is well done, whoever it may be. Who did it, Mr. Lincoln?"

"McClellan, and he certainly did do this well. He did it while he was at West Point." There was nothing said for awhile. Perhaps he was balancing in his own mind the two words which were then agitating the heart of the American people, words which have ever throbbed the great heart of nations, words whose power every individual has recognized—"success," and "failure."

I left shortly after with the promise to call next morning, as he desired me to do, at nine o'clock. I suppose the excitement caused the intense suffering of that night. I was very ill and it was ten o'clock the next morning before I was able to send for a carriage to keep my appointment with the President. It was past the hour; more than fifty persons were in the waiting room. I did not expect an audience, but sent in my name and said I would call again. The messenger said: "Do not go, I think the President will see you now."

I had been but a moment among anxious, expectant, waiting faces, when the door opened and the voice said: "Mrs. Harvey, the President will see you now." I arose, not a little embarrassed to be gazed at so curiously by so many with a look that said as plainly as words could: "Who are you?" As I passed the crowd, one person said: "She has been here every day, and what is more, she is going to win."

I entered the presence of Mr. Lincoln for the last time. He smiled very graciously, drew a chair near him, and said: "Come here and sit down." He had a paper in his hand which he said was for me to keep. It was a copy of the order just issued. I thanked him, not only for the order but for the manner and spirit in which it had been given, then said I must apologize for not having been there at nine o'clock as he desired me to be, but that I had been sick all night.

He looked up with: "Did joy make you sick?"

I said, "I don't know, very likely it was the relaxation of nerves after intense excitement."

Still looking at me he said, "I suppose you would have been mad if I had said no?"

I replied: "No, Mr. Lincoln, I should have been neither angry nor sick."

"What would you have done?" he asked curiously. "I should have been here at nine o'clock, Mr. President."

"Well," he laughingly said, "I think I acted wisely, then," and suddenly looking up, "Don't you ever get angry?" he asked, "I know a little woman not very unlike you who gets mad sometimes."

I replied: "I never get angry when I have an object to gain of the importance of the one under consideration; to get angry, you know, would only weaken my cause, and destroy my influence."

"That is true, that is true," he said, decidedly. "This hospital I shall name for you."

I said: "No, but if you would not consider the request indelicate, I would like to have it named for Mr. Harvey."

"Yes, just as well; it shall be so understood if you prefer it. I honored your husband, and felt his loss, and now let us have this matter settled at once."

He took a card and wrote a few words upon it, requesting the Secretary of War to name the hospital "Harvey Hospital," in memory of my husband, and to gratify me he gave me the card, saying, "Now do you take that directly to the Secretary of War and have it understood." I thanked him, but did not take it to Mr. Stanton. The hospital was already named. I expressed a wish that he might never regret his present action, and said I was sorry to have taken so much of his time.

"Oh, no, you need not be," he said kindly.

"You will not wish to see me again, Mr. President."

"I didn't say that and shall not."

I said: "You have been very kind to me and I am grateful for it."

He looked at me from under his eyebrows and said, "You almost think me handsome, don't you?"

His face then beamed with such kind benevolence and was lighted by such a pleasant smile that I looked at him, and with my usual impulse, said, clasping my hands together, "You are perfectly lovely to me, now, Mr. Lincoln." He colored a little and laughed most heartily.

As I arose to go, he reached out his hand, that hand in which there was so much power and so little beauty, and held mine clasped and covered in his own. I bowed my head and pressed my lips most reverently upon the sacred shield, even as I would upon my country's shrine. A silent prayer went up from my heart, "God bless you, Abraham Lincoln." I heard him say goodbye, and I was gone. Thus ended the most interesting interview of my life with one of the most remarkable men of the age.

My impressions of him had been so varied, his character had assumed so many different phases, his very looks had changed so frequently and so entirely, that it almost seemed to me I had been conversing with half a dozen different men. He blended in his character the most yielding flexibility with the most unflinching firmness, child-like simplicity and weakness with statesmanlike wisdom and masterly strength, but over and around all was thrown the mantle of an unquestioned integrity.

CHAPTER LVI

MORE GLIMPSES OF MR. LINCOLN AS WAR NEARED END

(There are here assembled and reprinted accounts of five welcome and revealing contacts with Mr. Lincoln in 1862 and also in the months and years following the Battle of Gettysburg when, although still delayed, the outcome of the struggle to preserve the Union was no longer in doubt. Each in its way, considerate, reverent, or charged with humor, helps to round out a vital and arresting portrait of the leader in that struggle.

1. **BUT THE BEARER OF A PARDON WAS NOT TO TELL STANTON** captions a story often related by Andrew Carnegie and first printed in the February 12, 1911, issue of the New York Sun. Born in 1835, Carnegie at twenty-six was associated with Thomas A. Scott, then the energetic and resourceful assistant secretary of war, in the conduct of government railroads and telegraphs. Nothing else in the last years of a career of varied and astounding achievement gave Mr. Carnegie such keen delight as did his memories of the modest yet effective part he had played in the opening days of the conflict between the sections.

2. **MR. LINCOLN REGARDED GETTYSBURG AS AN ANSWER TO PRAYER** is the title appropriately given to the unusual and moving memories of Mr. Lincoln also contributed by General Daniel Edgar Sickles to the February 12, 1911, issue of the New York Sun. General Sickles was one of the men for whom the outbreak of the war in 1861 afforded welcome opportunity for the mending of broken careers. Born in New York in 1825 he early won success at the bar and in politics, and in 1856 was elected to the popular branch of Congress. But in 1859 he was brought to trial for the murder of Philip Barton Key, whom he had shot and killed in Washington for undue attention to his wife, and although acquitted on the plea of temporary insanity he was at the time generally regarded as a ruined man.

Then came the war, and Sickles, having helped to recruit several regiments, was duly commissioned a major general of volunteers. He fought at Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg commanded the Third Corps on the Union left, losing a leg in the Peach Orchard sector. After the war Sickles was for six

years minister to Spain, and among other public services was for a third time chosen a member of the House of Representatives at Washington. He died in 1914 in his ninetieth year.

3. **A TALK THAT LED TO THE FOUNDING OF A UNIVERSITY** seems an appropriate title to the concluding portion here reprinted of the recollections of Mr. Lincoln which Major General Oliver Otis Howard contributed to the April, 1908, issue of the *Century Magazine*. Born in 1830 and graduated at West Point in 1854, Howard early in 1861 was made a brigadier general of volunteers, and fought with growing repute at first and second Bull Run; in the Peninsula campaign, losing an arm at Seven Pines; and at Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, receiving the thanks of Congress for his important part in the last named battle. Transferred to the West, General Howard led the right wing of Sherman's army in its march to Atlanta and the sea. After the war he headed the Freedmen's Bureau, helped to found and for five years served as president of Howard University at Washington, and commanded in campaigns against the Nez Perce and other Indian tribes. He died in 1909 in his eightieth year.

4. **HOW MR. LINCOLN HELPED TO CELEBRATE VICKSBURG'S FALL** reprints an amusing account of Edward Rosewater, first published in the *Washington Times*, on December 4, 1901, of the unconventional manner in which Mr. Lincoln helped to celebrate the news of the fall of Vicksburg. Rosewater was born in Bohemia in 1841, but was brought to America when a child, and became a telegraph operator while still in his teens. In 1862 and 1863 he was connected with the telegraph service of the War Department in Washington. Then he went to Omaha where he was in turn manager of different telegraph companies, and where in 1871 he founded the *Omaha Bee*, of which he remained owner and editor until his death in 1906 at the age of sixty-five. He was for many years a leader of the Republican Party in the Middle West.

5. **"AND IN THERE BROKE CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE,"** with due apologies to Browning, accurately labels a reprint of the account by Charles A. Dana first published in the *New York Sun* in 1884 of how Mr. Lincoln received the news of his reelection to the Presidency. Born in New Hampshire in 1819 Mr. Dana during the last three years of the war was first an investigator for the War Department and then assistant secretary under Stanton, and in these posts did much to establish popular confidence in General Grant. In an earlier period he had been for a dozen years managing editor of the *New York Tribune* and the right hand of Horace Greeley in the

conduct of that journal. In 1867 he became editor of the New York Sun and until his death in 1897 made it a brilliant and incisive instrument for the shaping of public opinion. Than he, few men have written with greater fairness and keener insight of the career of Mr. Lincoln.)

1. BUT THE BEARER OF THE PARDON WAS NOT TO TELL STANTON

Here is a story of Mr. Lincoln not generally known. I had it from my valued friend Daniel J. Morrell, president of the Cambria Iron Company and member of Congress, a few days after the happening occurred, while in Washington as superintendent of government railroads and telegraphs.

A widow had her only son at work in the Cambria mills, at Johnstown, but he could not resist enlisting, and while the Army of the Potomac lay inactive during the winter months he returned to Johnstown, called there by the need of his old mother for support. He began work in the mills, and being an expert he made several dollars a day, which he gave to his mother, and she saved money every week.

He always told his mother he was going back to the army in the spring whenever it could move. The young man was discovered, arrested and tried as a deserter. So many had deserted that it was resolved to make examples of a few, and he was ordered to be shot.

Mr. Morrell making a hasty visit to his home, was visited by the mother and told the story. She begged to be taken to see Mr. Lincoln. Finally Mr. Morrell could resist her entreaties no more and said: "Come to the train to-morrow night and I will take you to Washington, and you will see Mr. Lincoln, if possible, and I will send you home again."

Mr. Morrell was a great favorite with Mr. Lincoln, and when he told him that the mother was in the next room Lincoln said: "Now, Dan, that is not kind of you. You know I ought not to see her; but the son did give all his earnings to his mother, and he was a good boy?"

"Yes, Mr. President, I am sure he did and that he is a good boy and ought not to be shot."

"Well, Dan, I cannot say no to her. Bring her in."

Mr. Lincoln listened to the woman's story, told between sobs, said nothing, but he had been scribbling a few lines with a pencil on a pad of paper, and his first words were:

"Well, he is a good son. He went to save his mother." Then to the mother direct, "I do not think it would do him any good to shoot him, do you?" That question was too much for the mother, and she

broke down. Lincoln took the little folded paper and handing it to Morrell said:

“Dan, you go with that direct to the court-martial and deliver it, but mind that neither you nor he is to tell Stanton.”

When Morrell found the open air he unrolled the crumpled bit of paper and found written:

“Send this boy (giving his name) to his regiment at the front.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

A great artist, could make much of painting the scene—“And he has been a good boy and supported his mother. I don’t think it would do him much good to shoot him, do you?”

That was Lincoln as I saw him many weary days in Washington.

2. MR. LINCOLN REGARDED GETTYSBURG AS AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

To show again the grave and courteous consideration Mr. Lincoln always had for his fellow men I can cite with deepest feeling his conduct toward me when I was wounded in battle. This was at the Battle of Gettysburg on July 2 (Thursday), 1863. After my wound I was taken to Washington, arriving at the capital soon after daybreak on the following Saturday. Soldiers carried me there on the same stretcher on which I had been placed after the amputation of my leg. I was accompanied by my surgeon, Dr. Sim, and by my aides-de-camp, Major Tremain and Capt. Moore. Arriving at the house where lodgings had been secured for me, we found that the landlady had not yet arisen, but after we had waited awhile the good woman appeared.

Seeing a handkerchief over my face and my outstretched and motionless form on what seemed to be a bier at her portal she exclaimed:

“He is dead!”

“Oh, no,” I replied, pulling away the handkerchief. “Only dozing a little.”

Soon after I was taken to my room President Lincoln came to see me. After he had given me many touching expressions of his sympathy we fell to talking about the battle. When we had answered many of the President’s questions I said:

“Mr. Lincoln, we heard at Gettysburg that here at the capital you were all so anxious about the result of the battle that the government officials packed up and got ready to leave at short notice with the official archives.”

“Yes,” he said, “some precautions were prudently taken, but for my part I was sure of our success at Gettysburg.”

“Why were you so confident?” I asked.

There was a brief pause. As was usual with him, the President seemed to be in deep meditation. His pale face was lighted up by an expression I had not noted before. Turning to me he said:

"When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania, followed by our army, I felt that the great crisis had come. I knew that defeat in a great battle on northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed perhaps by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer.

"Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness. I wish I could repeat my prayer. I felt I must put all my trust in Almighty God. He gave our people the best country ever given to man. He alone could save it from destruction. I had tried my best to do my duty and had found myself unequal to the task. The burden was more than I could bear. I asked Him to help us and give us victory now. I was sure my prayer was answered. I had no misgivings about the result at Gettysburg."

"How do you feel about Vicksburg, Mr. Lincoln?" I asked.

"Grant will pull through all right. I am no longer despondent. God is with us."

Arising to go, Mr. Lincoln took my hand in his, and said with tenderness: "Sickles, I have been told, as you have been told perhaps, your condition is serious. I am in a prophetic mood today. You will get well."

3. A TALK THAT LED TO THE FOUNDING OF A UNIVERSITY

Before Chancellorsville I had recently come to the command of the Eleventh Army Corps. Soon after this, President Lincoln came with General Hooker to review my troops. The corps presented a fine appearance along the hills and slopes. General Hooker and the President seemed pleased, and I was congratulated by observing officers upon our splendid review. Mr. Lincoln, however said nothing to me till just as he was finishing the inspection; then he asked: "How is it, General Howard, that you have so large a part of your army over there?"

He referred to men off duty, who were mingled with citizens on the slopes opposite the place of our parade. Of course I explained as well as I could how the quartermaster's men, orderlies, cooks, and other details, had come out of camp to see the President. Mr. Lincoln smiled and remarked gently: "That review is about as big as ours." His evident criticism, though humorously given, was a wholesome one to me.

At any rate, such details of men out of rank did not again appear on any future parade.

(In the summer of 1863) my corps with General Slocum's, was ordered to the Middle West, to join the Army of the Cumberland, which had suffered a reverse at the Battle of Chickamagua. After I had embarked my entire force upon different trains of cars, which, coming from Alexandria, passed through Washington and on to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, I stopped long enough in the capital to pay a visit to Mr. Lincoln. At this interview I remained with him longer than ever before—perhaps two hours. He had many inquiries to make, and treated me with great kindness and consideration. I had a government chart with me, which was not mounted. Mr. Lincoln had the same chart with a good back, which he pulled down from the large frame in the corner of his office. He offered me his map in exchange for mine, remarking, "*That* will be better for *you*, and *yours* is good enough for *me*."

Previous to this, I remember his placing his finger upon Cumberland Gap and asking: "Could you not, General Howard, with your corps pass through that gap and seize Knoxville and deliver those people of East Tennessee?" Then he turned and looked into my eyes and said, with a singularly intense expression of face: "They are loyal there, General; they are loyal."

I realized after more than a year's campaigning among the people of the mountains what Mr. Lincoln meant by "They are loyal." They never changed their love and devotion to the Old Flag. Thousands of them flocked to our support, and nearly all the population did everything in their power to assist and supply the wants of our soldiers. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lincoln so impressed me at that interview with the sturdy character and the exceeding needs of the people of the mountains that I began almost immediately to establish schools among them, and since my retirement from the army, I have devoted myself night and day to the building up of a central institution—Lincoln Memorial University—near that Cumberland Gap, which is intended to be not only a great help to the mountain youth, but a veritable monument to him whom I have served and loved these many years, Abraham Lincoln.

4. HOW MR. LINCOLN HELPED TO CELEBRATE VICKSBURG'S FALL

Mr. Lincoln was the first President I was privileged to meet. It was during the Civil War. At that time I was in charge of the telegraph bureau in the War Department. We were working day and night at

fever heat, and when the news came of the fall of Vicksburg I remember we sent a messenger out for a can of beer. Of course, it was contrary to the rules of the office to drink anything of the sort there, but we were so exhausted, and, withal, so jubilant over the glorious news, that we could not resist the temptation to indulge in this refreshment. We were passing the bucket around when, to our astonishment and alarm, in strode the President, who had to come to look over our despatches at first hand. You can imagine our embarrassment. There was no use of attempting to deny or conceal. We had been caught by the Chief Executive. He had seen the tell-tale can, and although this was now practically empty, Lincoln was too shrewd a man not to know that we were all guilty of violating one of the strictest orders of the War Department. But he affected at first not to notice. Coming over to my instrument he asked to see the latest despatch. He read it slowly, handed it back, and, turning to the messenger, who had been hoping for a favorable moment to make his escape with the can, Lincoln asked:

“What have you in that bucket?”

Answering for the startled messenger, I explained what we had been doing.

“Any beer left?” said the President.

I told him that we had drunk it all.

“Here,” said Lincoln, pulling a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket, “go and fill it up again.” So saying he turned again to the telegrams. The messenger arrived with the beer, and Mr. Lincoln looked up and told him to pass it around.

“Mr. President,” I ventured to say, “if I get a glass will you not do us the great honor to share the beer with us?”

“Never mind the glass,” he replied: “I’ll drink when it comes my turn.”

Of course, we all insisted that he take the first drink, and with a message still clutched in his right hand telling how Grant had won the great victory President Lincoln grasped the bucket with both hands and, tipping it up, drank heartily.

We all believed, as the President did, that the capitulation of the Southern stronghold marked the turning point of the war, and after the many Northern reverses the news of so signal a triumph for the Federal arms had awakened our profoundest gratitude and patriotism. And to have our beloved President sharing our simple, though contraband celebration was a sacred thing to us. When he had finished drinking Mr. Lincoln handed the can to me. It is imagination, no

doubt, but I have never since tasted beer so refreshing as that was, and as for the can, money could not have bought it from the messenger.

5. "AND IN THERE BROKE CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE"

In the *Century Magazine*, Messrs. Hay and Nicolay narrate their idea of what happened at the War Department on the evening after the second election of President Lincoln in 1864. As they were not present their report must be a matter of hearsay. I do not know that any of the particulars they relate are deficient in accuracy, though I can testify that while I was there at that time, I did not observe them.

I was not usually on duty in the War Department at night; but Mr. Stanton had directed me to come over that evening, and I arrived pretty early, say at eight o'clock or half past eight. The excitement of the struggle had been intense. In all my experience I have never witnessed any other election that had so much politics in it. All the resources of partisan science, backed by the immense power of the vast and widespread expenditures of the War Department, then about a million a day, had been employed by the astute and relentless statesman at the head of the War Office; and he did it with a pertinacity and skill that never have been surpassed. Of course no great step had been taken without the knowledge and consent of Mr. Lincoln, himself a politician of a very fertile and superior order; but the engineer whose hand was never taken off the machine, was Mr. Stanton; and his ardent and excitable nature was kept at fever heat to the very last moment of the contest, and afterward.

The President, apparently as serene as a summer morning, was in Mr. Stanton's large private room, and no one was with him except the Secretary, and General Eckert, who came continually with telegrams. The result of the voting was of such a decisive character that the news arrived much earlier than had been expected; and when I went in, I learned both from the President and the Secretary that the question seemed already to be substantially settled. Each despatch that was received seemed only to add to the apparent certainty; and by about nine o'clock there was no longer any doubt. But without waiting for that hour, Mr. Lincoln drew from his breast a thin yellow-covered pamphlet. "Dana," said he to me, "have you ever read anything of *Petroleum V. Nasby?*" pronouncing Nasby as though the first syllable were spelled with the letter e. "No, sir," said I, "not much; but I know he writes from the Confederate Cross Roads and prints his things in the *Toledo Blade*."

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "that's so, but that is not the whole. Pull

up your chair and listen." I drew up to him, and he began to read aloud, to me only and not to Stanton, one after another of Petroleum's funny hits; and between each of them we had a quiet little laugh all to ourselves. But the lion head of the Secretary showed plainly that he had no sympathy with this amusement; in fact, his face wore its darkest and sternest expression. However, the reading went on, occasionally broken by General Eckert's entrance with another telegram, to which Mr. Lincoln paid no very serious attention; and he quickly turned back to the reading every time. In this way he read paragraphs and even pages of Nasby, until finally a despatch was brought in of a more important nature, and he laid the pamphlet down to attend to it.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Stanton motioned to me to come with him into General Eckert's room, and when the door was shut he broke out in fury: "God damn it to hell," said he, "was there ever such nonsense? Was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole republic at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centres, on whom it all depends, turning aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the God damned trash of a silly mountebank!"

This fiery speech of the enraged Secretary was interrupted by General Eckert, who had another telegram which he showed to him, and with which we all went back into Mr. Stanton's own office, in order that the President might see it. Hardly had he begun to read it, however, when a new occasion of irritation arose. The messenger brought in a card and handed it to the President, who said at once, as he passed the card over to the Secretary, "Show him in!" Stanton read it, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a low voice: "God in heaven, it is Whitelaw Reid!" I understood at once the point of this explosion. Mr. Reid, who was then the correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette and a great friend of Secretary Chase in Washington, was not liked by the Secretary of War. This dislike had gone so far that the doorkeepers at the War Department had received directions that Mr. Reid was not to be admitted. But when he sent his card in to the President, they could not refuse it. Mr. Reid came in and was greeted by Mr. Lincoln, but not by the Secretary. His purpose was merely to obtain from headquarters and from the highest authority the assurance that the election had certainly gone in favor of Lincoln; and after expressions of thanks and congratulations he withdrew. Just then Judge David C. Cartter came in with two or three other gentlemen, among them Mr. Fox of the Navy Department, and the reading of Petroleum V. Nasby from the Confederate Cross Roads was not resumed.

(In his Recollections of the Civil War, completed a few months before his death, Mr. Dana told in briefer form of Secretary Stanton's disgust with Mr. Lincoln's apparent frivolity on election night in 1864, and added: "He (Stanton) could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which these jests afforded to the strain of mind under which Lincoln had so long been living, and to the natural gloom of a melancholy and desponding temperament—this was Mr. Lincoln's prevailing characteristic—that the safety and sanity of his intelligence were maintained and preserved.")

CHAPTER LVII

A FRENCH VISITOR WRITES OF MR. LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS

(There has been spared us a shrewd yet sympathetic appraisal of Mr. Lincoln's rare gifts for leadership by a young Frenchman of rank, culture, and liberal outlook who in the opening months of 1865 met him for the first time. Charles Adolphe Pineton, Marquis de Chambrun, was born in August, 1831, at the Chateau de Carriere, near Marvejols, France. After schooling under private tutors in boyhood, he studied and was a graduate of the Ecole des Chartes and of the law faculty of Paris. A friend and student of Alexis de Tocqueville, and a profound believer in democratic doctrines and the equality of man, he was also, by reason of family traditions, a follower of the Comte de Chambord and attached to the branch of the royalist party which accepted his leadership.

Thus he was opposed to the Third Napoleon and all his ways, and this opposition caused him early in 1865 to leave France for America, where he remained until the fall of the Second Empire. In Washington he at once established a congenial intimacy with Charles Sumner, another friend of de Tocqueville. Senator Sumner in turn introduced the newcomer to Mr. Lincoln, and by Mrs. Lincoln he was invited to become in the first week of April the guest of her husband at City Point, where with a few members of his cabinet and of the Senate the President was awaiting the surrender of Lee to Grant. After the death of the Marquis in September, 1891, there was found among his papers an account of this visit and of the impression made upon him by Mr. Lincoln. Written in French, either in the spring or summer of 1865 the recollections of the Marquis were translated into English shortly after their discovery, and in January, 1893, first published in Scribner's Magazine.

They are here reprinted in part as a source document of enduring interest and of the first importance. The Marquis in opening writes of his first meeting with Mr. Lincoln at a White House reception in February, 1865; describes the deep impression made on him by the forgiving spirit which found expression in the President's second inaugural address, on March 4, and then sets forth the conditions under

which he journeyed to City Point to become one of Mr. Lincoln's guests on April 6.)

We found Mr. Lincoln established on board the River Queen. He led us at once to the drawing-room of that handsome boat. Curiously enough, it was in that very drawing-room, two months previous, that there had taken place, between Stephens, Hunter and Campbell, delegates from the Richmond government, on the one hand, and Messrs. Lincoln and Seward on the other, the conference called that of Hampton Roads. Mr. Lincoln showed us the place that each delegate had occupied, and spoke a moment about the details of that historic interview, which took place as he himself told us, unrecorded by any secretary, the five men present not even having with them a pencil or bit of paper to note down what had been said or done.

Drawing then from his pocket a bundle of papers, the President read to us the despatches he had just received from General Grant. In the midst of this reading he paused a moment, and went to fetch his maps. He soon returned holding them in his hands, and spreading them on a table, he showed us the place of each army corps, indicating further the exact spot where, according to General Grant's precise messages, it was certain that the rebels would lay down their arms . . .

After having thus explained to us the state of affairs, which seemed so satisfactory, Mr. Lincoln left us and went ashore to the headquarters. He was obliged, he told us, to draw up instructions for the Lieutenant General. We spent the forenoon visiting the Federal encampments, (and then as) Mr. Lincoln had asked us to accompany him that day to Petersburg, we went to join him on the banks of the James. A train was in readiness. Strange as it may justly seem, in fact, Petersburg had fallen only six days before into the hands of the Federal forces, and already a railroad connected it with camp. Our car was an ordinary American car, and we took seats in its centre, grouping ourselves around Mr. Lincoln. Arrived at Petersburg we inspected the town, in which everything bespoke desolation. All the houses were closed, the shops abandoned or pillaged; crowds of darkies were in the streets greeting and cheering loudly the author of their independence. Every now and then a white man could be seen hastening to take refuge in some house, in order to escape the sight of his conqueror. Here and there were seen houses burned by the explosion of shells or torn by bullets. . . .

An inspection we made of the hospitals, on the afternoon of April 8th, was to show us war scenes under a different aspect, and Mr. Lin-

coln in a light altogether new. In the most salubrious portion of the vast plains where the encampments were located a large area had been reserved for ambulances. These were organized according to a plan as simple as it was logical. Each army corps had its separate ambulance space. This consisted of a large rectangle of ground divided by open corridors placed at equal distances from one another. Between these corridors stood a row of tents or of frame huts, each of which was capable of containing about twenty wounded. One side of these corridors was given up to officers, the other to privates. . .

Our visits began with the hospitals of the Fifth Corps. Mr. Lincoln went from one bed to another, saying a friendly word to each wounded man, or at least giving him a handshake. It was principally the Fifth Corps's mounted infantry which had been in battle under Sheridan during the preceding days; it had fought incessantly from Petersburg to Burkesville over a distance of more than a hundred miles, and the enemy's fire had made cruel havoc in its ranks. The greater number of wounds were located in the abdominal regions, and were therefore of a serious character, and caused much suffering. . .

Following Mr. Lincoln in this long review of the wounded, we reached a bed on which lay a dying man; he was a captain, aged twenty-four years, who had been noticed for his bravery. Two of his friends were near him; one held his hand, while the other read a passage from the Bible in a low voice. Mr. Lincoln walked over to him and took hold of his other hand, which rested on the bed. We formed a circle around him, and every one of us remained silent. Presently the dying man half-opened his eyes; a faint smile passed his lips. It was then that his pulse ceased beating.

Our visit to the ambulances lasted over five hours. We inspected, with Mr. Lincoln, that of each corps. . . It was in the midst of these scenes, that Mr. Lincoln revealed himself to me. Amid the many incidents that filled these few days, I was able to study him at leisure; a study easy enough to make, indeed, for Mr. Lincoln would have scorned that sort of art which consists in showing one's self to a looker-on in a carefully prepared light. At this stage of my narrative I wish to explain how I have understood him.

I have seen many attempts at portraits of Mr. Lincoln, many photographs; neither his portraits nor his photographs have reproduced or are likely ever to reproduce, the complete expression of his face; still more will they fail in the reproduction of his mental physiognomy. He was very tall, but his bearing was almost peculiar; the habit of always carrying one shoulder higher than the other might at

first sight make him seem slightly deformed. He had also a defect common to many Americans—his shoulders were too sloping for his height. But his arms were strong and his complexion sunburned, like that of a man who has spent his youth in the open air, exposed to all inclemencies of the weather and to all hardships of manual labor; his gestures were vigorous and supple, revealing great physical strength and an extraordinary energy for resisting privation and fatigue.

Nothing seemed to lend harmony to the decided lines of his face; yet his wide and high forehead, his gray-brown eyes sunken under thick eyebrows, and as though encircled by deep and dark wrinkles, his nose straight and pronounced, his lips at the same time thick and delicate, together with the furrows that ran across his cheeks and chin, formed an *ensemble* which, although strange, was certainly powerful. It denoted remarkable intelligence, great strength of penetration, tenacity of will, and elevated instincts.

His early life, had left ineffaceable marks upon the former rail-splitter, and the powerful President of the United States made no efforts of bad taste to conceal what he had been under or what he had become. That simplicity gave him perfect ease. To be sure, he had not the manners of the world, but he was so perfectly natural that it would have been impossible I shall not say to be surprised at his manners, but to notice them at all.

After a moment's inspection, Mr. Lincoln left with you a sort of impression of vague and deep sadness. It is not too much to say that it was rare to converse with him a while without feeling something poignant. Every time I have endeavored to describe this impression, words, nay, the very ideas, have failed me. And, strange to say, Mr. Lincoln was quite humorous, although one could always detect a bit of irony in his humor. He would relate anecdotes, seeking always to bring the point out clearly. He willingly laughed either at what was being said to him or at what he said himself. But all of a sudden he would retire within himself; then he would close his eyes, and all his features would at once bespeak a kind of sadness as indescribable as it was deep. After a while, as though it were by an effort of his will, he would shake off this mysterious weight under which he seemed bowed; his generous and open disposition would again reappear. In one evening I happened to count over twenty of these alternations and contrasts. . . .

Anyone hearing him express his ideas, or think aloud, either upon one of the great topics which absorbed him, or on an incidental ques-

tion, was not long in finding out the marvellous rectitude of his mind, nor the accuracy of his judgment. I have heard him give his opinion on statesmen, argue political problems, always with astounding precision and justness. I have heard him speak of a woman who was considered beautiful, discuss the particular character of her appearance, distinguish what was praiseworthy from what was open to criticism, all that with the sagacity of an artist. . . . He had formed himself by difficult and powerful process of lonely meditation. During his rough and humble life he had had constantly with him two books which the Western settler always keeps on one of the shelves of his hut—the Bible and Shakespeare. From the Bible he had absorbed that religious color in which he was pleased to clothe his thoughts; with Shakespeare he had learned to reflect on man and passions. In certain respects one can question whether that sort of intellectual culture be not more penetrating than any other, and if it be not more particularly suited in the development of a gifted mind to preserve its native originality.

These reflections may serve to explain Mr. Lincoln's talent as an orator. His incisive speech found its way to the very depths of the soul; his short and clear sentences would captivate the audiences on which they fell. To him was given to see nearly all his definitions pass into daily proverb. It is he who, better than anyone, stamped the character of the war in these well-known words, spoken some years before it broke out: "A house divided against itself cannot stand; this government cannot continue to exist half free and half slave."

It would not be true to say that he was a man gifted with creative faculties; he was not one of those rare and terrible geniuses who, being once possessed of an idea, apply it, curbing and sacrificing other men to the imperious instinct of their will. No; but, on the other hand, he knew better than anyone the exact will of the American people. Amid the noisy confusion of discordant voices which always arises in a free country at moments of crises he would distinguish with marvellous acuteness the true voice of public opinion. He had, however, nothing in common with these politicians, ever on the track of what seems to them to be popular caprice. His firm will, his exalted nature, above all, his inflexible honesty, always kept him aloof from those lamentable schemes; yet he well understood that he was the people's agent, and that his duty obliged him to stand by his principal; for he was well aware of that close union which must exist in a free democracy between the authority representing the nation and the nation itself. . .

And when success had at last crowned so many bloody efforts, it

was impossible to discover in Mr. Lincoln a single sentiment, I shall not say of revenge, but even of bitterness, in regard to the vanquished. Recall, as soon as possible, the Southern States into the Union, such was his chief preoccupation. When he encountered contrary opinion on that subject, when several of those who surrounded him insisted upon the necessity of exacting strong guarantees, at once on hearing them he would exhibit impatience. Although it was rare that such thoughts influenced his own, he nevertheless would evince, on hearing them expressed, a sort of fatigue and weariness, which he controlled, but was unable to dissimulate entirely! But one point on which his mind seemed most irrevocably made up was his action in regard to the men who had taken part in the rebellion. Clemency never suggested itself more naturally to a victorious chieftain. The policy of pardon and forgiveness appeared to his mind and soul an absolute necessity

On foreign questions I found (Mr. Lincoln) a fervent advocate of peace. I questioned him several times regarding the good relations existing between France and the United States, then imperilled by our Mexican expedition. He always answered me: "There has been war enough. I know what the American people want, but, thank God, I count for something, and during my second term there will be no more fighting."

The sentiments which then animated Mr. Lincoln were echoed throughout the American Union. The very words that fell from his lips I have heard uttered at the bedside of the wounded; I have heard them expressed by a Massachusetts colonel, who, I remember, had just gone through the amputation of one of his legs. Not only did he forgive, but he wished the United States to forgive those who, five days before, in the affray of Plank Road, had shattered him with their bullets. . . .

We were to leave City Point on Saturday, April 8th. A few hours prior to our leaving, the military band came from the headquarters on board the River Queen. We assembled to hear it. After the performance of several pieces, Mr. Lincoln thought of the *Marseillaise*, and said to us that he had a great liking for that tune. He ordered it to be played. Delighted with it, he had it played a second time. "You must, however, come over to America," said he to me, "to hear it." He then asked me if I had ever heard *Dixie*, the rebel patriotic song, to the sound of which all their attacks had been conducted. As I answered in the negative, he added: "That tune is now Federal property; it belongs to us, and, at any rate, it is good to show the rebels that with us

they will be free to hear it again." He then ordered the somewhat surprised musicians to play it for us.

Thus ended that last evening; at ten o'clock our boat steamed off. Mr. Lincoln stood a long while looking at the spot we were leaving. Above us were these hills, so animated a few days ago, now dark and silent; around us more than a hundred ships anchored were silent proofs of the country's maritime strength, testifying to the great efforts made. Mr. Lincoln's mind seemed absorbed in the thoughts suggested by this scene, and we saw him still pursue his meditation long after the quickened speed of the steamer had removed it forever from him.

On Sunday, April 9th, we were steaming up the Potomac. The whole day the conversation dwelt upon literary subjects. Mr. Lincoln read to us for several hours passages taken from Shakespeare. Most of these were from *Macbeth* and, in particular, the verses which follow *Duncan's* assassination. I cannot recall this reading without being awed at the remembrance, when *Macbeth* becomes king after the murder of *Duncan*, he falls a prey to the most horrible torments of mind. Either because he was struck by the weird beauty of these verses, or from a vague presentiment coming over him, Mr. Lincoln paused here while reading, and began to explain to us how true a description of the murderer that one was; when, the dark deed achieved, its tortured perpetrator came to envy the sleep of his victim; and he read over again the same scene.

Evening came on quickly. Passing before Mount Vernon, I remember saying to him: "Mount Vernon and Springfield, the memories of Washington and your own, those of the revolutionary and civil wars; these are the spots and names America shall one day equally honor." This remark appeared to call him to himself. "Springfield!" answered he: "How happy, four years hence, will I be to return there in peace and tranquillity!"

Arrived at the Potomac wharf, our party was forced to disperse. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Senator Sumner and myself drove home in the same carriage. We were nearing Washington when Mrs. Lincoln, who had hitherto remained silently looking at the town a short distance off, said to me: "That city is filled with our enemies." On hearing this the President raised his arm and somewhat impatiently retorted: "Enemies! We must never speak of that." This was on the evening of April 9th.

The morning of April 14th seemed to prophesy a happy day for Mr. Lincoln. On it General Grant arrived at Washington to prepare the disbanding of a portion of the Union armies; on it also Mr. Lincoln

welcomed home his eldest son, Captain Robert Lincoln, who was returning to his studies, and whose coming seemed to his father a sure sign of peace.

At half after four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Stanton called at the White House; he had just received a communication from Thompson and Sanders, two rebel agents in Canada, whose names have since then become sadly notorious, asking leave to pass through the Union States. Mr. Stanton was opposed to granting this leave. But after a moment's thought, Mr. Lincoln said: "Let us close our eyes, and let them pass unnoticed."

The President afterward drove out with Mrs. Lincoln. He seemed unusually animated; his wife was almost frightened on noticing this, and said: "I have seen you thus only once before; it was just before our dear Willie died." This allusion made to the son's death saddened him a moment, but a while after his spirits rose again. He spoke of the future, of the easy task that was left for him to perform, and of the happy days so many signs seemed to announce.

At about nine o'clock that evening Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln entered the Tenth Street Theatre. At half-past ten a man passed into the presidential box unnoticed, approached Mr. Lincoln from behind, applied a pistol to his ear, fired his shot, then leaped upon the stage and escaped, informing the spectators that he had slain him whom he dared call a tyrant. Mr. Lincoln fell forward seemingly lifeless. He was at once carried over to one of the neighboring houses opposite the theatre.

Instantly the news spread through the city. At eleven o'clock I was myself standing before the house in which Mr. Lincoln was lying. The crowd was rapidly increasing; squads of soldiers were coming too, and soon formed in line on the pavement. At that moment all were silent, and no one exactly knew what had happened. Suddenly I heard Booth's name muttered by the crowd; he was the assassin, it was said. A few minutes later we heard that Mr. Seward had been murdered at his house, and soon after rumors were current of similar deeds perpetrated upon Mr. Stanton and General Grant. Then the aspect of the crowd changed all of a sudden. Until then it had seemed panic-stricken; all at once it became infuriated. Everyone thought himself in the presence of mysterious enemies hidden in the darkness of night, and from whose murderous spell it became incumbent to save those who were yet alive.

The first floor of the house where Mr. Lincoln had just been carried was composed of three rooms, opening on the same corridor. It was

in the third, a small room, that the dying man lay. His face, lighted by a gas-jet, under which the bed had been moved, was pale and livid. His body had already the rigidity of death. At intervals only the still audible sound of his breathing could be faintly heard and at intervals again it would be lost entirely. The surgeons did not entertain hope that he might recover a moment's consciousness. Judge William T. Otto, a thirty-years' friend of Mr. Lincoln's was standing at the bedside holding his hand; around the bed stood also the Attorney-General, Mr. Speed, and the Rev. Mr. Gurley, pastor of the church Mr. Lincoln usually attended.

Leaning against the wall stood Mr. Stanton, who gazed now and then at the dying man's face, and who seemed overwhelmed with emotion. From time to time he wrote telegrams or gave the orders which, in the midst of the crisis, assured the preservation of peace. The remaining members of the Cabinet and several Senators and generals were pacing up and down the corridor. Thus the night passed on. At last, toward seven o'clock in the morning, the surgeon announced that death was at hand, and at twenty minutes after seven the pulse ceased beating.

Everyone present seemed then to emerge from the stupor in which the hours of night had been spent. Mr. Stanton approached the bed, closed Mr. Lincoln's eyes, and drawing the sheet over the dead man's head, uttered these words in a very low voice: "*He is a man for the ages.*"

CHAPTER LVIII

THREE BRITISH ESTIMATES OF AN AMERICAN PRESIDENT

(There are here reprinted three British estimates of Mr. Lincoln, two by men and one by a woman, based on meetings with him under favoring conditions at various stages of the conflict between the sections. Each reflect a different and individual point-of-view, but all three help to make clear how he came to be regarded by our kinfolk across the sea when great and unexampled service had clearly proved his mental stature and broad-visioned statesmanship.

1. "A Noble Representative of American Courage, Honesty and Self-Sacrifice," is the caption given parts of an article by Edward Dicey which first appeared in the June, 1865, issue of Macmillan's Magazine, and which evidently was written on the morrow of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. Mr. Dicey, born in England in 1832 and educated at Cambridge, early began a long association with the London Telegraph. In 1870 he was for a brief period editor of the London Daily News, and after that nearly a score of years of the London Observer. Dicey's later labors as a journalist ran parallel with a career of distinction at the bar. He began practice in 1875, and from 1896 until his death in 1911 was a bencher of Gray's Inn. He came to the United States for the Telegraph in 1862, and in the following year published in two volumes, *Six Months in the Federal States*, a measured yet lively chronicle no student of the Civil War period can afford to leave unread, for its off-hand judgments are usually sound ones. Mr. Dicey was also the author of informing books on Egypt and the Near East.

2. A TALK WITH MR. LINCOLN AFTER HIS REELECTION reproduces in part an article by Goldwin Smith which also appeared in the June, 1865 issue of Macmillan's Magazine. Written before but published after Mr. Lincoln's death it accurately reveals how a cultured Englishman of liberal outlook measured him. Not many years later Goldwin Smith, ripe product of Oxford, where for a time he was professor of history, and a writer and political thinker of the first rank, again crossed the Atlantic to help in the founding of Cornell University and then to end his days in Canada, where until his death in 1911 at the

age of eighty-seven he was the ready advocate of forward-looking causes and the stout champion of close and friendly relations between the two branches of the English race on the mainland of America.

3. AN ENGLISH GIRL QUICKLY DISCOVERS MR. LINCOLN'S GREATNESS seems a fitting title to give the two extracts, here reproduced, from the letters of Lady Agnes Harrison Macdonell, an English girl, to her parents and family at home written in the closing weeks of the Civil War while she was the guest in Philadelphia of a sister and brother-in-law. With explanatory notes, they were first published in the May, 1917, issue of the *Contemporary Review* of London. One written in February, 1864, describes a visit to Washington and an interesting talk with Mr. Lincoln. The second, dated two days after his assassination, tells with the force of simple words and with details of an unforgettable sort how news of the tragedy was received in Philadelphia, and how in a solemn hour "the eyes of all were opened to what they had been slow to perceive," and how by a divine intelligence Mr. Lincoln had led his people "through the dangers of a revolution to a new life."

1. "A NOBLE REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN COURAGE, HONESTY AND SELF-SACRIFICE

It was my fortune during my stay in Washington three years ago, to see something of the late President, and to hear his character and doings constantly discussed by those who were in daily communication with him. Let me try and recall the result of the impression thus left upon my mind. In the spring, then, of 1862, Abraham Lincoln was certainly not popular with Washington society. Chance letters of introduction made me closely acquainted with two branches of the motley gathering which filled the capital of the United States during the first years of the war. I knew many of the Abolitionists, the men who were the vehement supporters of that policy which at a later period was adopted by the government.

At this time the Abolitionists were in opposition to the President. Deputations were constantly waiting on him to impress upon him the necessity of adopting more decided action with reference to slavery; but their representatives met with no success. They never doubted the sincerity of Abraham Lincoln's personal sympathy, . . . but throughout this period Mr. Lincoln drew a distinct line between his personal and his public duty. "As a man," was the invariable purport of his replies to the Abolitionists, "I agree with your views; as a President I have no right to interfere with the institutions of the country, except

as I find it necessary to support the authority of the government." The Abolitionists, while they acknowledged the force of this argument, complained (that) the timidity of the President was . . . letting slip an opportunity, which would never return, for the overthrow of an accursed system. "He is a good man, but not strong enough for the position" (was) the verdict I have heard passed scores of times by men who learned afterward to modify their opinion.

The other section of society to which I have alluded was that of the old residents of Washington. With the election of Lincoln a social revolution had been inaugurated at Washington. The great bulk of the residents had been persons of Southern sympathies, and had thrown in their fortunes with the Confederacy. Those who remained faithful to the old flag had no especial love for the dominant section. (They) recognized fully the honesty of the President, but . . . they were more or less ashamed of him as the representative of the nation. Lincoln was not a vulgar man. Moreover, he had a natural courtesy, and kindly good nature which more than supply the place of artificial good manners.

But he was utterly unlike the men who had occupied the presidential chair before him. To me there is something touching in the story of how, at his first dinner, when the waiter asked him whether he would take claret or hock, he turned and asked the servant which *he* would recommend himself. Still I think any honest person would admit, if an American, that he would have felt annoyed at the time at this exhibition of ignorance of the ordinary rules of society on the part of the chief magistrate of his country. . . . Then, too, at that period, Mr. Lincoln suffered much in the estimation of men whose opinion was not to be despised, by the character of jester-in-chief to the American people which the press had assigned to him.

From all I can learn the stories he really told were never unbecoming the occasion. There was about the man a sense of fitness that (made him aware) whether a joke was permissible or not. A friend of mine, who saw the President daily, told me at the time that the humor of Mr. Lincoln was used rather as a screen, than due to any innate love of joking. Probably no man ever became the ruler of a great nation with such a small stock of knowledge as to the arts of governing as was possessed by Mr. Lincoln. He was far too shrewd not to be aware of his own ignorance; and I believe the way which he adopted, of turning away all awkward questions by a joke, arose in great part from a desire to gain time, in order to weigh more fully matters with which he felt himself incompetent to deal on the spur of the moment.

Never have I seen a sadder face than that of the late President during the time his features were familiar to me. It is easy to be wise after the event; but it seems to me now that one ought somehow to have foreseen that the stamp of a sad end was impressed by nature on that rugged, haggard face. His eyes of exceeding sadness and also of strange sweetness were the one redeeming feature in a face of unusual plainness, and there was about them that odd, weird look, which some eyes possess, of seeming to see more than the outer objects of the world around. And that expression of sadness was, I believe, at all times the habitual one with him. As a rule his look was not that of a happy or a cheerful man.

The time when I saw most of the President was on a trip down the Potomac (as the guest of Secretary Seward.) Throughout (that trip) it was clear that the President preferred listening to talking. He spoke freely enough on public affairs, (and) joked pleasantly enough with Mr. Seward about the latter's passion for smoking . . . but, except when he was forced by civility to take part in the conversation, he sat silent, brooding for the most part over the stove, or else walking slowly up and down the long saloon cabin. The shadows of sadness sat on him, and it was only by an effort that he could throw off its gloom. How far his look of depression was increased by honest affliction (the death of his son Willy) I cannot say. But the careworn lines about his rugged face told of trouble or melancholy of far older standing than any late misfortune could have occasioned.

I have often asked myself of late whether or not Mr. Lincoln was really a great man. To this question I find it hard to give an answer. If sterling goodness of heart, wonderful native shrewdness and an unflinching resolution to do what was just and right constitute greatness, then he was indeed a very great man. But if something other than all this is wanted to imprint upon a man the stamp of absolute greatness, then I doubt whether the verdict of posterity will place Lincoln in the category of men who have made history. His real merit, in my judgment, was that he represented so faithfully the people who had chosen him for their ruler.

A Napoleon, a Cromwell, or even a Cavour, was not needed at this crisis of American history. All that was required was a man honest enough to resist temptation, resolute enough to carry out his purpose, shrewd enough to see his way clear before him and follow none other, and single-hearted enough to seek only the welfare of the country. All these requisites were found in marvelous perfection in Honest Abe. We heard much, not so long ago, of the degeneracy of the nation once

worthy to be led by Washington. History, I think, will say that our own days produced a yet nobler representative of American courage, honesty and self-sacrifice in the person of Abraham Lincoln.

2. A TALK WITH MR. LINCOLN AFTER HIS REELECTION

In the course of a recent visit to the United States, the writer had a short interview with President Lincoln, then just re-elected. Public men in America are very good-natured in granting these interviews even to people who have no business to transact with them; or rather perhaps the sovereign people is too exacting in requiring that its public servants shall always be accessible to every one who chooses to call. This tax upon their time is particularly burdensome, because, there being no regular civil service, they have no adequate assistance in the details of the work, which are cast, far more than they ought to be, upon the chief of the department. The White House and the departments of state have been judiciously placed at a considerable distance from the Capitol, to prevent members of Congress from perpetually dropping in upon the President and the members of the Cabinet. But probably a large part of the morning of each of these functionaries is consumed in interviews which do not in any way promote the public service.

You pass into the President's room of business through an ante-room, which has, no doubt, been paced by many an applicant for office and many an intriguer. There is no formality—nothing in the shape of a guard; and, if this man is really "a tyrant worse than Robespierre," he must have great confidence in the long-sufferance of his kind. The room is a common office-room—the only ornament that struck the writer's eye being a large photograph of John Bright. The President's face and figure are well known by likeness and caricatures. The large-boned and sinewy frame, six feet four inches in height, is probably that of the yeoman of the north of England—the district from which Lincoln's name suggests that his forefathers came—made spare and gaunt by the climate of America. The face, in like manner, denotes an English yeoman's solidity of character and good sense, with something superadded from the enterprising life and sharp habits of the Western Yankee. The brutal fidelity of the photograph as usual, has given the features of the original, but left out the expression. It is one of kindness, and, except when specially moved to mirth, of seriousness and care. The manner and address are perfectly simple, modest, and unaffected, and therefore free from vulgarity in the eyes of all who are not vulgar themselves.

There was nothing in the conversation particularly worth repeating. It turned partly on the incidents of the recent election. The President was trying to make out from the polls, which had then not perfectly come in, whether the number of electors had diminished since the beginning of the war; and he flattered himself that it had not. His mind seemed to have been dwelling on this point. He remarked that, in reckoning the number of those who had perished in the war, a fair percentage must be deducted for ordinary mortality, which would have carried off under any circumstances a certain proportion of the men, all of whom were generally set down as victims of the sword. He also remarked that exaggerated accounts of the carnage had been produced by including among the killed large numbers of men whose term of enlistment had expired, and who had been on that account, replaced by others, or had reenlisted themselves; and he told in illustration of this remark one of his characteristic stories—"A negro had been learning Arithmetic. Another negro asked him, if he shot at three pigeons sitting on a fence and killed one, how many would remain. 'Two,' replied the arithmetician. 'No,' said the other negro, 'the other two would fly away.' " In the course of the conversation he told two or three more of these stories—if stories they could be called,—always by way of illustrating some remark he had made, rather than for the sake of the anecdote itself. The writer recognised in this propensity as he thought, not a particularly jocular temperament, much less an addiction to brutal levity, such as would call for a comic song among soldiers' graves, but the humour of the West, and especially of a Western man accustomed to address popular audiences and to enforce his ideas by vivid and homely illustrations. You must have studied the American character—and indeed the English character of which it is the offspring—very superficially if you do not know that a certain levity of expression, in speaking even of important subjects, is perfectly compatible with great earnestness and seriousness beneath. The language of the President, like his demeanour, was perfectly simple; he did not let fall a single coarse or vulgar phrase, and all his words had a meaning...

Mr. Lincoln is not a highly cultivated politician; and it is much to be lamented that he is not; for he will have to deal, in the course of reconstruction, with political problems requiring for their solution all the light that political science and history can afford. Like American statesmen in general, he is no doubt entirely unversed in the principles of economy and finance; and it is quite credible that he may be, as is reported, the author of the strange scheme for raising money by issu-

ing a kind of stock which shall not be liable to seizure for debt. But within the range of his knowledge and vision, which does not extend beyond the constitution, laws, and political circumstances of his own country, he is a statesman. He distinctly apprehends the fundamental principles of the community at the head of which he is placed, and enunciates them, whenever there is occasion, with a breadth and clearness which give them fresh validity. He keeps his main object—the preservation of the Union and the Constitution—distinctly in view, and steadily directs all his actions to it. If he suffers himself to be guided by events, it is not because he loses sight of principles, much less because he is drifting, but because he deliberately recognises in events the manifestation of moral forces, which he is bound to consider, and the behests of Providence, which he is bound to obey. He neither floats at random between the different sections of his party, nor does he abandon himself to the impulse of any one of them, whether it be that of the extreme Abolitionists or that of the mere Politicians; but he treats them all as elements of the Union Party, which it is his task to hold together, and conduct as a combined army to victory . . .

3. AN ENGLISH GIRL QUICKLY DISCOVERS MR. LINCOLN'S GREATNESS

Willard's Hotel, Washington

February, 1864 (1863?)

We went to the levee yesterday. As the President sent you a special message I must not delay in telling you about it. It was at one o'clock, an hour for bonnets and morning dress. The entrance to the White House was thronged with carriages. We passed through the great hall, and to an anteroom filled with elegantly dressed people. The air was pleasant with the scent of flowers. People stood in groups talking. In the Blue Room beyond, the President stood receiving the stream that flowed toward him, and thence passed into the great East Room and so out. While the others were busy talking to a number of their friends, I watched the President. He shook hands and bowed, only occasionally speaking to someone he knew, or chose to distinguish by his notice. Sometimes he answered a remark made to him. But it was generally, "Good morning, Mrs. Jones." "Mr. Smith, how do you do?" (You see how carefully I write this that you may note the pleasing difference of your daughter's reception!) "Miss ——, of England." "Ah," said the President, and he stooped his great height to look into my face. He looked so kind that I forgot to be frightened. I

forgot what he first talked of. Then I blurted out: "Mr. Lincoln, may I tell you how earnestly my people at home are with you in heart and soul, especially since the first of January." "I am very glad to hear it; very glad, though I may not know them personally. That is one of the evils of being so far apart. We have a good deal of salt water between us. When you feel kindly towards us we cannot, unfortunately, be always aware of it. But it cuts both ways. When you, in England, are cross with us, we don't feel it quite so badly." He smiled as he said this, and then he went on quite gravely: "I wish England were nearer, and in full understanding with us." Colonel Davies said something about my having been unhappy over the Trent matter, and the prospect of war between England and the United States. Mr. Lincoln said that he thought there were three parties in England, an aristocratic party, which will not be sorry to see the Republic break up, a class allied to the South through trade relations, and a third, larger, or if not larger, of more import, which sympathizes warmly with the cause of the North. He turned to me again, and took my hand in his—it *was* a large hand!—and said with great kindness: "Tell your friends in England this, and tell them I am obliged to them for their good wishes. It is pleasant to have good wishes, and," he added, smiling: "I take it there will be no war." That was all. We courtseyed and shook hands with Mrs. Lincoln. She was dressed in black velvet, black gloves and fan, in mourning for her little boy, who died in the summer. We stood not far from the President for some time, and I watched him with all my eyes. He was dressed in a black long coat that seemed to hang on him. He wore his collar turned down, showing his throat—the reverse of the Gladstone habit. He held one of his black gloves in his hand, and beat it slowly against the other while he was speaking. I could hear all he said. He did not look grand or aristocratic, or even like a very cultivated man, but you knew he was *great*. One felt that he said what he meant to say, neither more nor less. He used very good words, and he half-smiled now and then, like a person who *hears* that what he is saying is good, and a little enjoys it. When he was silent his face instantly assumed an anxious, careworn expression; but he did not look perplexed. I felt he *was* the man who had written the Inaugural, and that he was the only man who could have done it.

On the staircase was a boy of about twelve who was doing his best to upset the gravity of the servants handing up the guests, and playing pranks. Mrs. M. spoke to him and he replied politely, and behaved at once with the dignity and propriety proper in the son of a President. I think they called him Thad.

April 17th, 1865

On Saturday afternoon I drove into town to post my English letter at the General Post Office. As we entered the city, all fluttering with flags for the late victories, the streets were full of silent crowds standing or moving to and fro, the press growing denser as we neared the State House. I had to leave the carriage to wait for me in a side street, and make my way for a short distance on foot. As I stood having my letter weighed and stamped a strange sound outside made the groups of persons in the office, and me with them, run to the door, where, from the high flight of steps we looked down on the crowd stretching down the street. I had never heard such a sound before. It was hoarse, and like a long growl. There was a movement in the crowd, a group of policemen were vigorously defending with their clubs three men, evidently the objects of the anger of the crowd. I could see the pale, terrified faces of the three men. The crowd was bent on lynching them. Men shouted that they were Secesh sympathizers. They had shouted *sic temper tyrannus*, when the news came that the President had expired.

The P.O. clerks came and called us in and the great doors were hastily shut. I had to make my way, led by a civil clerk, through the back buildings and yards to the carriage. The sunshine seemed dimmed by the horrible glimpse I had had of strange passions. We had to drive slowly through the crowded streets. At all the churches which we passed, the doors were open, and one could catch sight of the people kneeling. I stopped at Trinity Church. The church was crowded from wall to wall, and the Litany was being said by Mr. Phillips Brooks. His rapid utterances—a sort of passionate energy of utterance—and the sense of universal sorrow made the familiar words seem to have a new meaning. Many near me were weeping. One knew that the whole land, from ocean to ocean, was stirred and lifted by a great sorrow. On a step near the church was a poor black woman sitting with a little child beside her and one in her arms. She rocked herself to and fro and repeated the words, "Massa Lincum dead! Massa Lincum dead!" . . . Those few hours from Friday night to Saturday evening passed as if under a spell. The glory of spring was over all, the dogwoods were shining with their milk-white blossoms, the Judas trees and the sassafrases were purple and gold, and the magnolias were opening, but all the spring glory seemed hushed and made solemn by the thought of the President. A shock of wonder and remorse had come, and a passionate acknowledgment of what we owe him.

The eyes of all did, indeed, seem to be opened to what they had been slow to perceive. They saw how Lincoln, always showing the way, by a sort of divine intelligence, had led the country through the dangers of a revolution to a new life. The whole nation recognized the light of a great soul. The youthful writer of these letters shared in that great experience. Often, looking back during the last two years (1915 and 1916) after an interval of more than half a century, and watching the mysterious unfolding of events here and in the United States, she has felt as if she were passing through the same experiences as were hers when, as a girl, she visited America. There were then, as lately have been here, uncertainty and momentous swaying of opinion to and fro, slowly growing enlightenment, and, at last, the clear and final purpose ensuring victory.

CHAPTER LIX

THE CLOSING MONTHS OF A GREAT LIFE

(There is here reprinted a paper read by Dr. Edward Duffield Neill at a meeting of the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion held at St. Paul in February, 1885. Born in Philadelphia in 1823, Dr. Neill was graduated at Amherst at the age of nineteen and later prepared for the ministry at Andover Theological Seminary. Between 1847 and 1861 he filled Presbyterian pulpits in Galena, Illinois, and in St. Paul, and also served as superintendent of instruction for the territory and state of Minnesota. In 1861 he was made chaplain of the First Minnesota Infantry and in 1863 of the army hospital at Philadelphia.

From the opening weeks of 1864 until 1869 Dr. Neill served as assistant secretary to Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, after which he was for two years United States consul in Dublin. Then returning to his Minnesota home the twenty-two years of life that remained to him were devoted to educational pursuits and to historical research which bore fruit in a number of noteworthy books. He died in 1893 in his seventy-first year. It has been truthfully said of him that he was "a prophet of the mind and spirit at a time when most of his associates were preoccupied with material things." And than he no man more clearly measured the greatness of Abraham Lincoln.)

On the 21st of June, 1861, the First Minnesota Infantry Regiment amid the cheers and tears of hundreds, embarked in steamboats from Jackson Street, in the city of St. Paul, for the valley of the Potomac River. The next week the regiment was encamped on vacant squares east of the Capitol in Washington, and one day, in the morning papers, it was announced that in the afternoon the President would assist in raising a flag on the grounds south of his residence; and never having seen Mr. Lincoln, I went there with some other officers of the regiment. The crowd was very great. On the balcony of the President's house sat General Scott, in full uniform, looking as majestic as old Jupiter of the ancient sculptors, while on a temporary platform around the flag-staff stood the President, ready to pull at a given signal.

Among the spectators directly before me stood a man plainly dressed, with serious countenance, with his wife by his side, who was then known as Governor Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. Several years after, Mr. Johnson, referring to this occasion, said an occurrence took place which the superstitious would have considered an ill omen. He told me the President pulled the rope too long, so that the bunting of the flag split, and he could but think at the time that he might be pained by the calamity of the great republic rent in twain permanently.

President Lincoln was not again seen by me until after the First Minnesota Regiment had the fiery trials at Bull Run, Fair Oaks, and the Seven Days' battles terminating on Malvern Hill. Early in July, 1862, while the Army of the Potomac was resting around Harrison's Landing, on the James River, impelled by patriotism, and impressed by the gravity of the situation, he came down to look General McClellan in the face, and aid him to the extent of his power.

Attracted by cheering, I looked in the direction from which it came, and saw two horsemen. One had short legs, but a fine body and presence above the hips, and was on a large horse, in military dress. It was General McClellan. The other, six feet four inches in height, upon a smaller horse, so that his feet seemed very near the ground, dressed as a civilian, with a tall silk hat, was Abraham Lincoln. As he rode in front of the army the shouts of thousands of weary men showed that his presence had cheered them; yet no soldier who saw him that day, looking so much like the typical Brother Jonathan of the caricatures, can ever forget the scene.

Early in 1864, I was appointed to read and dispose of all letters addressed to President Lincoln, and commissioned as secretary to sign land patents. A mail-bag was brought to my room at the President's Mansion twice a day, well filled with letters upon various subjects.

Every month my impression of the greatness of President Lincoln increased. He was above a life of mere routine. In his bearing there was nothing artificial or mechanical. While he desired to be appreciated and valued the honors conferred upon him, he was never puffed up, nor used great, swelling words. In conversation I never knew him to speak of himself as President, but when necessary to allude to his position, he would use circumlocution, and say, "Before I came here," or something equivalent. He was independent of all cliques. Willing to be convinced, with a wonderful patience he listened to the opinions and criticisms of others. Those whose opinions

were not accepted would sometimes charge that he was under the thumb of this or that man, but the sequel always proved that he was not a party tool. While he did not frown, nor stamp his feet, while he eschewed the language of the Janus-faced diplomat, and was slow to reach a conclusion, yet when an opinion was deliberately formed he was as firm as a rock. At critical periods he was prompt to assume responsibility.

On the morning of the 2d of February, 1865, between nine and ten o'clock, as I was ascending the stairs to the second story, to reach my room, I met Forbes, an intelligent servant, descending with a small valise in his hand, and I asked, "Where are you going?" Looking up to see no one was near, he whispered, "Fortress Monroe," and hurried on. When I reached the upper hall I met the President with his overcoat, and going to my room, looked out of the window, and saw him quietly walking around the curved pavement which leads to Pennsylvania Avenue, while Forbes was following, at a distance of two or three hundred feet, as his valet. Waiting for some time, I then crossed the hall to the room of the principal secretary, Mr. John G. Nicolay, and quietly said: "The President has left the city." "What do you mean?" he asked; and I replied: "Just what I have said." Rising quickly, he opened the door which communicated with the President's room, and was astonished to find the chair of Mr. Lincoln vacant. The President had received a despatch which convinced him that it was proper to go to Fortress Monroe and confer with the rebel commissioners, Alexander Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter, and J. A. Campbell, and at nine o'clock that morning sent the following telegram to Secretary Seward, already there: "Induced by a despatch from General Grant, I join you at Fortress Monroe."

The failure of this conference to restore peace has become a part of our history, and upon it it is unnecessary to dwell. Upon the return of the President, Forbes told me that the rebel commissioners seemed to be very friendly, and that after they returned to the steamboat, which was to take them back to the vicinity of Richmond, a negro was sent in a row-boat by Mr. Seward with a basket of champagne, to be presented with his compliments. After the man reached the deck the commissioners read the note, and waved their handkerchiefs in acknowledgment, and then Mr. Seward, speaking through a boatswain's trumpet, said: "Keep the champagne, but return the negro." The status of the negro, in case of cessation of hostilities, had been one of the subjects discussed in the conference.

The President's capacity for work was wonderful. While other men

were taking recreation through the sultry months of summer, he remained in his office attending to the wants of the nation. He was never an idler or a lounger. Each hour he was busy. At the election in November, 1864, he was chosen President for a second term. Anxious to know the returns from the several States the morning after the election, I came to the mansion earlier than usual. As I passed the door of his office, which was ajar, I saw that he was at his table and engaged in official work. Entering the room, I took a seat by his side, extended my hand, and congratulated him upon the vote, for my country's sake and for his own sake. Turning away from the papers which had been occupying his attention, he spoke kindly of his competitor, the calm, prudent general and great organizer, whose remains this week have been placed in the cold grave. He told me that General Scott had recommended McClellan as an officer who had studied the science of war, and had been in the Crimea during the war against Russia, and that he told Scott that he knew nothing about the science of war, and it was very important to have just such a person to organize the raw recruits of the republic around Washington.

In June, 1864, he was persuaded to attend a great fair in Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, and returned one morning about ten o'clock. As official business had accumulated during his absence, as soon as he entered the house he went immediately to his office. In less than an hour I went in to see him, and found him stretched out, his head on the back of one chair, his legs resting on another, his collar and cravat on the table, a mulatto barber lathering his face, while the Attorney-General, Edward Bates, was quietly seated by his side, talking to him upon some matter of state. It was a striking illustration of his desire to be at work. To the question whether his visit was pleasant, he replied that it was, and the ladies, he believed, had made several thousand dollars by placing him on exhibition.

His memory was very retentive. During the last year of the war a convalescent soldier at Elmira Hospital, New York, while strolling with a fellow-soldier, administered some drug to him and robbed him. From the effect of the drugging the plundered man died, and the robber was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hung. His friends obtained a suspension of sentence on the ground that he was insane. The testimony in the case was sent to a physician, the superintendent of a lunatic asylum, and his opinion requested. In due time the doctor's report, covering several foolscap pages, was received by mail, and, after being read and endorsed, was sent to the President.

Some weeks after, General James A. Hardie, the assistant Adjutant-general at the War Department, came to my room, and said it was very desirable that the President should take some action relative to the soldier whose sentence had been suspended. Going to the President, I told him General Hardie wanted to know about this soldier's papers. Pointing to the top of his desk he merely replied: "There they are; tell him they are still in soak." Hardie, quite chagrined by the unsatisfactory answer, hurried off. In about two weeks he came again and said: "The soldier ought to be hung or pardoned; will you again see the President?" I did as asked, and then the President inquired if I had read the report which came from the doctor. I answered that I had. Then rising, he went to a case filled with papers, and without the slightest difficulty found the report and read its last sentence, which was to this effect: "Although I cannot pronounce the person insane, he certainly is peculiar." "Now," he said, "if these last words had not been written I should have had no hesitation in disposing of this case." Life to him was sacred, and he never would sign a paper that would take life away without deliberation.

As a writer he was fluent and forcible. His papers bore few marks of revision, and while his style was not Ciceronian, it was clear, pure, and easily comprehended. He composed letters amid distractions which would have appalled other men. He kept no formal letter-book. One morning in April, 1864, he came to me with a letter in his hand and said:

"Perhaps it is well to make a copy. Do so, and send the copy or the original, as you prefer, to the person to whom addressed."

It was his well-known letter to A. G. Hodges, of Frankfort, Kentucky in which he gave the substance of his conversation with Governor Bramlette. The opening sentences were:

"I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath that I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it in my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power."

In February, 1865, he brought me several notes, and said they were the correspondence growing out of the visit of the senior Francis P. Blair to Richmond, and asked if I would arrange and connect them

with red tape, so that he could show them to friends. The first was simply a visiting-card, on which, directed to no person, was this brief note: "Allow the bearer, F. P. Blair, Sr., to pass our lines, go South and return." "A. LINCOLN."

There was also a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis to Mr. Blair. Mr. Davis in spelling the word negotiation used a "c" in place of the first "t" which is unusual.

President Lincoln's accessibility won the hearts of the people. No one was too poor to be received. When more important business was attended to, on some days, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, he would have his door thrown open, and all in the hall were allowed to enter and prefer their requests. He playfully called it "the Beggars' Opera."

Mr. Cameron, his first secretary of war, told me he came once while a reception of this kind was being held, and he wondered at the humor, patience, and versatility of Mr. Lincoln.

One woman tried to obtain an order upon the commissary at Washington for provisions for her family on the ground that her husband was a soldier, and was with difficulty convinced that the President could not undertake to feed the families which soldiers had left behind them.

A Gascon in spirit, with imperfect use of the English language, in turn approached the President with a large bundle of papers and the pompous announcement that he spoke six languages, and wished a post in the State Department. Mr. Lincoln told the persistent man to take the papers to the Secretary of State, and if he would send a commission he would sign it. The sanguine fellow, not dwelling upon the import of that little word "if," left, blessing the President for his goodness and promptness.

At length Mr. Cameron, told me when comparatively few were left in the room, a young man, who evidently had never been far from the place in which he was born, stood before the President, and was greatly embarrassed. In search of a paper, which he wished to present, he put his hand into his side-pocket, but could not find it; then he began to feel his overcoat-pockets, and became more confused. The President waited patiently, and at last, with a pleasant look, remarked: "Friends, you will remember that some time ago a man stood here who told us he could speak six languages, and now we have one who does not seem able to speak a word." By this time the young man found his paper, and consequently recovered his self-possession. His

application was within the power of the President to grant, and the applicant left rejoicing.

Mr. Lincoln's manners were never repulsive. While he could not grace a ball-room nor compete with the perfumed and spangled representative of a foreign court in knowledge of the laws of fashion, yet in his heart there was always kindly feeling for others; and thus, in the best sense, he was a gentleman. The late Edward Everett, whose elegance and courtliness of manner no one questioned, met Mr. Lincoln for the first time at the dinner-table of a friend on the occasion of the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, and he afterwards said that he was impressed with his simple, easy bearing. Destitute of hauteur, and conscious of wishing no man any harm, he had from youth indulged in pleasantries, by telling to farmers at the country store, and to fellow-lawyers while going to court, amusing, if not always classic, stories, not to raise a laugh, but to illustrate his views. This habit remained through life, but no fair-minded man would have called him a trifling jester or a coarse buffoon. It was a relief to him, amid the cares of civil war, to indulge in quaint expressions. One day an elderly gentleman, who wished to give a house as a home for soldiers' orphans, visited him and said: "Secretary Stanton was not kind, and would not listen to him." A messenger came and said the President wished to see me. When I entered, he wrote on a visiting-card: "Will the Secretary of War please see the gentleman?" and asked me if I would go with the note, and person, to the War Department. General Hardie, when I met him, seemed displeased as he looked at the gentleman, but I told him I had been sent with a note from the President. Hastily taking the card, he went to the Secretary's room, but soon came out, and curtly said: "The Secretary cannot see the gentleman." Persuading the person to go back to the hotel and leave the city until the times were more propitious, I went to the President, showed him the card, and said it had failed to accomplish what was desired. With a look full of humor, he said: "Well! well! the requests of the commander-in-chief don't amount to much."

One morning he told his doorkeeper that he should not be interrupted as he was much engaged. Senator Howard of Michigan, came and said he must see him. The doorkeeper could not disobey orders, and brought him to me. As soon as he sat down, he showed that he was in ill humor, and said: "If it were his own son he would not act so." Never having seen the Senator, and supposing him to be some agent to procure substitutes, I replied that if he continued to speak

disrespectfully of the President, in his own house, I must request him to leave the room. He then said that he was Senator Howard, and that he had come to request suspension of sentence of a soldier who in a few hours was to be executed.

Entering the President's room, I found him very busy in writing, and apologetically said: "Would not have interrupted you, but Senator Howard wants suspension of sentence, in a certain case." "Wants suspension! Well, that is a queer request." Afterward he told me to write a telegram, giving the soldier's name, ordering suspension of sentence, sign his name, and send it through the War Department. I told him I would write the order, but preferred that he should sign it.

A drunken black man of a low grade of intellect killed some one with an axe in the suburbs of Washington, and was sentenced to be hung. A question arose as to whether it was the duty of the marshal of the district or some one else to attend to the execution. Early one morning I saw the President in Secretary Nicolay's room, and, as he was not there, I asked if I could do anything. He replied: "There is a dispute as to the hanging of the black man, and I have determined to settle the controversy by not having him hung, and I would like to see Marshal Lamon."

A commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life was prepared, and Marshal Lamon reached the scaffold as the rope was being fastened around the culprit's neck, and it took some time for the city authorities and a longer time for the dull-headed negro, to comprehend that there was to be no hanging, and that the paper read by the marshal was a commutation by President Lincoln.

The President cultivated no animosities, and for the public good would sometimes appoint those who criticised his acts. Major John Hay, the unmarried secretary, one day said to me: "What do you think Mr. Lincoln has done?" Then he told me that he had just nominated Salmon P. Chase as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. It was an act of magnanimity, as Mr. Chase had been willing to see him defeated, and had aided in the circulation of a pamphlet giving reasons why he should not be nominated a second time for the Presidency. While Mr. Lincoln was dead and yet unburied I found a letter, in examining his papers, from Mr. Simeon Draper, written as early as 1862, in which he mentioned that Chief Justice Taney had reached so great an age that his days on earth would be few, and that when his death occurred he hoped Mr. Chase would be his successor.

The President knew that there were those in his Cabinet and in the army willing to take his seat. Letters had been received mention-

ing that one of General B. F. Butler's staff officers was visiting in the West, and whispering that the general was willing to be President. Mr. Chase was too willing to be his successor. No wonder it was a relief to know that General Grant had no aspirations in that direction.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th of March, 1864, a messenger told me to look out of the window of my room and I would see General Grant. I went, and saw a plain, round-shouldered man in citizen's dress, with a lad, his eldest son, by his side, walking away from the house, where he had been to pay his first visit to the President. To gratify the public and appease the reporters, the President wrote the few words which he had spoken when he gave the General his commission upon a piece of paper, partly torn, and Grant penned a brief reply.

During the latter part of 1864, Grant sent a telegram to this effect, indicating his pertinacity: "It seems to me that a call should be issued for more men, but in any event I shall continue and do the best with those I have left."

Early in the spring of 1865 the President sent a telegram to General Grant, as follows: "The financial pressure is so great, I hope that you will make an early move and close the war."

Full of anxiety, Mr. Lincoln went to the front during the last days of March, and a movement was begun under General Sheridan. On the 2d of April Richmond was evacuated, and on the 9th General Lee surrendered.

The President did not exult when there was a victory nor manifest depression when circumstances were adverse.

After our arms had been successful guns were fired in honor of the victory in the public square in front of the mansion. Although the concussion would cause the windows to rattle, he never made allusion to the salutes. He felt that war in any aspect was deplorable, and that one victory did not conquer a peace. Nor was he disturbed when there was an appearance of danger.

During the summer of 1864 I lived in the country thirteen miles from the city, near the junction of the Baltimore and Washington turnpike with the railroad. After breakfast, on Tuesday, July 12, I went as usual, in a railway-car to the city, and before noon my house was surrounded by General Bradley Johnson's insurgent cavalry, who had made an attempt to capture the New York express train and robbed the country store nearby of its contents. The presence of the enemy stopped all travel by railroad, and Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, who happened to be in Washington, found no way to the North, ex-

cept by descending the Potomac to its mouth and then ascending Chesapeake Bay to the city of Baltimore. While the cavalry were in the fields around my house the enemy's infantry was marching toward the capital, by what was called the Seventh Street road, and they set fire to the residence of the Hon. Montgomery Blair, who had been Postmaster-General. As I sat in my room at the President's the smoke of the burning mansion was visible, but business was transacted with as much quietness as if the foe were hundreds of miles distant. Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, had, in a private note, informed the President that if there was any necessity to leave the city, he would find a steamer in readiness at the wharf at the foot of Sixth Street.

About one o'clock of the afternoon of each day of the skirmishing the President would enter his carriage and drive to the forts in the suburbs and watch the soldiers repulse the invaders.

The letters sent to the President from day to day were of all descriptions,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

A rude wag, the day after his election for a second term, wrote: "Dear Old Abe: Yesterday I worked hard for you all day, and wore out my boots. Please send a new pair by mail." After the surrender of General Lee, ropes began to arrive by express, with humorous notes, requesting that they might be used in hanging the late President of the insurgent States upon "a sour apple-tree."

A cheery woman from distant Oregon wrote that the health of her husband had failed, and that it would be a great assistance if he were made postmaster. She continued:

"By the name I bear since my marriage you will not know me, but you will when I tell you that I am Deacon _____'s daughter, at whose house you used to stop in going to court, and you may remember that once, after sewing a button on your coat, you laughingly said: 'I will not forget you when I am President;' and on another occasion, when my father was making preparation for his quite lengthy evening family prayer, you whispered: 'Go up-stairs and bring down a pillow for me, for I am afraid my knees will become sore.' "

While some letters provoked a smile, others stirred the higher emotions. A sister of the rebel general called Stonewall Jackson told her joy at seeing the Union troops around her farm in Virginia, and how gladly she looked upon the flag of the republic, and the blue uniforms of the officers.

A boy not twenty years of age unfolded a tale of sorrow. He wrote

than an elder brother had enlisted, and for some reason had left his regiment, and was marked as a deserter. His parents in consequence were humiliated and heart-broken, and he feared that their days on earth would be shortened in consequence of that word affixed to their son's name. He then begged that the government would take him and allow him to serve the full time of his brother's enlistment, on condition that his brother would be absolved.

A letter once came from Canada, every line of which seemed to be the moan of a burdened conscience. The writer told how he had been skulking for months as deserter, but that within a short time he had been attending church, had repented and determined to lead a new life. From the hour he had changed his course, although friends dissuaded him, he felt impelled to write to the President, and mention that on a certain day, and at a certain hour, he would be seen walking in the grounds around the mansion, clothed in a certain manner. A messenger was told to be on the watch, and at the time specified he came to my room and said: "The man with the specified overcoat is there." He was then brought up to my room. He had the emaciated face of one who had experienced mental suffering and (was) willing, if necessary, to die for his transgression. While he waited his letter was sent and explained to the President, who wrote on the back to this effect: "Let this man be returned to his regiment without penalty except that he shall serve, after the expiration of his term of enlistment, the number of days he was absent by desertion."

Time fails me to relate all that I could, and I will now confine myself to incidents in connection with the last days of the earthly career of this remarkable man.

On Monday, the 9th of April, 1865, the citizens of Washington were full of joy at the intelligence of the surrender of General Lee and began to throng around the Presidential mansion. On Tuesday morning a procession, with a band of music, arrived while I was conversing with the President, who told the messenger to tell them that he would address them that evening. On that night he delivered his last public address, "not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart," as the opening sentence indicated. At this time Chief Justice Chase was holding court in Baltimore, and on Thursday a letter from him passed through my hands, objecting to some of the phraseology of the President in the address relative to the Emancipation Proclamation.

It was now evident that, while the war was ended, the work of building up confidence in the government in the late slave States

would be herculean, requiring the "wisdom of a serpent and the gentleness of a dove."

On Thursday I think, he mentioned that he wished to see Mr. John W. Forney, the secretary of the Senate, and also editor of the Philadelphia Press and the Washington Chronicle. Mr. Forney afterwards told me that he had conferred with him, and suggested that he should make an informal visit to Richmond and other cities of the South, and urge upon editors and leading men the desirableness of their giving a full support to the measures of government. By this method he hoped that enough at least would be persuaded to rally around the flag, so as to obviate the necessity of appointing as postmasters, collectors of revenue, and judges of courts those not natives of the South, with no permanent interest in its welfare, who would leave as soon as the emoluments of office ceased. By this time those persons always ready to give advice began to call, and tell what they thought should be done with Mr. Jefferson Davis. Wearied and annoyed, he said to Slade, his mulatto doorkeeper:

"This talk about Mr. Davis tires me. I hope he will mount a fleet horse, reach the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and drive so far into its waters that we shall never see him again."

The last interview I had with him was between three and four o'clock of the last afternoon of his earthly life. A colonel of a Vermont regiment, who had been on a furlough during his absence from the Army of the Potomac, had been made a brigadier general. Upon his return he stopped at the War Department for his commission, and was told that it had been sent over to the President for his signature. Coming to the President's house, he told the doorkeeper of the office the occasion of his visit, and he was brought to me. That afternoon there had been a Cabinet meeting and an interview with General Grant, and I went to see the President, and found that he had retired to the private part of the house for a lunch. While I was looking over the papers on his table to see if I could find the desired commission, he came back, eating an apple. I told him for what I was looking, and as I talked he placed his hand on the bell-pull, when I said: "For whom are you going to ring?" Placing his hand upon my coat, he spoke but two words: "Andrew Johnson." Then I said: "I will come in again." As I was leaving the room the Vice-President had been ushered, and the President advanced and took him by the hand.

None but God knew then that an assassin was preparing plans by which the President in a few hours would be mortally wounded.

After ten o'clock on Friday morning Mrs. Lincoln sent a servant to my room to know whether any complimentary tickets had been received by me, inviting the President and family to attend that night the play of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre. I replied "No," and in less than an hour from that time a messenger was sent to the theatre to say that the President's family wished a box. It was not until after that hour that the assassin began to form his plans for that night.

Just at dawn on Saturday morning I was aroused from sleep by a loud pounding, and going down to the door of my country-house and opening it, found the sergeant of the guard at the railroad crossing, who told me that the President and his Cabinet had been shot, that all travel on the road from Washington had been stopped and then he burst into tears.

To me the surprise was not as great as it was to this loyal, tender-hearted soldier. Threatening letters had come to the President through the mails, which did not, however, except in one instance, seem worthy of notice or preservation. That letter was postmarked Gloversville, New York, about forty miles northwest of Albany, during the latter part of February. The handwriting was not at all disguised, but clear and bold. The sentences were brief and those of a person terribly in earnest, and to this effect: "God knows I have hated you, but God knows I cannot be a murderer. Beware of the ides of March. Do not, like Julius Caesar, go to the Senate unarmed. If I did not love my life, I would sign my name."

The words made such an impression that I consulted with Major John Hay, the unmarried secretary, who slept at the mansion and whose chamber adjoined my room. He remarked: "What can we do to prevent assassination? The President is so accessible that any villain can feign business, and, while talking to him, draw a razor and cut his throat, and some minutes might elapse after the murderer's escape before we could discover what had been done."

This letter I did not destroy, but some weeks after Harold, Payne, and others had been executed, I gave it to Judge-Advocate-General Holt, who subsequently told me that he had no doubt that the writer had some knowledge of Booth's desire to do evil. Who the writer was will probably never be known.

As no cars were allowed to run, upon the tender of a locomotive I rode to Washington, and reached the house about an hour after the President's body had arrived. A vast crowd was in the streets, a guard of soldiers at each gate, the halls of the mansion, ordinarily

filled with visitors, were still, and everything seemed to weep. My position was lonely. Mr. John G. Nicolay, the principal secretary, was absent on a short sea-voyage; Major Hay, by the long watching through the night, was worn out, and lay upon the sofa in his chamber so that the duty devolved upon me to read and dispose of all the papers that had accumulated in the office since Mr. Lincoln had been President, and make such disposition of them as my judgment suggested. Few men's papers can be found in this world so free from anything objectionable, or sentiments which it would be desirable that the public should not know, as were these.

In the mail received after the President was lying cold in death there were two which made some impression. One was from General Burnside, resigning his position, thanking the President for the consideration he had always shown, and expressing his willingness, should the nation's life be again endangered, once more to buckle on his sword. The other was written by Chief Justice Chase, at Barnum's, Baltimore, on Friday night, not long before the fatal shot was fired. Mr. Chase had written on Wednesday relative to the Emancipation Proclamation, but this second letter was on the position the government should assume towards the late slave population, and in it was asked, "Cannot you take the position of universal suffrage?"

Mr. Lincoln preferred intelligent, impartial suffrage, without respect to color, but was willing to give the right to vote to all colored men who had been soldiers of the United States, even if they could not read.

On Saturday, Slade, the messenger, came to me and said he was very unhappy, and asked me if I had noticed as I crossed the hall to the President's room on Friday afternoon that he was listening to the Vice-President, and nodding assent as he conversed. I told him I had observed him. He then said:

"It is what I said to Mr. Johnson that makes me feel miserable." The Vice-President had expressed his respect for Mr. Lincoln, but said he thought if he were President he would not make it too easy for the rebels, and that having African blood in his veins, he had nodded assent, and expressed the wish that at some future day he might be President.

Assuring him that there was no occasion for his unhappiness, he seemed to be in a measure relieved. Slade was a faithful man, prudent and dignified. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church for colored people on Fifteenth Street, near the President's mansion.

After the funeral he came to me in a different frame of mind, and told me the ambition of his life was satisfied, that President Johnson had sent for him and made him the steward of the house, which gave him a good salary and some perquisites. He died before Mr. Johnson's term expired, and camellia japonicas were sent by the President to be placed on his coffin, and the President's daughters attended the burial services.

About ten o'clock on Saturday night Major Hay, who had recovered, came to me and said that he thought some one ought to suggest to acting President Johnson that it would be well for him to inform the widow that there was no need of undue haste in leaving the mansion. Going to the National Hotel, I found Senator Ramsey, of Minnesota, in his private parlor, and asked him if he would see Mr. Johnson, to which request he consented. On Sunday morning, about eleven o'clock the cards of Senators Ramsey and Norton were brought to me, and a messenger was sent to Robert, the elder son of the dead President, who came and stood by the table where his father had so lately transacted business. After introducing the Senators, Senator Ramsey delivered the request of President Johnson, that his mother should not feel constrained to leave the house until she had made all proper arrangements.

This son had but a few months before graduated at Harvard University, and his manly bearing on that trying occasion made me feel that he was a worthy son of a worthy father. It is worthy of note that, in after years, he succeeded Senator Ramsey as Secretary of War.

Just before the funeral, President Lincoln's first secretary of war, Simon Cameron, so long identified with the politics of Pennsylvania, and still living, told me that during his long public career he had never met one who was more sagacious and far-seeing.

Not long after the surrender of Richmond, a native of the South, now a professor in South Carolina, visited me and passed a night. In the chamber where he slept there were on the table some of the advance sheets of Raymond's Life of Lincoln, which he had taken up and read. After taking his seat at the breakfast table, he said that he now believed the caricatures and exaggerations of the peculiarities of the President would soon be forgotten, and that his name would be honored like that of Washington.

The surgeon on duty with the ship Congress, in the terrible fight with the rebel ram Merrimac, in Hampton Roads, upon his return from a cruise in the Mediterranean, after the war, told me that he was

not only surprised, but gratified, to find in several restaurants in Italy the likeness of Abraham Lincoln.

The words of Paterculus, the historian of the time of one of the Caesars, relative to a distinguished man of his century, can be aptly applied to him of whom we have spoken: "His distinctive characteristic was this, that he was preceded by none whom he imitated, nor did any come after who could imitate him."

CHAPTER LX

NANCY HANKS ASKS QUESTIONS ABOUT HER BOY

(It seems fitting that the present collection should conclude not with another first-hand recollection of Mr. Lincoln, but with an estimate of the especial meaning his life and labors have for those who passed from childhood to youth and maturity during the years immediately following his death. There has been chosen for that purpose a paper written by Robert Lincoln O'Brien, a member of the generation in question, and a fervent and unswerving lover of his country, its splendid past and its destined part in the growth of human brotherhood. It bears the title *Nancy Hanks* and was first published in the *Boston Herald* on February 12, 1914. Mr. O'Brien's tribute deserves to be read again and again, for it records with grace, precision, and a rare sense of values the place the memory of Abraham Lincoln fills in the minds of now aging men and women who reverence and hold in honor the republic he helped to preserve.)

Nancy Hanks: I see the calendar says it is 1914, nearly a century after my life in the world ended. Pray tell me, Spirit of the Present, whether any one mortal remembers that I ever lived, or knows my place of burial.

The Present: Oh, yes. There is a monument over your grave at Pigeon Creek. A man named Studebaker of South Bend, went there in 1879 and spent \$1000 in marking it.

Nancy Hanks: What do you mean? More money than I ever saw in my life spent on my grave, more than 60 years after I had made it! Was he a rich descendant of mine?

The Present: He was no relative of yours. As a matter-of-fact citizen, he thought your grave ought to be marked. Twenty-three years later the State of Indiana erected a massive monument in your honor; 10,000 school children marched in procession when it was dedicated. The Governor of the State, now one of the great commonwealths of the Union, was there, while a distinguished general from afar, delivered the principal oration. This monument cost a larger fortune than you ever knew anyone to possess. More people than you ever

saw together at one time assembled. And on the pedestal, in raised letters, one may read: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln." Can there be any mistake about that?

Nancy Hanks: What is this wonder of wonders? I realized that my mortal remains, inclosed in a rough pine box, were buried under the trees of Pigeon Creek, and that no minister of religion was there to say even a prayer. I supposed that if anybody in all this earth of ours would be surely forgotten, and soon forgotten, it would be Nancy Hanks, the plain woman of the wilderness. My life was short—of only thirty-five years—and in it I saw little of the great world, and knew little of it, and on going out had little further to expect from it. So, I pray, break to me the meaning of this appalling mystery!

The Present—This is the 12th of February!

Nancy Hanks—That was the birthday of my little boy, a slender awkward fellow who used every night to climb a ladder of wooden pins driven into a log, up into a bed of leaves in the loft, and there to dream. Whatever became of that sad little boy? He was not very well when I left him. All that winter he seemed ailing. I hated to go away. I was afraid his father could not give the care that the frail little fellow needed. Did you ever hear what became of my little 9-year-old boy out in the woods of Pigeon Creek?

The Present: Of course I have heard what became of him. Few have not. The people who could answer your question number hundreds of millions today. There is no land and no tongue in which the information you seek could not be supplied, and usually by the "man in the street." Actual millions of people know that the 12th of February was the day you welcomed into your cabin in the frontier wilderness that little boy. His birthday, in 22 states of the Union including the imperial State of New York, has become a legal holiday. Most of the others hold some commemorative exercises. When the great financial market of the world opened in London this morning, it was with the knowledge that the United States of America, the great republic over the seas, would record no stock transactions this day. The words "No market—Lincoln's birthday," travel on ocean cables under every sea, and business in the great buildings, 40 stories high, of New York City, has paused today. So it does at Ft. Dearborn—you remember—on Lake Michigan, now one of the foremost cities of the world.

Nancy Hanks—Pray tell me more of the miracle of my little boy's life. I cannot wait to hear what it all means!

The Present—If you had one copy of every book that has been

written about him, you would have a larger library than you ever saw in your mortal life. If you had visited every city which has reared his statue, you would be more widely traveled than any person that you ever saw. The journey would take you to several European capitals. Every possible work that he ever wrote, every speech he ever made, every document he ever penned, has been collected, and these have all been printed in sets of books with a fullness such as has been accorded no other man. You can count on your fingers of two hands, and perhaps of one, the men in all secular history who so vitally appeal to the imagination of mankind today.

Nancy Hanks: And so my little boy came into all this glory in his lifetime!

The Present: Oh, no. He died at 56, as unaware of how the world would eventually regard him as old Christopher Columbus himself. A few months before his death he expected soon to be thrown out of the position he was holding, and so he wrote a letter telling how he should strive to help his successor to carry out the unfinished work. Your little boy saw little to indicate the place that time has accorded him. His widow was hardly able to get from Congress a pension large enough for comfortable support, and yet that same body, in less than a half-century, appropriates \$2,000,000—stop to think of that—for a national monument in his honor, and on plans so elaborate as to call eventually for far more than this sum.

But I could tell you only half the story. Men have retired from business to go into solitude to study his life. Others have been made famous by reason of having known him. I recall a New York financier who had known the high life of the world, mingling with the princes and statesmen of nearly every land. On his 70th birthday his friends gave him a complimentary dinner. He chatted to them of what he had seen and where he had been. But he dismissed all the honors of the big world by saying that the one thing that remained most worth while in his threescore years and ten was that he had shaken hands and conversed in private audience with your little boy, whom this cosmopolite pictured as “leading the procession of the immortals down the centuries.”

Nancy Hanks: This is beyond me. I am lost in mystery and amazement. What did my boy—that earnest, sad, little fellow of the woods and streams—do to make men feel this way? How did it all come about?

The Present: That might be as hard for you to understand, without a knowledge of what has taken place in the meantime, as the sky-

scrapers and the ocean cables and railroad trains that I have spoken about. But I will try to tell you something of what he has done.

Nancy Hanks—I am hanging on your words. I long to hear the story.

The Present: We have in the United States a great democracy. We are making a great experiment for the nations. Your little boy gave friends of democracy the world over the largest measure of confidence in its permanence and success of any man that has ever lived.

More than a million people a year now pour into the United States from lands beyond the seas, most of them unfamiliar with our language and our customs and our aims. When we Americans who are older by a few generations go out to meet them we take, as the supreme example of what we mean by our great experiment, the life of Abraham Lincoln. And, when we are ourselves tempted in the mad complexity of our material civilization to disregard the pristine ideals of the republic, we see his gaunt figure standing before us and his outstretched arm pointing to the straighter and simpler path of righteousness. For he was a liberator of men in bondage, he was a savior of his country, he was a bright and shining light.

He became President of the United States, but that affords small clue to his real distinction. Few Americans ever refer to him as "President Lincoln." In the idiom of our people, he is Abraham Lincoln, called by the name you gave him in the wilderness gloom. To that name of your choosing no titles that the world knows could add anything of honor or distinction. And today, from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas, and in places under distant skies, children will recite in their schools his words, men will gather about banquet boards to refresh their ideals by hearing anew some phase of his wonderful story. Our nation could get along without some of its territory, without millions of its people, without masses of its hoarded wealth, but it would be poor indeed were it to wake up on this morning of the 20th century without the memory of Abraham Lincoln—one of the really priceless possessions of the republic.

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